

PHOTOPLAY

EMBER

AMERICA'S LARGEST-SELLING
MOVIE MAGAZINE

MARILYN
MONROE

COOP!

THE
MARILYN
MONROE
PINUP CALENDAR
FOR 1954

BAD BOYS
OF HOLLYWOOD
BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

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New! a shampoo that
Silken
your hair!

Sheer heaven . . . the way your hair will shine . . .
so silky soft, so silky smooth, so silky bright . . . with
new Drene. Breath-taking . . . that shimmering silkiness!

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Silkening magic! That's what you'll find in Drene's new
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lightning—it's milder than castile! Magic, sheer magic,
the way this new Drene silken your hair. Leaves it bright
as silk, soft as silk, smooth as silk—and so obedient!



Lathers like lightning —

no other lather is so thick, yet so quick.

Milder than castile—

so mild you could use this new formula every day.



This is a
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At all stores now—in same familiar package!

NEW IPANA[®] WITH ANTI-ENZYME WD-9

reduces tooth decay...stops bad breath!



What should you know about
ENZYMES and how to fight them?

Here are proved facts — in plain language!

The enzymes you have been hearing about are formed by mouth bacteria. They speed up production of decay-causing acids. They also help produce unpleasant mouth odor.

Dental scientists now say that most tooth decay may be stopped — by stopping bacterial-enzyme action.

That is why you should use new white Ipana. All Ipana now on sale contains *anti-enzyme WD-9*. Brushing your teeth regularly after meals with Ipana containing WD-9 checks bacterial-enzyme action.

Most dentists recommend this way of using Ipana. It is the best way to fight decay all day long.

New Ipana Tooth Paste is so effective that a single brushing stops most unpleasant mouth odor up to 9 hours. Even after smoking—and eating anything you please except onions and garlic.

And with anti-enzyme WD-9, Ipana now has a new minty flavor, new foaming and cleansing power. Children love it.

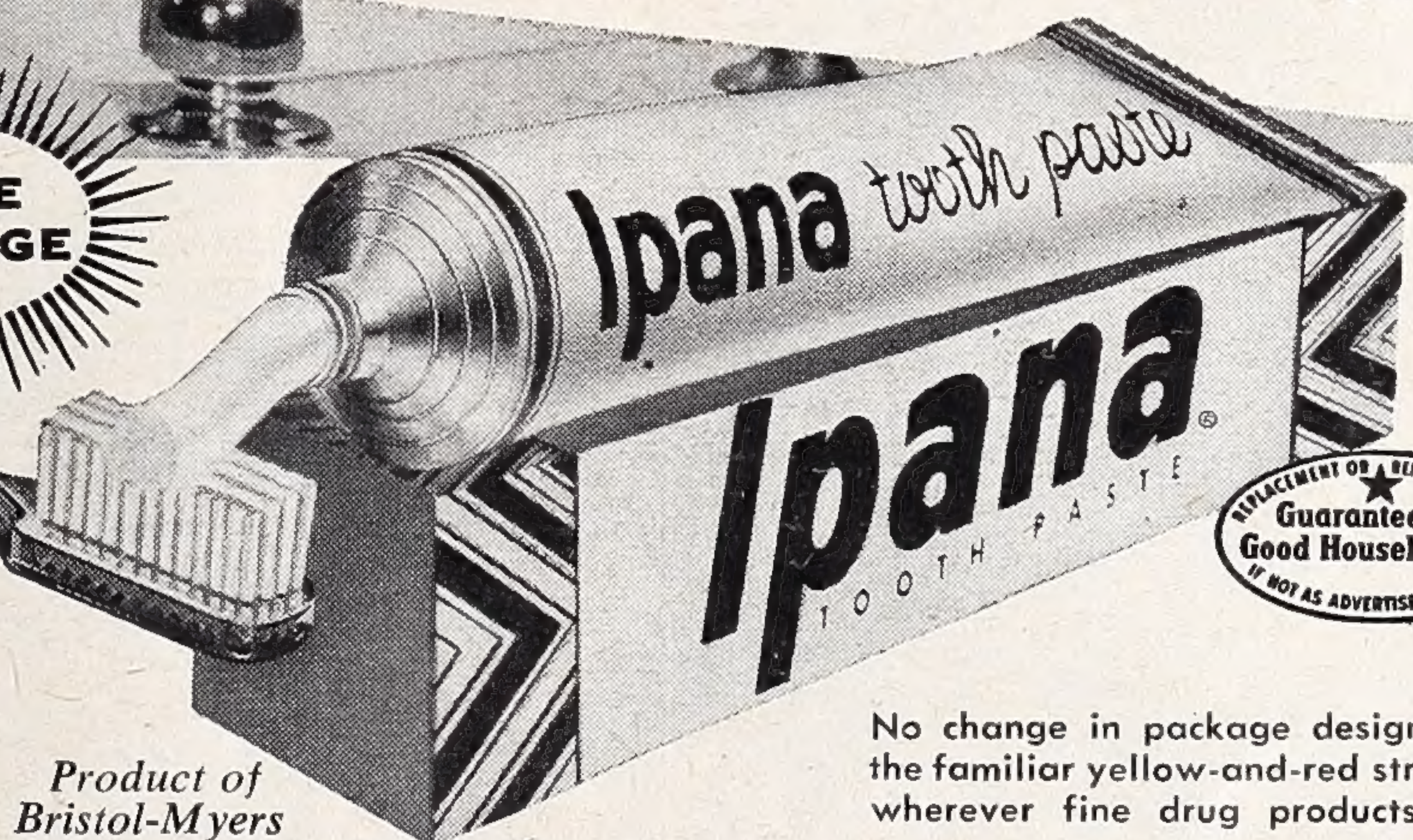
Get new Ipana with WD-9 today—encourage every member of the family to use it regularly. Don't forget your gums — they are important, too. Brushing with new Ipana containing WD-9—from gum margins toward biting edges—helps remove irritants that can lead to gum troubles.

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PACKAGE

Every single brushing
helps stop tooth decay!

Even one brushing can stop
bad breath all day!

Product of
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Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

No change in package design. Look for the familiar yellow-and-red striped carton wherever fine drug products are sold.

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You can ✱

buy fashion-right
hosiery for Christmas
by merely stopping
by the *drug store*.
That's where they have
delicately scented —

Airmaid
nylons

✱
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at Drug Stores
Coast to Coast



AIRMAID HOSIERY MILLS
Dallas

PHOTOPLAY

DECEMBER, 1953 • FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

HIGHLIGHTS

The Big Day (Rita Hayworth, Dick Haymes)	28
The Most Popular Girl In Town (Elaine Stewart)	30
Cease Fire! (Ava Gardner, Frank Sinatra)	Jane Corwin 33
Inside Stuff	Cal York 34
Bad Boys of Hollywood	Sheilah Graham 36
The Marilyn Monroe Pinup Calendar for 1954	38
The Private Life of Joe and Marilyn	George Armstrong 40
You Chose These Stars	Diane Scott 42
Up at Tab's Place (Tab Hunter)	46
The Lady Said Yes (Lana Turner, Lex Barker)	Ruth Waterbury 48
Everything's Jake For Johnny (John Derek)	Bill Tusher 50
Nobody Asked Him (Montgomery Clift)	Maxine Arnold 52
Sneak Preview: "Prince Valiant"	54
Debbie's Hopeless (Debbie Reynolds)	Bob Thomas 56
Mitzi Made Her Mind Up (Mitzi Gaynor)	Pauline Swanson 60
His Lady Is Lucky (Dewey Martin)	Corinne Bailey 62
Photoplay Star Fashions	63
Look Who's Here (Biff Elliot)	Hildegard Johnson 78

FEATURES IN COLOR

Charlton Heston	34	Pat Crowley	43
Richard Widmark	34	Byron Palmer	43
Dale Robertson	35	Robert Wagner	54
Alan Ladd	35	Janet Leigh	55
Debbie Reynolds	35	Debra Paget	55
Marilyn Monroe	38	Rock Hudson	58
Richard Allan	42	Ann Blyth	59
Audrey Dalton	42	Deborah Kerr	63

PHOTOPLAY PICTURE GALLERY

Doris Day	69	Arlene Dahl, Fernando Lamas	73
Vera-Ellen	70	Rory Calhoun	74
Gene Kelly	71	Esther Williams	75
Jean Simmons, Stewart Granger	72	Virginia Mayo	76

SPECIAL EVENTS

Laughing Stock	Erskine Johnson 4	That's Hollywood	Sidney Skolsky 21
Hollywood Whispers	Florabel Muir 6	Readers Inc.	22
Hollywood Parties	Edith Gwyn 8	Impertinent Item	Mike Connolly 26
Let's Go to the Movies	Janet Graves 11	Casts of Current Pictures	91
Photoplay Applauds: "The Robe"	18	Brief Reviews	108

Cover: Marilyn Monroe, Twentieth star, is currently in "How to Marry a Millionaire."
Portrait by Powolny

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DECEMBER, 1953

VOL. 44, NO. 6

PHOTOPLAY IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY by Macfadden Publications, Inc., New York, N. Y.
EXECUTIVE, ADVERTISING AND EDITORIAL OFFICES at 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Editorial branch office, 321 South Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif. Harold A. Wise, Chairman of the Board; Irving S. Manheimer, President; Fred R. Sammis, Vice President; Meyer Dworkin, Secretary and Treasurer. Advertising offices also in Chicago and San Francisco.
SUBSCRIPTION RATES: \$2.00 one year, U. S. and Possessions, Canada \$2.50 one year, \$4.00 per year all other countries.
CHANGE OF ADDRESS: 6 weeks' notice essential. When possible, please furnish stencil-impression address from a recent issue. Address change can be made only if we have your old, as well as your new address. Write to Photoplay, Macfadden Publications, Inc., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.
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FOREIGN editions handled through Macfadden Publications International Corp., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Irving S. Manheimer, President; Douglas Lockhart, Vice President.
Re-entered as Second Class Matter, May 10, 1946, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as Second Class mail, P. O. Dept., Ottawa, Ont., Canada. Copyright 1953 by Macfadden Publications, Inc. All rights reserved under International Copyright Convention. All rights reserved under Pan-American Copyright Convention. Todos derechos reservados segun La Convencion Panamericana de Propiedad Literaria y Artistica. Title trademark registered in U. S. Patent Office. Printed in U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company.

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M-G-M's Tremendous Technicolor Adventure!

ALL THE BROTHERS WERE VALIANT

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GRANGER

ANN

BLYTH

with **BETTA ST. JOHN • KEENAN WYNN • JAMES WHITMORE • KURT KASZNAR**

Screen Play by

HARRY BROWN

Directed by

RICHARD THORPE

Produced by

PANDRO S. BERMAN

AN M-G-M
PICTURE

Based on the Story by
Ben Ames Williams



LAUGHING STOCK

Dean Martin's explanation for the presence of a chimpanzee on the set of the latest Martin and Lewis comedy: "That's Jerry's brother. He's always on the set when Jerry is working."

A Texan, visiting Ciro's, told owner H. D. Hover, "I can't dance but, boy, I sure do like to hold them while *they* do."

Director Mark Robson had to SOS Hollywood for one hundred wigs, fifty hair falls and twenty-four sets of falsies when native girls in Samoa failed to measure up to the script as extras in "Return to Paradise." The wigs and hair falls were returned to Hollywood but the native gals talked Robson out of the falsies.

Kurt Kasznar divides people who complain about taxes into two categories: men and women.

Joan Davis describing a midget: "A real down-to-earth person."

Evelyn Keyes tells about three French children seeing their first torrid love scene in a movie. "Look at the man and woman talking," said the youngest. "They're not talking, they're making love," corrected the next one. "Yes," added the oldest boy sagely, "but *not* very well."

Solution to Hollywood's 3-D vs. curved-screen headache: Flat screens, curved actors and 3-Different kinds of popcorn.

Three little Indian boys in blue jeans and plaid shirts were watching the filming of "War Paint" at Death Valley when a Hollywood extra, in make-up and full feathered Indian dress, stepped out of a station wagon. "Gee," said one of the wide-eyed Indian boys, "Look at the *Indian*."

Chill Wills complaining about one of his recent films: "The cameraman shot the back of my ears until I came out looking like a loving cup with hair."

One star to another: "What do you think of wide-screen movies?" Replied the other: "They're great—if you're a mountain."

One Hollywood cat to another about a sloppy movie queen headed for Europe: "They'll love her there—with all that food between her teeth."

Spike Jones' hefty singer, Laverne Pearson, nixed an offer to warble in opera saying, "I prefer the smell of Spike's gunpowder to that of garlic."

Sign in a bar near Paramount studio: "A bartender is the only psychiatrist who works in an apron."

*See Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Reel" on your local TV station



New Mum with M-3 kills odor bacteria ...stops odor all day long

PROOF!

New Mum with M-3 destroys bacteria that cause perspiration odor.

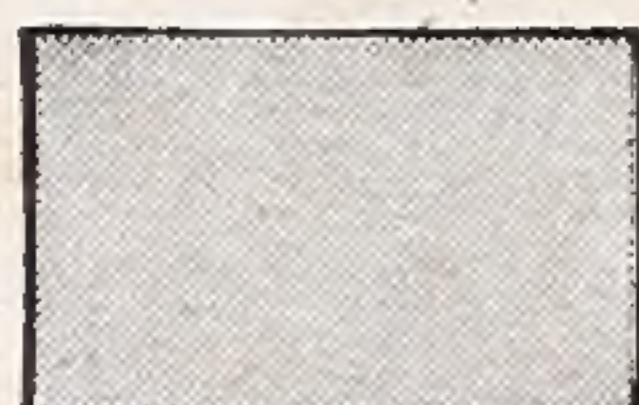


Photo (left), shows active odor bacteria. Photo (right), after adding new Mum, shows bacteria destroyed!

Mum contains M-3, a scientific discovery that actually destroys odor bacteria . . . doesn't give underarm odor a chance to start.

Amazingly effective protection from underarm perspiration odor—just use new Mum daily. So sure, so safe for normal skin. Safe for clothes. Gentle Mum is certified by the American Institute of Laundering. Won't rot or discolor even your finest fabrics.

No waste, no drying out. The *only* leading deodorant that contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Usable right to the bottom of the jar. Get Mum—stay nice to be near!

For sanitary napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable . . . ideal for this use, too.

A Product of Bristol-Myers



BY THE AUTHOR WHOSE BOOKS HAVE BECOME WORLD-CELEBRATED MOTION PICTURES!

**WARNER
BROS.**
PRESENT
**EDNA
FERBER'S**
PULITZER
PRIZE
NOVEL

"So Big"



*He
stood
there
so big.
Love
had come...
intense, unashamed...
She was ready to forget
she'd ever been a lady...*



STARRING **JANE WYMAN** HER FINEST PORTRAYAL SINCE 'JOHNNY BELINDA'! CO-STARRING **STERLING HAYDEN · NANCY OLSON**
WITH **STEVE FORREST** • SCREEN PLAY BY JOHN TWIST • MUSIC BY MAX STEINER • DIRECTED BY ROBERT WISE • PRODUCED BY HENRY BLANKE



First Aid for COLDS



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Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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"FEEL BETTER" FEELING...

ALKA-SELTZER quickly relieves the discomforts of a cold—the headache, the feverish feeling, the aches and pains. Gentle ALKA-SELTZER is a soothing gargle too. Feel better while you're getting better—take ALKA-SELTZER to relieve cold miseries.

ALSO **FIRST AID** FOR
**ACID INDIGESTION
HEADACHE
MUSCULAR ACHES**



ON DISPLAY
AT ALL DRUG
STORES IN U.S.
AND CANADA

TRADE MARK

MILES LABORATORIES, INC., ELKHART, IND

Hollywood Whispers

BY FLORABEL MUIR

Tongues wagged when Shelley Winters resumed active interest in her career and went off to Canada for "Saskatchewan," leaving Vittorio in Hollywood. Afterward, Gassman flew to Rome, and Shelley's remarks about him were vague indeed. When Vittorio flew home to Los Angeles, and there was no Shell at the airport to meet him, everyone was putting two and two together and saying the marriage was over. Vittorio was sparring with reporters at the airport—when up dashed Shell. She had overslept! They departed arm in arm.

Precedent-making is Bert Friedlob's request to the courts to try to effect a reconciliation between him and his estranged wife, Eleanor Parker. Eleanor, due to go to Egypt for a film, has remained cool to his personal pleas, so Bert turned to the courts for help.



Charles Drake subs as Suzan Ball's escort

All Hollywood rejoiced with Suzan Ball when she learned that she was past the danger with that malignant growth in her knee joint. It looks as if Suzan's romance with Dick Long is serious; while he was in Canada his friend Charles Drake subbed as Suzan's escort.

M-G-M execs are looking skeptically at their plans to co-star Ava Gardner and Frank Sinatra in a musical about that St. Louis woman from the famed song of that name. What would happen if the two decided to call it a day while the film is being shot? Would they have enough interest in their careers to carry on before the cameras while seething with the urge to slug each other in private life? With so volatile a pair no one can be sure what may develop.



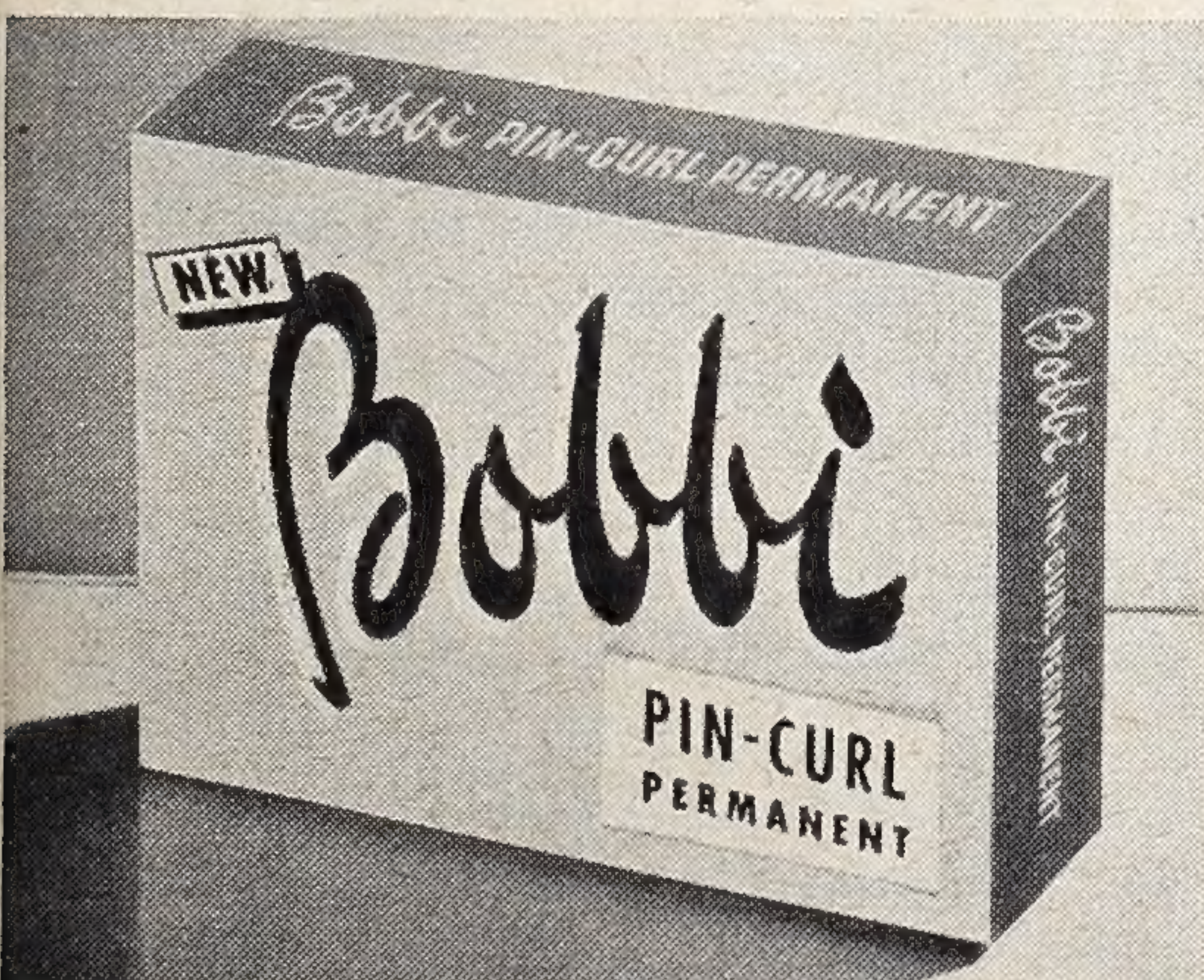
Only Bobbi is designed to give the soft waves needed for this "Bobbi Bob"—the 1920 bob gone modern. Bobbi gives waves exactly where you want them.



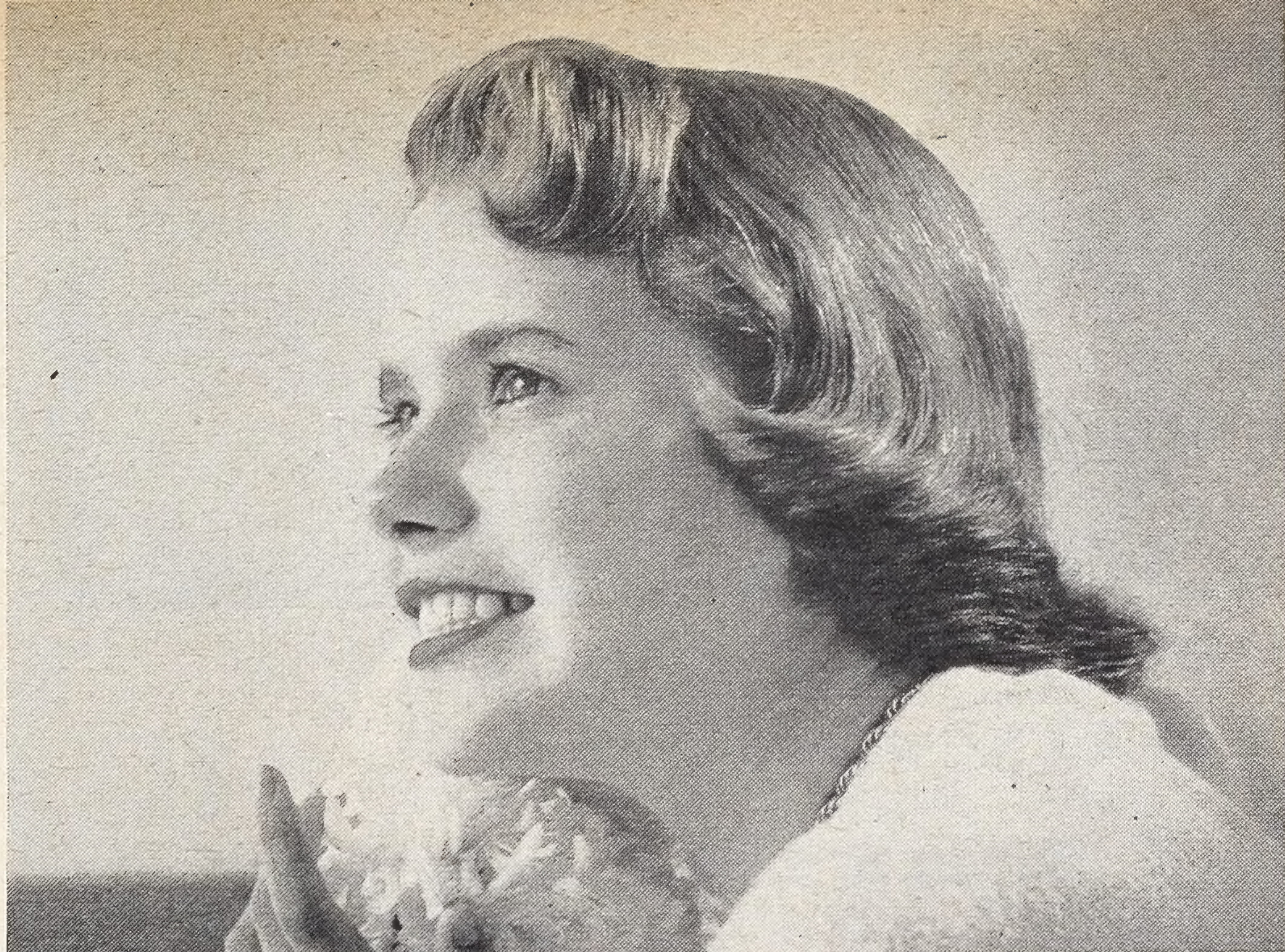
Bobbi's soft curls make a casual wave like this possible. Notice the easy, natural look of the curls in this new "Star-lite" style. No nightly settings needed.



Bobbi is perfect for this gay, casual "Florentine" hairdo, for Bobbi is the permanent designed to give soft, natural-looking curls. No help needed.



Everything you need! New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins, complete instructions for use. \$1.50 plus tax.



Casual, carefree—that's the "Skylark," thanks to Bobbi! Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanents always give soft, lovely curls and waves right from the start.

NO TIGHT, FUSSY CURLS ON THIS PAGE!

These hairdos were made with Bobbi ... the special home permanent for casual hair styles

Yes, Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent is *designed* to give you lovelier, softer curls . . . the kind you need for today's casual hairdos. *Never* the tight, fussy curls you get with ordinary home or beauty shop permanents. Immediately after you use Bobbi your hair has the beauty, the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair. And *your hair stays* that way—your wave lasts week after week.

Bobbi's so easy to use, too. *You just put your hair in pin curls.* Then apply Bobbi Creme Oil Lotion. A little later rinse hair with water, let dry, brush out—and *that's all.* No clumsy curlers to use. No help needed.

Ask for Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent. If you like to be in fashion—if you can make a simple pin curl—you'll love Bobbi.



Just simple pin-curls and Bobbi give this far easier home permanent. When hair is dry, brush out. Neutralizing is automatic. No curlers, no resetting.



Jane Wyman and Jimmy Durante help liven things up at the Make-Up Artists' and Hair Stylists' ball

Hollywood Party Line



Fun for Jane Russell and John Carroll



The newlywed Hortons attend a preem

By EDITH GWYNN

"MADHOUSE MONTH" is what you can call this past one—and you won't be wrong. So many parties, preems, movie stars making their night-club bows in town, charity events, fashion shows (the cocktail party kind)—what a whirl!

Some eighty of hundreds who went to the Beverly Hills opening of "Little Boy Lost" were still mopping their eyes when they reached producer Bill Perlberg's midnight supper-dance at Chasens. Lovely Nicole Maurey (Bing's wife in the film) was in flowing white. Mrs. Perlberg was a knockout in black starched chiffon; Jane Wyman wore black too, with a white mink jacket. Bob Cummings and his Mary; Alice Faye and Phil Harris; Debbie Reynolds with Tab Hunter; Rosie Clooney and José Ferrer; Maureen O'Hara in gold lamé; Lori Nelson with Tom Morton, to name a few.

Unusual aspect of the affair was the number of people, such as Charles Brackett, Joan Bennett and Nancy Sinatra, who brought their children to the preview and the party. Ages of the offspring ranged from eight to eighteen. Nancy had dotter Nancy and Frank, Jr. in tow—all remarked how the kid is the image of his Pop!

Next night, John Wayne and Bob Fellows premiered their "Island in the Sky." Gave a party afterwards at Romanoff's. Wayne brought Pilar Palette (surprised?); Vera-Ellen with Richard Gully; Terry Moore, in halter-necked pale blue taffeta and silver-blue mink stole, with Nicky Hilton. Debbie Youknowho, with John Anderson, looking real sophisticated, hair piled high, long earrings, draped rose chiffon gown and mink stole. Others were the Gordon MacRaes, Barbara Rush and Jeff Hunter, Dorothy Malone and Bill Holmes (bet anything they're engaged).

What an eighth anniversary party June Allyson and Dick Powell tossed at home! Almost a hundred guests! Their patio was enclosed in cellophane and dinner was served there; but dancing was indoors. June's dress matched the pink and white flower decorations of the house.

Real crazy!—the party for hundreds given by the Edwin Earls, to which everyone came dressed as either Groucho Marx or Carmen Miranda! (Y'know, this might be tres gay for you to try the next time you give a shindig. Pick your own two "ker-rickters" for the requested costuming!)

Quite a do when Gene Nelson danced his way into the Cocoonut Grove—with Jane Powell beaming from ringside. Jane Russell was there with Gilbert Roland and Bob Waterfield's permission. Spouse was away on a hunting trip. Jane wore the goldurnest evening hat, dripping with pearls. The Powell was in vivid blue. Ann Miller with Bill O'Connor; the Barry Sullivans; Piper Laurie with David Schine.

The night after Gene closed, Jane Powell opened at the Grove—and the event was but terrific! Not only did all the Metro brass turn out ("proving" nobody's mad at the gal), but fans galore. She got enough flowers to fill the Hollywood Bowl. Gene Nelson actually blushed at the lingering look she tossed him when she warbled, "It's a most unusual day—and my heart won't behave in the usual way . . ." Her Helen Rose gown was of red chiffon, shorter in front than in back, decollete with a one-strap top and trailing scarf.

Audrey Hepburn walked into the special charity preem of "Roman Holiday" an unrecognized little girl, and walked out of the theatre one of Hollywood's brightest new stars! Yep, that's what everybody said. (Along with raves for the picture.) Audrey wore a blue tulle bouffant gown, its top of silver lamé, and the skirt trimmed with lace and roses, designed by Edith Head. Aside from at least sixty already mentioned here, attendees included love birds Jeff Donnell and Aldo Ray; Jan Sterling and Paul Douglas; newlyweds Bob Horton and Barbara Ruick; Shirley Temple and spouse.

A different kind of affair was the dinner dance of the Make-Up Artists, Hair Stylists and Body Make-Up Artists at the Ambassador Hotel. Perc Westmore sure whipped up a great show, and stars who appeared, performed or both were Jane Wyman, Jimmy Durante, Jane Russell, John Carroll, Vic Damone, Lita Baron, Mary McCarty, Dotty Lamour, Arlene Dahl—and more!

At the ball, a dozen dolls were picked as the most beautiful and talented newcomers. Of these, Elaine Stewart and Anne Francis were among last year's PHOTOPLAY "Choose Your Stars" winners, and Pat Crowley and Joan Weldon among this year's. Others were Doe Avedon, Barbara Darrow, Kathleen Hughes, Dona Cole, Margie Millar, Joan O'Brien and Sara Shane.

I've noticed that the movie belles are going for a dramatic fashion bit—"little fur touches" on suits, coats, dresses, hats and even ears! Mink earrings, frinstance to match small detachable collars and cuffs. Or perhaps a tiny soft fur bow. Very gay and not very expensive!

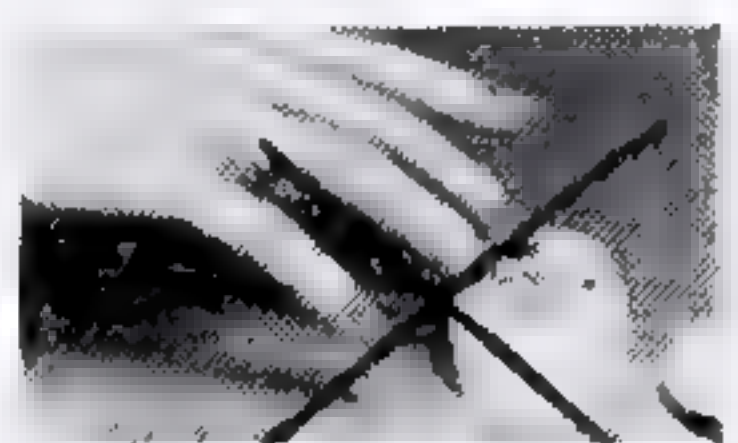
Today's #1 flatterer

Angel Face

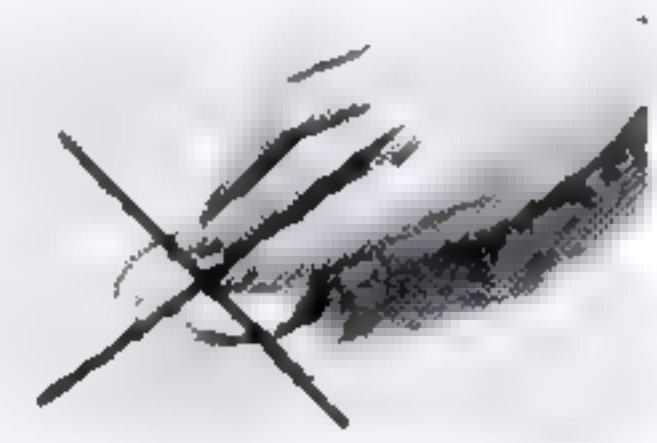
by POND'S

Powder and foundation—in one! Stays on longer than powder. Velvety, soft-tinted... more delicate than heavy make-ups! Easy to use!

No greasy fingers



No wet sponge

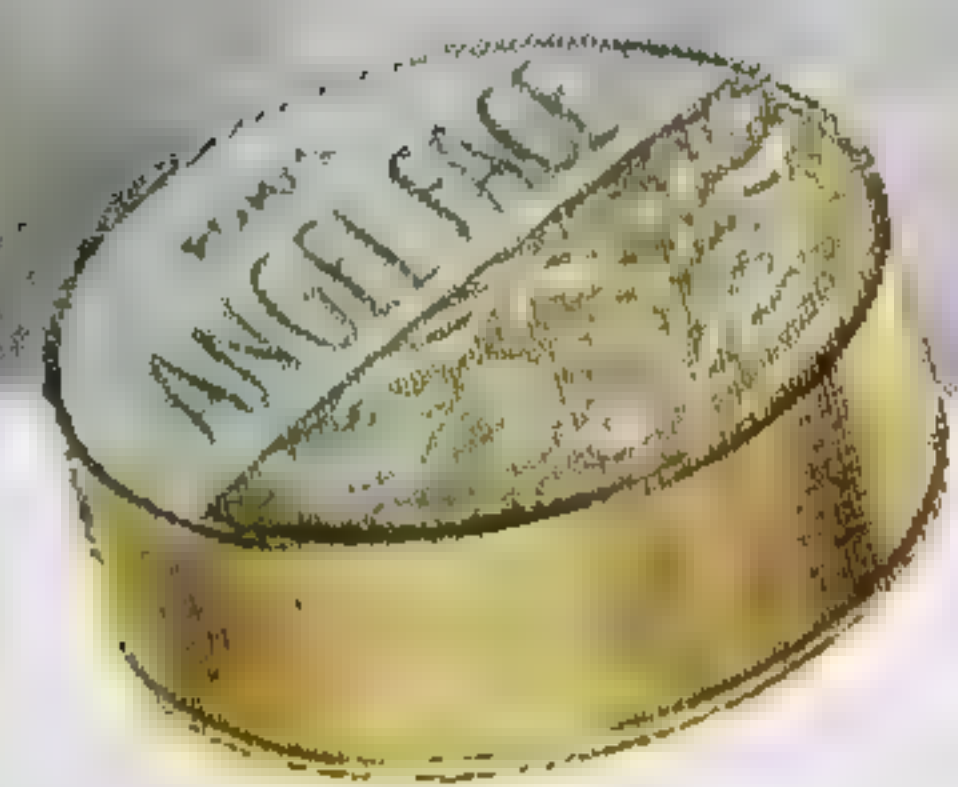


No spilly powder



Tuck it in your handbag...

Smooth on adorable Angel Face in 5 seconds!

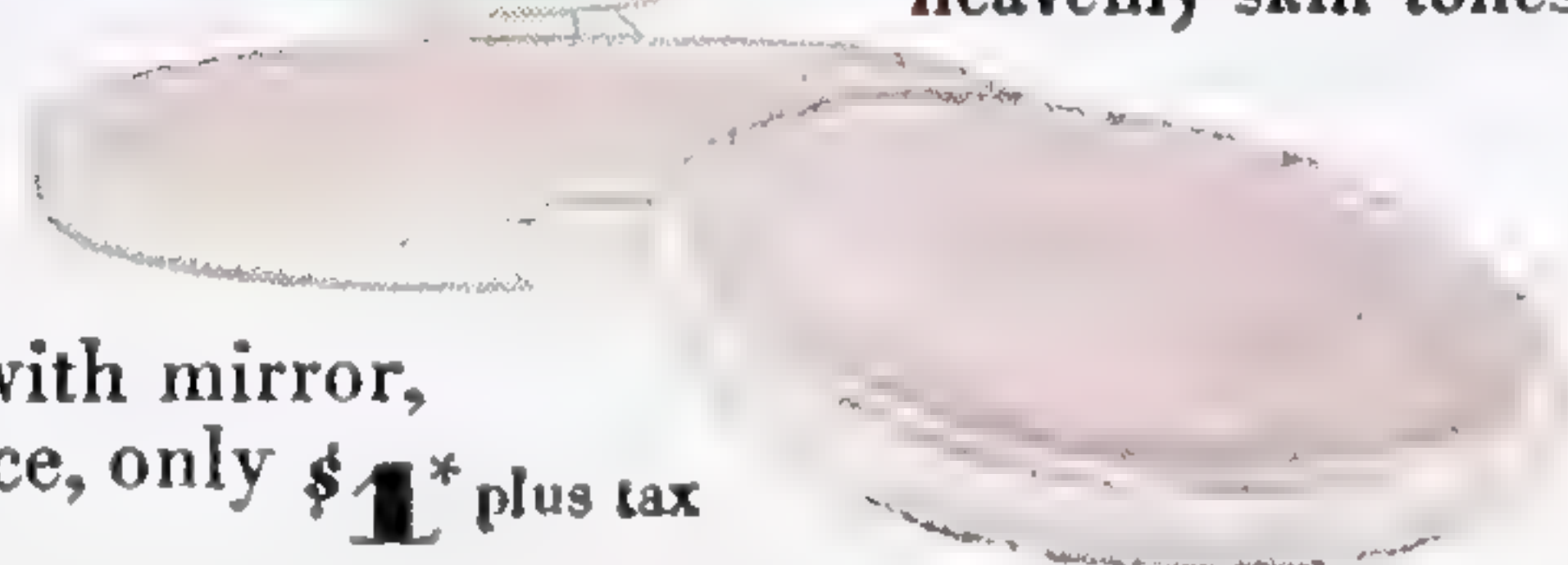


Also in the
blue-and-gold box
at 89¢, 59¢, plus tax

You'll never find a sweeter Christmas Gift



Choice of 7
heavenly skin tones



The Angel Face Mirror Case with mirror,
puff, and flattering Angel Face, only \$1* plus tax



Shampoo this diamond sparkle
into your hair with new
DIAL SHAMPOO



Only Dial Shampoo gives
this complete cleanliness,
because only Dial contains
Hexachlorophene



Now you get a *complete cleanliness* with new
Dial Shampoo that you've never been able
to get with ordinary shampoos. Because
Dial Shampoo contains a new freshening
agent, Hexachlorophene, that gives your
hair clean-smelling freshness.

And Dial Shampoo leaves your hair so
clean it has a diamond sparkle!

Today, ask for Dial Shampoo in the un-
breakable squeeze bottle—so easy to use!

*No other shampoo gives this glorious Dial beauty
—yet leaves your hair so easy to manage*

LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES

with Janet Graves

SO BIG

WARNERS

Charmingly nostalgic in period and attitude, the saga of a heroic woman gives Jane Wyman an utterly endearing role. She's first seen as a school girl, snatched from luxury when her father dies. On her own but unafraid, she takes a job teaching at a country school. The atmosphere of a Dutch-settled farm community in the Middle West of the 1890's is captured winningly. As the slow-spoken farmer whose hard life Jane chooses to share, Sterling Hayden turns in his most sympathetic performance, brief as his role is. Her husband's death leaves Jane to raise their little boy alone. Steve Forrest (Dana Andrews' brother) cuts a handsome figure as her son in adulthood, nearly corrupted by the ambitions of his wealthy fiancée (Martha Hyer). And Nancy Olson makes a fine impression as the artist who shows him his error. But it's Jane who carries the picture.

Verdict: Honest sentiment, expertly done (Family)

Best Acting: Jane Wyman



Jane and Sterling draw true happiness from the work they share

TORCH SONG

M-G-M, TECHNICOLOR

The bitter, brassy case study of an unpleasant woman provides Joan Crawford with a spectacular vehicle. She's an arrogant star of stage musicals, given to browbeating her co-workers. At heart, of course, she is lonely and unhappy, and her fix is her own fault. When her pianist quits, a victim of combat fatigue, Michael Wilding's hired as substitute. Blinded in the war, he hides behind defenses of his own. The two fall in love, but won't acknowledge it. Joan has looked handsomer; here, her face is etched with bad temper. But her portrayal is consistent. Wilding handles both debonair lines and emotional scenes smoothly; Gig Young has a minor role as a sort of gigolo; Marjorie Rambeau's amusing as Joan's cadging mother. The story's done up in showy style, with luxurious costumes, flashy settings and musical numbers, in which Joan sings and dances.

Verdict: Flamboyant close-up of a neurotic (Adult)



Sure she's a hit, Joan's still hungry for Michael's compliments

MOGAMBO

M-G-M, TECHNICOLOR

The costly African jaunt of Gable, Gardner and troupe pays off lavishly in entertainment values, matching a broadly told story with wild landscapes and an imposing array of savage beasts. Clark's the mighty hunter; Ava, the gallant, sharp-tongued adventuress stranded by chance at his headquarters on the veldt. An off-handed romance is building up when scientist Donald Sinden and wife Grace Kelly arrive, having hired Clark as guide on a dangerous expedition into gorilla country. On the safari, Clark and Grace find themselves strongly attracted, and the emotional mixture creates fireworks. Clark's at ease in a typical Gable assignment; Donald and Grace do thankless roles well. But two natural wonders—Africa and Ava—steal the show. The latter's at her most beautiful, and right handy with her wisecracking lines. She's really making progress in her acting style.

Verdict: Tropic passions, laughs and thrills (Family)

More reviews on next page



Bright witticisms aimed toward Clark hide Ava's jealousy of Grace

LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES

Continued



Alan proves the Afrika Korps can be outwitted by a shrewd attack



Greenhorns stranded in Alaska: Rhonda, Teresa, Cynthia, Kay



Finding wife Marcia has been threatened, Rock's ready to fight

PARATROOPER

COLUMBIA, TECHNICOLOR

Paratroopers' training, shown in absorbing detail, and the climactic raid scenes are the chief attractions of this British-made thriller starring Alan Ladd. The personal and romantic angles of the story are less interesting, however, and Alan's handicapped by the necessity of acting surly and touchy through most of the picture. Supposedly a Canadian he's actually a former officer of the American Air Force guarding an unhappy secret that makes him refuse the responsibilities of leadership. The love story linking him with a WAAF (Susan Stephen, more the appealing type than the beauty) turns into a rather tiresome verbal sparring match. But the movie goes into high gear when the paratroops, led by Leo Genn (able and attractive as ever), take off from England to attack the Nazis in occupied France and later in North Africa, as the Allies invade.

Verdict: Exciting action, weak romance

(Family)

THOSE REDHEADS FROM SEATTLE

PARAMOUNT
TECHNICOLOR, 3-D

Big names from the recording field join Hollywood notables Rhonda Fleming and Gene Barry to spin an agreeable tune-trimmed yarn of oldtime Alaska. Among the newcomers, Teresa Brewer registers most effectively. Playing one of Rhonda's sisters, she's a neatly curved little trick with a peppery personality to match her lively singing voice. Guy Mitchell puts across with his well-known gusto such songs as "Chick-a-boom." But the Bell Sisters get less opportunity. With Rhonda, Teresa and their movie mother, Agnes Moorehead, they go to Alaska to be with their father, only to find that he has been murdered to silence his newspaper crusades. Barry's suitably rugged as a dance-hall owner teamed with Rhonda in a romance that's secondary to the songs. (Shot in 3-D, this film may also be shown in 2-D; check your theatre to see which version it's using.)

Verdict: Nice, unassuming musical melodrama

(Family)

BACK TO GOD'S COUNTRY

U-I, TECHNICOLOR

Picture by picture, Rock Hudson's acquiring extra poise. He's a doughty adventure hero in this story of dirty doing in the snowy North. Owner-captain of a small freight schooner, he's eager to set sail from a Canadian harbor before it's icebound. A series of incidents delays him, and behind them all is Steve Cochran, playing the most wholehearted villain of recent years. He even beats his dog, a splendid Great Dane which plays a considerable part in the plot. Steve has designs on Rock's ship, cargo and wife (Marcia Henderson, comely if somewhat stolid in this role). As assistant villain, Hugh O'Brian does a clever job; he's genteel, well-educated chap blackmailed into serving a boss he despises. The plentiful action includes dog-team chase in the frozen wilderness and a gargantuan, bone-smashing brawl—pitting Rock against Steve.

Verdict: Lusty good-guys-bad-guys conflict

(Family)

More reviews on page 1



AT THE FIRST SIGN OF A COLD OR SORE THROAT

"OZZIE & HARRIET" know what to do!



They know that...

LISTERINE INSTANTLY KILLS GERMS ON THROAT SURFACES... BY MILLIONS!

At the first sign of a sneeze, cough or sniffle, out comes the Listerine bottle and the Nelsons start gargling. With heavy TV and radio commitments, they simply can't afford to let a cold or a sore throat due to colds get them down if they can help it.

Like millions of other healthy American families, they have found that, used early and often, Listerine can often help head off a cold entirely or lessen its severity.

That is also true in reducing the number of sore throats.

In tests over 12 years, users had fewer colds, fewer sore throats

You see, Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs, including the "secondary invaders" (see panel at right).

These are the threatening germs that many authorities believe account for much of a cold's misery when they invade the tissue.

Listerine often halts such mass inva-

sions... attacks the germs before they attack you. Actual tests showed germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% even fifteen minutes after gargling and up to 80% after one hour.

This safe, germ-killing action, we believe, accounts for this remarkable record:

Tests made over a 12-year period showed that regular twice-a-day users of Listerine Antiseptic had fewer colds, and generally milder ones, and fewer sore throats than non-users.

So, if colds are going around, it's a pretty smart idea to see that everybody in the family gargles systematically with this wonderful antiseptic.

Take A Tip from the Nelsons! See and Hear "THE ADVENTURES OF OZZIE & HARRIET"

Two different shows, radio and television, every week. See your paper for times and stations.

Kills germs like these way back on throat surfaces



(1) Pneumococcus Type III, (2) Hemophilus influenzae, (3) Streptococcus pyogenes, (4) Pneumococcus Type II, (5) Streptococcus salivarius.

These, and other "secondary invaders," as well as germ-types not shown, can be quickly reduced in number by the Listerine Antiseptic gargle.



ABOUT THAT VERY INTIMATE MATTER

We mean your breath, of course! Listerine keeps breath sweeter, longer. You see, Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of germs, including germs that are the most common cause of bad breath when they start the fermentation of proteins which are always present in the mouth.

Tooth-brushing does not give you antiseptic protection. Chewing gums and chlorophylls do not kill germs. Listerine does. That is why it averaged four times better in reducing breath odors than the tooth pastes and chlorophyll products it was tested against.

Stops bad breath 4 times better than tooth paste

Marilyn Betty Lauren
MONROE GRABLE BACALL

Big as Life and a Million Times More Fun

CINEMASCOPE

YOU SEE IT WITHOUT GLASSES!

Only CinemaScope could surround you with so glittering an array of stars... engulf you in the glamour of the world's greatest city... the excitement of Maine's ski slopes... the dazzling beauty of a fabulous fashion show.

20TH CENTURY-FOX PRESENTS
**How To Marry
a Millionaire**
TECHNICOLOR

Co-starring

DAVID WAYNE • RORY CALHOUN • CAMERON MITCHELL

Based on Plays by Zoe Akins and Dale Eunson and Katherine Albert • with ALEX D'ARCY • FRED CLARK and

Produced by
NUNNALLY JOHNSON
Directed by
JEAN NEGULESCO
Screen Play by
NUNNALLY JOHNSON
William POWELL

DECAMERON NIGHTS

(RKO, TECHNICOLOR)

This trio of tales from Boccaccio's "Decameron" has a delectable European flavor. Louis Jourdan plays the 14th Century author, who tells the first story in an attempt to woo Joan Fontaine away from loyalty to her deceased husband. It's a saucy fable about a restless young wife (Joan), her elderly spouse (the late Godfrey Tearle) and a dashing pirate (Jourdan). Joan counters with a story in which the same players act out a melodramatic tribute to wifely fidelity. And Louis comes back with a final story about an intellectual lady deserted by her reluctant bridegroom. Throughout, Joan looks warmer and more sensuous than ever before. The land- and seascapes of Spain, where the film was made, add rich color.

Verdict: Wittily treated skirmishes in the battle of the sexes (Adult)

BLOWING WILD

(WARNERS)

Gary Cooper, Barbara Stanwyck and Anthony Quinn perform dependably in a vigorous story of Americans drilling for oil in Mexico. The normal hazards of the business account for several tense moments; a racketeer-type bandit creates several more. Equally explosive is the triangle situation. Barbara, adored but unloving wife of boss Quinn, wants Gary, who is Quinn's foreman and loyal friend. Ruth Roman, as a stranded show-girl, and Ward Bond, as Gary's side-kick, prove able.

Verdict: Highly colored blend of action and love intrigue (Adult)

A LION IS IN THE STREETS

(WARNERS, TECHNICOLOR)

A strong idea misses fire as James Cagney traces a backwoods peddler's rise to candidacy for the governorship of a southern state. Cagney lays it on a little thick as the spiel artist who champions the poor folks and uses their devotion to further his ambition. Barbara Hale has a stand-by assignment as his honest wife; Anne Francis fares better, going sexy to play the swamp vixen who becomes Cagney's on-the-side love. Jeanne Cagney and Onslow Stevens score in character roles.

Verdict: Political drama with some force, but a scrambled finish (Adult)

SABRE JET

(U. A., CINECOLOR)

Familiar situations fill a standard story of the Korean War. Robert Stack makes a competent hero, tackling his flying job grimly, without the comforting knowledge that his wife will greet him on his return to the base in Japan. As the wife who values her newspaper job above her marriage, Coleen Gray can't make an over-written part believable. She comes to Japan only to get a story on jet pilots' wives, but such heroism as that of Julie

Bishop, wed to commanding officer Richard Arlen, changes Coleen's outlook.

Verdict: Shallow human drama, impressive shots of jets in action (Family)

THREE FORBIDDEN STORIES

(ELLIS)

Like "Rome, 11 O'Clock," this Italian film (titles in English) is inspired by a real-life tragedy on an over-crowded staircase. This time, the disaster simply introduces the stories. Lia Amanda is affecting as a girl who was criminally attacked as a child, and so has been unable to find happiness in love. Antonella Lualdi is seen in an amusing sequel to the Cinderella legend, as a playboy's neglected bride. Eleonora Rossi Drago, a brunette Bergman, is excellent as a brilliant girl degraded by a worthless man.

Verdict: Polished, penetrating view of sex from various aspects (Adult)

TANGA-TIKA

(MONSON-LONG, EASTMAN COLOR)

The handsome people of Tahiti and their beautiful islands star in an enchanting tale of young romance and sea adventure. Adeline Tetahaimuai and Paul Meoe head a mostly native cast. She's being pushed into marriage with the son of a Chinese storekeeper, to whom her mother is deeply in debt. Meantime, her sweetheart tries desperately to earn enough money for a home. This is less a real movie than a spoken narrative illustrated by lovely still pictures, but the local activities are fascinating.

Verdict: Beguiling if technically crude ballad of the South Seas (Family)

THE BIG HEAT

(COLUMBIA)

Glenn Ford's a police-detective who leaves the force to fight a crime ring single-handed after the gang has murdered his wife. He gets unexpected help from Gloria Grahame, efficient as always in the role of a gunman's mistreated girlfriend. Though seen briefly, Jocelyn Brando (Marlon's sister) makes a likably average housewife. The expected amount of violence accompanies the sleuthing.

Verdict: Routine racket-buster (Family)

THE TITFIELD THUNDERBOLT

(RANK, U-I; TECHNICOLOR)

A British-made movie builds a pleasant fancy about amateur railroaders. A suburban community is due to lose its leisurely old branch line, while a bus company threatens to drag the village into the hurly-burly of "civilization." So the citizens—notably vicar George Relph and poet Hugh Griffith—band together to keep the railroad running. The local squire (inimitable Stanley Holloway) lends financial aid so he can hang out in the train's bar while the pub's closed. With the bus company plotting assorted

"Doctors' tests reveal this new chlorophyll derivative

CHECKS WOMEN'S Special ODOR PROBLEM!"



reports
Registered Nurse
MARY L. RHOAD

As Nurse Rhoad explains: "Even women scrupulous in hygiene habits suffer from this embarrassing problem. It has defied elimination until now."

Scientific proof that taking
"ENNDS" Darotol* Tablets
suppresses odors of "difficult days"
within the body itself!

"Recently," Nurse Rhoad explains, "a leading medical journal reported tests in which use of a certain chlorophyll derivative exceeded all expectations in suppressing odors associated with menstruation. In my experience, "ENNDS" Darotol* Chlorophyll Tablets act to prevent such odors as no past method ever did. And they're safe!"

Never before has it been so easy to avoid embarrassing body odors at that "certain time." All you do is take 3 or 4 pleasant-tasting "ENNDS" daily—a few days before and continuing throughout your menstrual period!

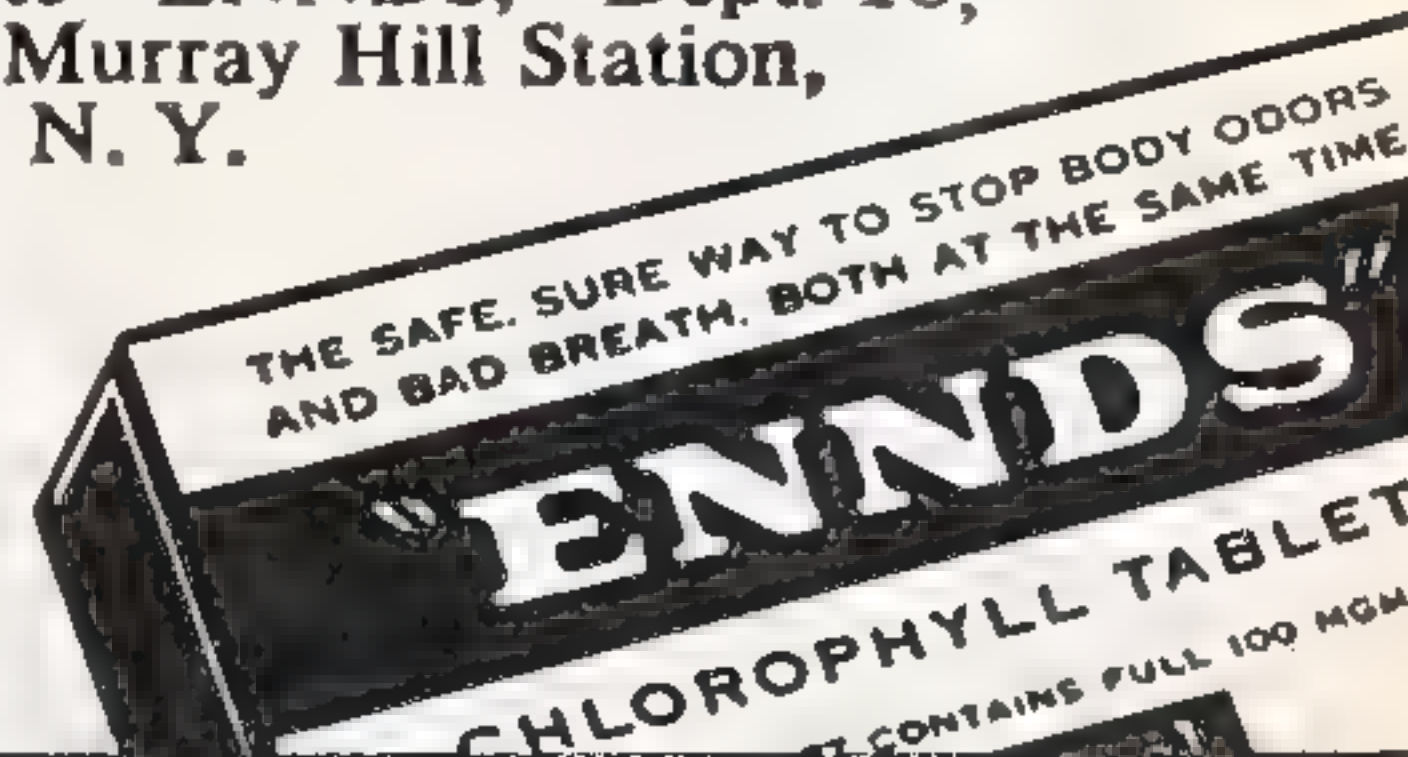
You see, "ENNDS" actually reduce the formation in the body of certain odor-producing substances...substances particularly offensive at the time of menstruation. Thus act to keep you free of these odors at this time.

Enjoy this odor protection between your monthly periods, too... by taking 1 or 2 "ENNDS" Tablets every day!

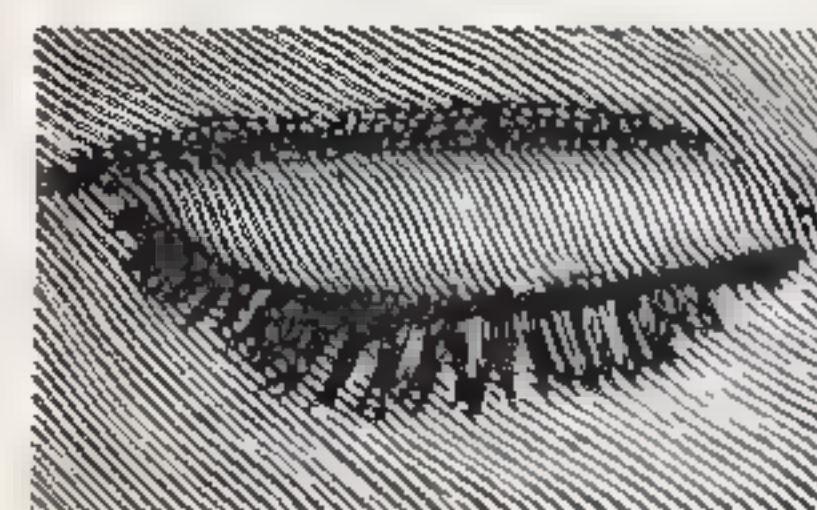
You can get "ENNDS" everywhere. Trial size only 49¢. Larger sizes save even more! Also available in Canada.

For free booklet, "What You Should Know About Menstruation" (mailed in plain envelope), write "ENNDS," Dept. TS, P.O. Box 222, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, N. Y.

*Darotol is a valuable chlorophyll derivative found in "ENNDS"

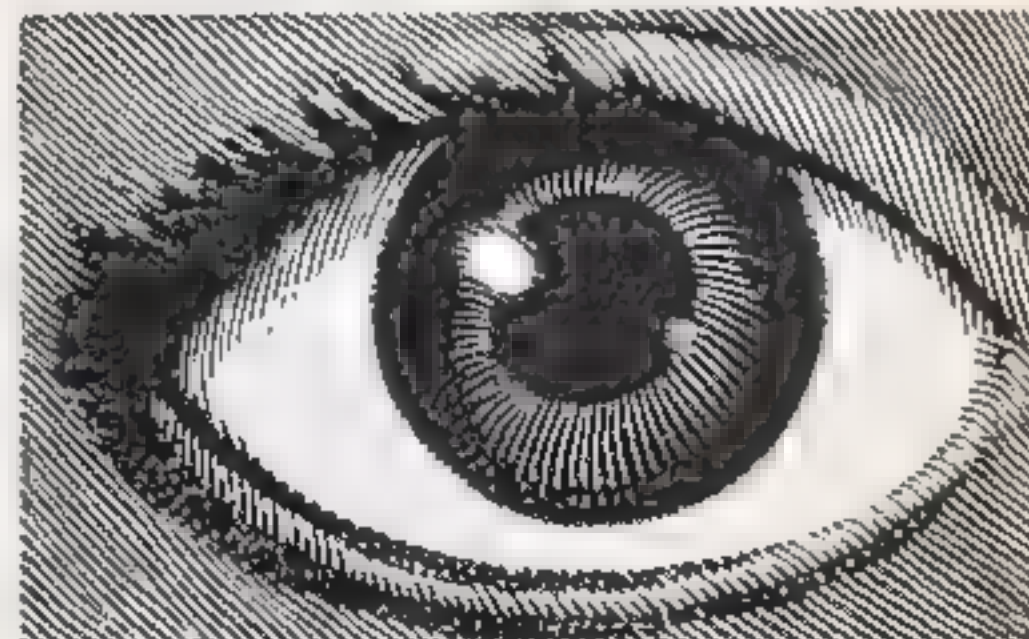


SAFE EYE-GENE EYE-OPENING TEST THRILLS MANY!



Eyes so tired you want to close them for relief?...

Clear, expressive eyes are fascinating. 2 drops of soothing EYE-GENE in each eye floats away that tired, strained, irritated look and feeling in seconds—dramatically lights up your whole expression! Safe EYE-GENE is like a tonic for your eyes. Use it every day. 35c, 60c, \$1 in handy eye-dropper bottles at Druggists.



2 drops make this striking difference in SECONDS!



villainies, and a pair of lovers on opposing sides, it's amiable satire.

Verdict: Engaging whimsy (Family)

LITTLE FUGITIVE

(BURSTYN)

Here's a small masterpiece, the story of a youngster who spends two days and a night on his own at Coney Island, a runaway because a practical joke has led him to believe that he's killed his older brother. Seven-year-old Richie Andrusco



Little Richie Andrusco's a lone adventurer

is as lovable and unaffected a kid as you've ever seen on the screen. Rickie Brewster, as the older boy, and Jay Williams, as a kindly pony-ride concessionnaire, are also outstanding. Beautifully put together, the movie finds authentic humor in the real New York.

Verdict: Delightful picture of childhood in a big city (Family)

THE NIGHT IS MY KINGDOM

(DAVIS)

The world of the blind has been explored more thoroughly (in "Bright Victory," for instance), but this French movie (English titles) still has deep interest. Rugged Jean Gabin is an engineer who sacrifices his sight to bring his train to a safe stop. At a school for the blind, he is shown that he can earn his living—and love isn't out of reach. The triangle involving Gabin, a lovely blind teacher (Simone Valere) and the school's sighted director is too pat, but Gabin's relationship with his family is made urgently real by topnotch acting.

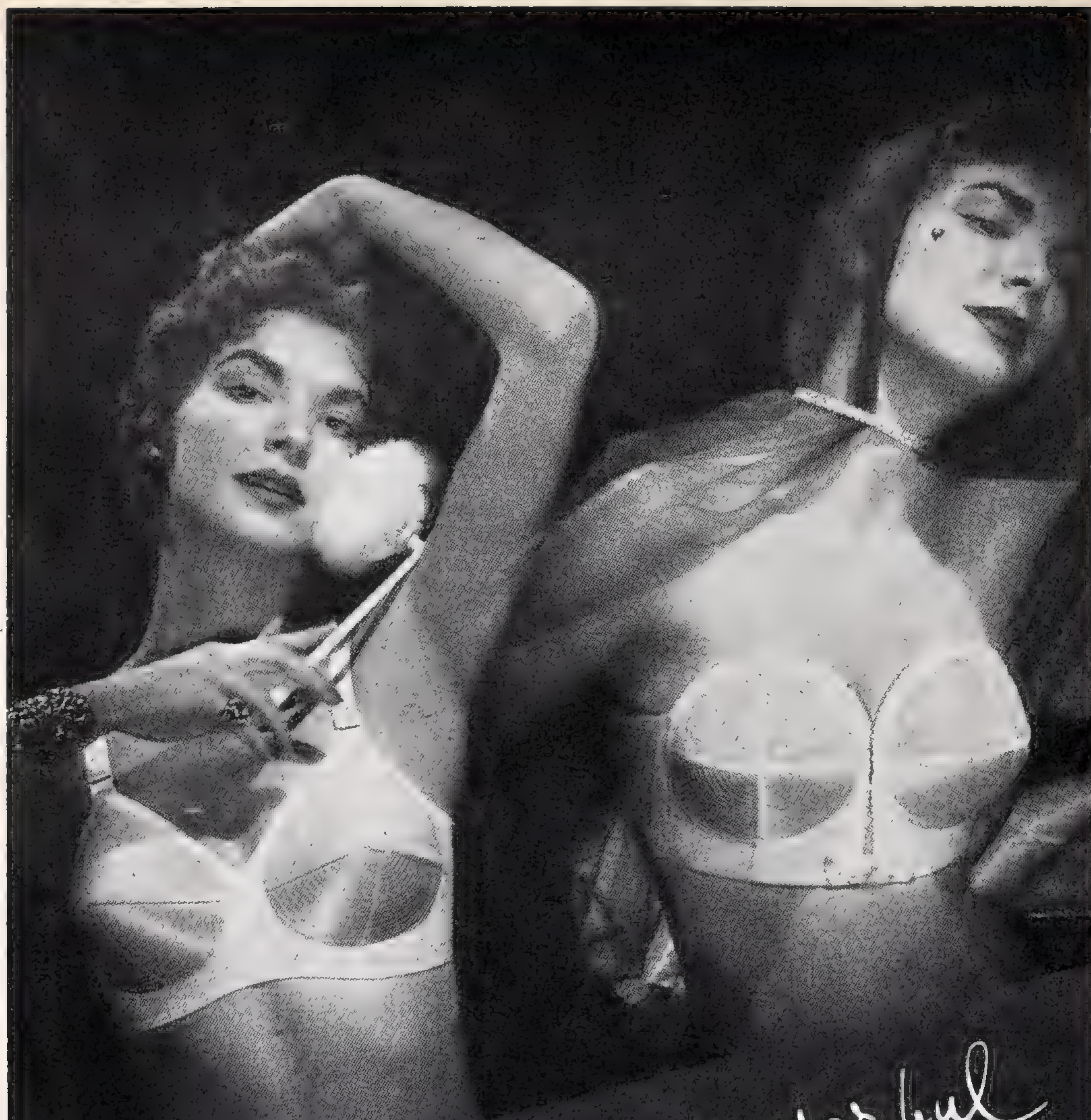
Verdict: Predictable, touching (Adult)

MARRY ME AGAIN

(RKO)

Marie Wilson faces a very unusual problem—too much money. Her sudden inheritance of a fortune causes Robert Cummings to leave her at the altar, after she's tried vainly to keep him from hearing about her new financial status. Gags, some good for a laugh, pile up fast. Marie remains lame-brained; Bob, proud to the point of lunacy; and any resemblance to people is strictly nonexistent.

Verdict: Feather-witted farce (Family)
(Continued on page 99)



Suddenly you're wonderful

it happens the minute you get into one of these fabulous new Jantzen "plus bras" that fills out your bustline, increases your glamour, makes your clothes fit better, your figure more graceful. The "plus" is the lightest airfoam rubber built into the cups, no ridges showing... everything as natural as can be. Nylonized® nylon taffeta, left 3.95... strapless in embroidered nylon marquisette, right 5.95.

Jantzen
padded bras

Jantzen Foundations • Empire State Building • New York

DO WOMEN WANT TO BE FOOLED?



Do they *want* to believe that fancy "salon" creams and fancy prices can actually do more for their beauty? The truth is, as any dermatologist can tell you, *it isn't how much you pay* for a cream that benefits your skin. One of the most important things is *how deep the cream penetrates*. AND NO CREAMS AT ANY PRICE CAN PENETRATE DEEPER THAN WOODBURY FACE CREAMS MADE WITH PENATEN. Woodbury now makes a special low-price offer to introduce you to the magic of Penaten!

What is Penaten...what does it do?

As you can guess from the name, Penaten is a penetrating ingredient. It carries the cleansing and softening oils in Woodbury Creams deeper into your pore openings—deeper than these oils have ever penetrated before!

With Penaten at work, WOODBURY COLD CREAM actually loosens *hidden* dirt and cosmetic particles that would otherwise lodge in your pore openings and cause tiny bumps and blackheads. You'll see your skin cleaner, brighter than ever before — not just in your imagination, but in your mirror!

If your skin is dry and flaky, WOODBURY DRY SKIN CREAM with Penaten penetrates deeper to help replace the natural oils your thirsty skin needs. You'll see rough flakes and dry lines fairly melt away under your fingertips . . . your skin alive with new radiance, new young-looking softness.

What's more, your nights of sleeping with a "battered-up" face are over. Woodbury Creams, with Penaten, penetrate so quickly — five minutes care is all you need!

GET WOODBURY'S BEAUTY SPECIAL

Woodbury Cold Cream
or
Woodbury Dry Skin Cream

\$1⁰⁰ size **69¢** plus tax
limited time only





The new process allows close-ups in intimate scenes

Photoplay

Applauds:

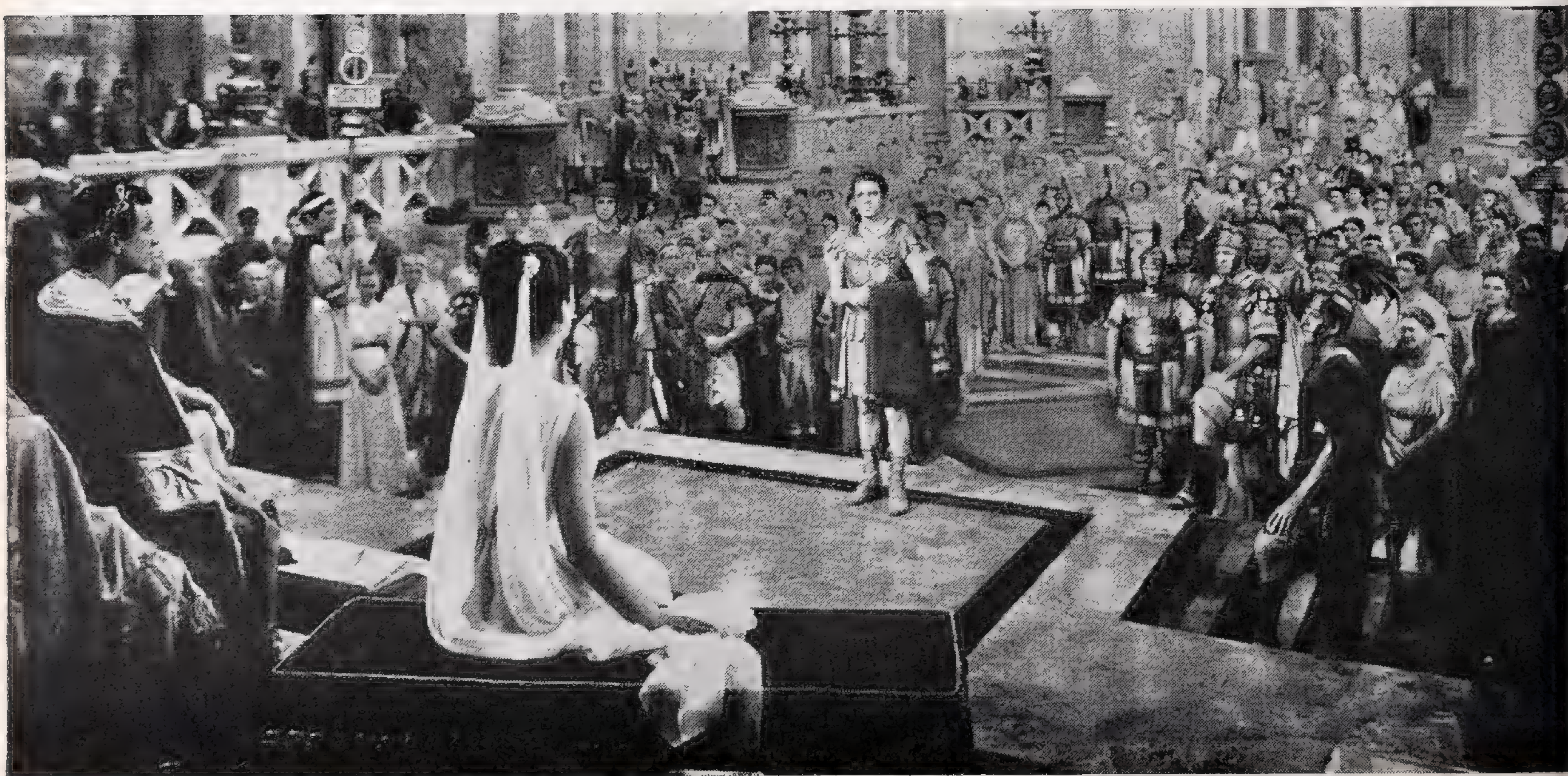
THE ROBE



On this vast screen, the slave market teems with life

*CinemaScope makes its bow in
a drama of the Biblical age*

CINEMASCOPE IS FINALLY HERE! With this impressive film version of the best-seller, Twentieth Century-Fox introduces its stage-wide, curved-screen process, expanding spectacular scenes to new proportions. Inspired by the Bible incident of the soldiers who gambled for Jesus' robe, the story includes both real and fictional characters, all carefully cast. Richard Burton plays the Roman officer whose life is changed when he's given the supposedly routine assignment of directing a triple crucifixion. Jean Simmons lends beauty and dignity to the role of his noble sweetheart. But Victor Mature is the most effective, as the Greek slave, an early follower of Christ. All the players, however, are dwarfed by the grandeur of CinemaScope, embracing the vistas of the Holy Land, startling audiences with the plunge toward the camera of four horses in full gallop.



At the end, CinemaScope recreates Rome's splendor

ARLENE DAHL, co-starring in
"HERE COME THE GIRLS"
A Paramount Picture
COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR



The most breath-taking complexions in Hollywood
are cared for with  Lux Toilet Soap

Screen stars use it because they know from experience that Lux Toilet Soap is as good a soap for your skin as you can buy. **Arlene Dahl** is one of the famous Hollywood beauties who use Lux Soap. She especially likes it because **it's so gentle** on her skin, and because it's **so nicely fragrant**. We think you'll like it, too, (there's the Lever Brothers money-back guarantee, of course) and we think you'll like watching Hollywood stars every Thursday evening on Lux Video Theatre.

Exciting things happen

when it's an

Evening in Paris

Christmas!



Created in France . . . Made in U.S.A.



Gift Star—with Perfume Purse Flacon. \$1.25



↑ Fantasy—Toilet Water, Bath Powder. \$3.00



Cologne in Arc de Triomphe. \$1.00



↑ Lazy Susan—Perfume Flacon, Cologne, Toilet Water and Cologne Stick. \$2.50

↑ Blue Magic—Perfume, Golden Flacon, Toilet Water, Cologne and Lipstick. \$5.00



White Lace—Cologne, Toilet Water and Sachet Perfume. \$2.00



↑ Orchids To You—Perfume, Purse Flacon, Cologne, Toilet Water, Talc, Solid Perfume Compact. \$7.50



Gala Triplets—Perfume Flacon, Toilet Water and Cologne Stick. \$1.50



↑ Elegante—Perfume, Golden Flacon, Cologne, Toilet Water, Lipstick, Face Powder. \$10.00



Twin Stars—Perfume Flacon, Cologne. \$1.00

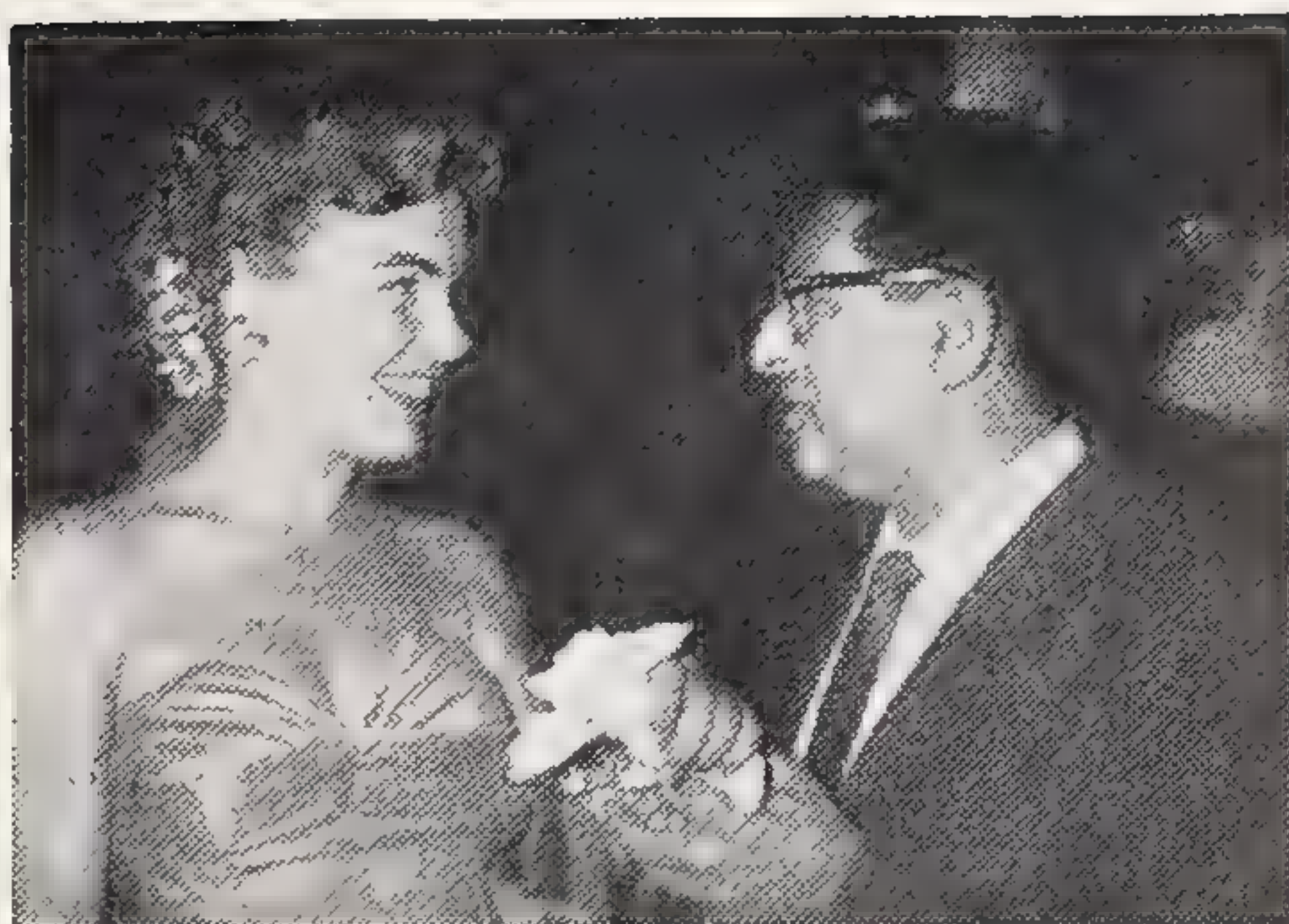


↑ Parasol—Perfume Flacon, Cologne, Talc and Cologne Stick. \$3.50

Other Christmas Gifts from \$1 to \$25
BOURJOIS

(All prices plus tax)

That's Hollywood For You



Sidney's got good reasons for liking Terry



Is this how Don O'Connor warms his ankles?

I LIKE AUDREY HEPBURN, but can't join the cult who think she's the greatest thing since the advent of sound. If this be treason, make the most of it . . . Ever spy on someone who didn't know he was being watched? If so, you've seen Marlon Brando . . . Bob Wagner gets to be a better actor in each succeeding picture . . . I'd like to have the money spent by starlets as they sit at the fountain in Schwab's waiting to be discovered like Lana Turner . . . Cyd Charisse wrinkles her nose when she laughs. Or haven't you looked that high?

Gene Nelson and Jane Powell seem to be doing an act even when dancing casually at a party . . . I have yet to see an actress carrying a copy of the Kinsey book . . . If you're interested in the ways of the Johnston Office, let me tell you that they require that bumps be bumped rearward instead of forward; and that's what's supposed to have kept the bumps from being indecent in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" . . . Only English actors look comfortable to me in those right-seat drive autos.

I was with The Monroe when she was shopping in a Bev Hills department store. Marilyn asked to cash a check and the salesman asked her if she had any identification. This to a gal who carries it with her all the time . . . Marie Wilson, after doing a PA in Texas: "You just can't tell down there whether a man's a millionaire or if he's really rich." . . . Rosemary Clooney sleeps in short blue nighties, and bikes in long shorts . . . Wonder if they'll ever team José Ferrer and Rosie in a pic.

I defy you to name a better comedian than Alec Guinness . . . I picture Debbie Reynolds going to a drive-in movie with her date . . . Tony Curtis is always talking about Janet Leigh and vice-versa. Recently Tony gave Janet a TV set for the bedroom, and on the card he wrote: "I guess there'll be no sleeping with you now." . . . I haven't seen a Tarzan picture since Johnny Weismuller days; bet Lana Turner and Arlene Dahl can't say the same.

Shelley Winters, who discovered Vittorio Gassman, wonders why America hasn't discovered him. Answer: he hasn't had the right picture . . . I think it's about time for Joan Crawford to have a real cool romance. Jeff Chandler isn't it . . . Ava Gardner has made more progress as an actress than any sex bundle I know . . . I still get a thrill from the view of Hollywood at night from a hilltop house.

Ever wonder why you never see the heroine in a movie wearing stockings with the seams crooked? Because the script girl sees to it that they're straight before the cameras start turning . . . Donald O'Connor has to warm up his ankles before he dances . . . From where I sit, the Academy Award winning picture is "From Here to Eternity"—a movie that isn't in 3-D, CinemaScope, Cinerama or even Technicolor. And that certainly proves plenty, doesn't it?

Maybe George Sanders is thinking of the Gabor somebody liked so much they first-named her twice, when he says: "If women dress to please themselves, it only goes to show that many of them are satisfied with very little." . . . Terry Moore is always friendly, greets you with a hug, so I like to meet her . . . When asked if her eyelashes were real, Jane Russell answered: "Everything I have is mine." . . . I'm waiting for Mickey Spillane to meet a sexy brunette, and next time he's in town I'm going to slip him Elaine Stewart.

My favorite character, Mike Curtiz, finally told off an actor he had directed in several pictures: "I didn't like you even when I liked you!" . . . I can't understand why Stewart Granger doesn't act more affectionate to Jean Simmons. I know I would if I were in his position . . . Somehow I got the impression that Gregory Peck was trying to be Cary Grant in "Roman Holiday" . . . Esther Williams has a private kennel built in a closet off her bedroom for her pet cocker spaniel, Angie, if you please . . . Rita Hayworth doesn't care who knows that she likes to eat crackers in bed.

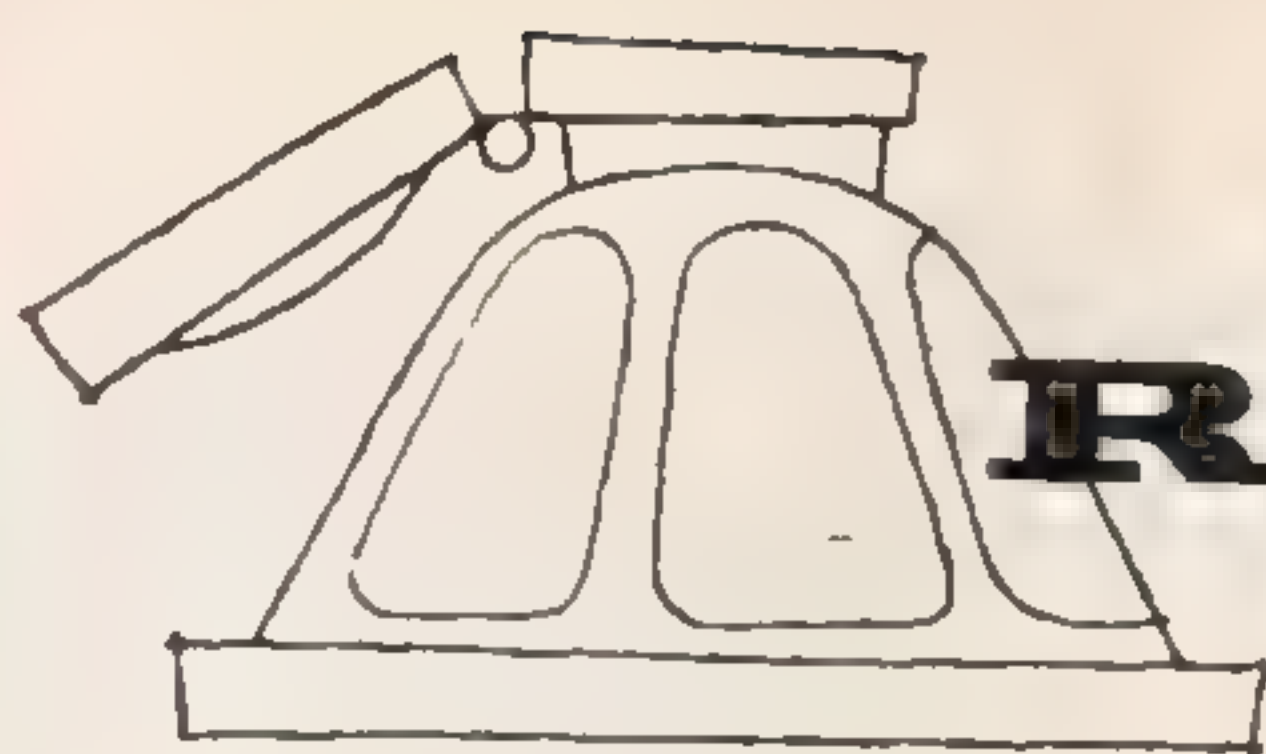


Rosie has her own idea on sleeping togs



Tony and Janet: just wild for each other!

Here's the best analysis of the difference between a pro and an amateur, which I read in James Agate's "The Later Ego"—"A professional is a man who can do his job when he doesn't feel like it; an amateur is a man who can't do his job when he does feel like it." . . . "Dragnet" is getting a little draggy to me. Jack Webb and Ben Alexander try to underplay each other so much that sometimes I'm afraid they'll get arrested for loitering . . . There may be rats and snakes and wolves in Hollywood, but it's a fact that there are no vipers. My authority is curator Michael West of the Griffith Park Zoo, who said as much when a viper was needed for a movie. So no matter what anyone may say, you know this: no vipers! And that's Hollywood!



READERS INC...

SOAP BOX:

This week I have seen two movies in which I have come across a situation which I have noticed many times before. In "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," there were two dance sequences which we did not see . . . but were shown in the photo stills in the theatre entrance. In "Serpent of the Nile," the dancer who was painted in gold from head to toe . . . did not do her dance that was publicized so much in the movie magazines . . . We would like to see what we pay to see . . . what was publicized . . .

ANGELINA R. SPAGNOLA
Akron, Ohio

Just a few lines to tell you how much we appreciate PHOTOPLAY. Most people don't realize how many GI's read movie magazines. But in any PX, snack bar, etc., you'll find they're top sellers. PHOTOPLAY is tops in our choice.

When we saw last month's issue with Doris Day's picture (ours and many other GI's favorite) we thought we'd write from Germany and send this photo to show our appreciation . . .

PFC. BOB PEPINO
APO 403-A
c/o PM. New York

most was Cyd Charisse. Where has Hollywood been keeping her? She can dance, sing and certainly has looks. Give her a few more pictures to play in and she will certainly have a following . . .

MANUEL GRECO
Atlantic Highlands, New Jersey



Cyd Charisse has everything!

I hope I am in order to place a sorely needed criticism against the ruthless and deliberate policy of our motion picture and radio-TV producers . . . deliberately trying to picture the dear United States as the most lawless, criminal-minded corrupt country in the whole world . . .

Are we forgetting that almost every one of our so-called "Western" or "Cow Boy" plays reach every country . . . ? How conveniently they can be used to create unfavorable opinion against the U.S. . . .

At one time it was only "bad men" who did all the dirty work; now . . . no one is left out . . . You cannot trust a single person according to most of our movies . . .

A. B. DAVIES
Hamilton, Ontario

Some years ago, I received PHOTOPLAY direct from the States but now no longer do so as I am not allowed to send English money out of the country . . . wondered if any readers would care to send PHOTOPLAY in exchange for English magazines . . .

RITA MOORES
29 The Crescent, New Malden
Surrey, England

Here is a list of actors that we thought would make the "Perfect Man." Hair, Farley Granger; Eyes, Dale Robertson; Nose, Stewart Granger; Mouth, Monty Clift; Shoulders, Charlton Heston; Chest, Kirk Douglas; Hands, Tony Curtis; Screen kiss, Scott Brady; Voice, Jeff Chandler; Acting, Gregory Peck; Smile, Bob Wagner; Clothes, Alan Ladd; Sex appeal, Jeff Hunter. After putting all of these stars together, we still can't find a more perfect man than Rock Hudson!

TONI UMIDON, SUSAN EGGLESTON
Kansas City, Missouri
(Continued on page 24)



GI's with a kind word: Bill Wendel, Terry Russell, Dan Kline, Bob Pepino and Floyd Kelley

I think Jean Simmons should win an Academy Award for such an outstanding job as she did in "Young Bess." It was truly a "great" motion picture. I do hope Miss Simmons will co-star in another picture with her husband, Stewart Granger . . . he is the most charming and handsomest man in motion pictures today . . .

LINDA BECHER
Astoria, Long Island

I have just seen what I think is one of the very best movies to come out in a long time, "The Band Wagon." Boy, oh boy what a cast. I didn't think Fred Astaire still had it in him . . . Jack Buchanan, boy, what a guy . . . And Oscar Levant and Nanette Fabray . . . But the one who surprised me

At cosmetic counters everywhere, also professionally applied in beauty salons. Available in Canada.

Noreen

**SUPER
COLOR
RINSE**

Give your hair glorious new color... surely, easily, safely with temporary Noreen, the color rinse which looks so natural and stays so effectively till shampooed out. Choose from 14 shades the one you need to make drab hair radiant, cover unwanted gray, or beautify all-gray or white hair. Noreen is different from any coloring you've ever tried...and inexpensive, too!

This holiday season Be a lovelier, smoother "You"

with *Helene Curtis*
spray net
B R A N D

*Just one magic moment
keeps hair softly in
place wherever you go,
whatever you do*



...and only *Helene Curtis* **spray net**
beauty-treats your hair with

Spray-on Lanolin Lotion (adds silkiness, won't dry hair)

Here is a new kind of hair-beauty protection—to keep you looking your loveliest all through the holiday season. A magic mist that keeps hair softly in place around the clock . . . naturally . . . without greasiness. Can't dry hair . . . actually adds silkiness.

What's more, Helene Curtis SPRAY NET "beauty-treats" your hair every flattering hour you wear it. For it contains exclusive Spray-on Lanolin Lotion to impart a shining, silky look. Won't dry hair. Invisible, colorless. Won't harm hair. Brushes out instantly. Get Helene Curtis SPRAY NET today. Avoid inferior substitutes. Ask for it by name.

Regular Size, **\$1.25**

Giant 11 oz. \$2.00 Size (2½ times as much)

LIMITED TIME ONLY \$1.79

(plus tax)

Stardust

BONUS GIFT FOR YOU

Here's holiday magic for exciting evenings . . . tiny, jewel-like "sparkles" for your hair. Just sprinkle Stardust on hair, apply SPRAY NET to hold the glitter in place. It brushes out instantly, later. Gold or silver! Hurry . . . offer for limited time only.



Not a hair out of place—no "just-out-of-the-kitchen look." With Helene Curtis SPRAY NET, you'll have no more untidy "hair-do droop" and no more wispy ends even on busiest days.



That romantic, smoother look can be yours on every holiday occasion. Get genuine Helene Curtis SPRAY NET in the pastel green Aerosol container today.

At all Drug Stores, Cosmetic Counters and Beauty Salons



For Radiant, Glamorous,
Natural-looking Hair!

COLORINSE . . . gives hair glorious temporary color. A "must" after each and every shampoo and whenever your hair looks dull and drab. Adds exciting color-highlights, silken lustre . . . makes hair easier to comb and manage. 10 beautiful shades. 6 rinses 25¢, 14 rinses 50¢.

COLORTINT . . . more than a rinse but not a permanent dye. Enhances your natural hair color—adds rich, new color—blends in streaked, bleached, dyed or graying hair. Enriched with Processed Lanolin to make hair shining soft. 10 flattering shades. 6 capsules 29¢, 14 capsules 50¢.

LITE Hair Lightener . . . lightens your hair as much as you wish (up to 10 shades) in ONE application. Lightens blonde hair, brightens brown hair, accentuates red tones in brunette hair, adds glamorous golden streaks. Contains no ammonia—enriched with Processed Lanolin to leave hair soft, silky, natural-looking. \$1.50. Retouch size 79¢.



Ask your beautician for Professional Applications of Nestle Hair Color.

CASTING:

. . . the Sue-Barton-Nurse Series . . . would make a wonderful movie series. Debbie Reynolds should play the lead; Stewart Granger, *Dr. Barry*; Jean Simmons, *Kit*, and Sally Forrest fits *Connie's* part.

SUSAN OSTERSTOCK
Hawthorne, California

Wouldn't Shelley Winters be terrific in a dramatic pic with husband Vittorio Gassman? Shelley and Farley Granger are my conception of a perfect team. Add William Bishop and you have my ideal list of talented males. Shelley, Janet Leigh and Denise Darcel top my list of fem's . . .

PAT OWSLEY
Hammond, Indiana



Let Shelley and Vittorio be a reel-life team

Why doesn't someone put Charlton Heston and Marilyn Monroe in a picture together? Both have sex appeal.

SANDRA PARKS
St. Augustine, Florida

I was . . . too young to appreciate pictures like "Wuthering Heights," "Jane Eyre" and "Gone With the Wind." I think a remake . . . is in order. Monty Clift would be perfect for the parts of *Heathcliff*, *Mr. Rochester* and *Rhett Butler* . . .

DOLORES NIEMUR
Baltimore 29, Maryland

QUESTION BOX:

I have just seen "Young Bess" and would like to know the name of the boy who played the part of the page . . . I'd also like to know his age.

BARBARA BIERY
Mertztown, Pennsylvania

Bob Arthur; he's twenty-eight—ED.

Some of my friends told me Dean Martin was born in Steubenville, Ohio. I say he was not. Who is right?

DOLORES AMEDEI
Steubenville, Ohio

Your friends are right.—ED.

I read . . . in our daily paper that Darryl Zanuck was making the picture "Sir Walter Raleigh." This item also said that he was planning to star Bette Davis as Queen Elizabeth I . . . Is this true? . . .

LINDSAY WATSON
Tampa, Florida

Yes. It's scheduled to start soon.—ED.

I have recently seen "Shane." . . . would like to know who played *Torrey* . . .

MATILE WEST
Huntington, West Virginia

That was Elisha Cooke, one of Hollywood's top character actors.—ED.

Is Jeff Chandler really making records for Decca?

ELSIE BALL
West Jefferson, North Carolina

Although Jeff has a fine singing voice and it's rumored that he will record for Decca, nothing has been set yet.—ED.

. . . Did Tab Hunter or Bob Wagner appear anywhere, at any time during the dance sequence of "Ain't Nature Grand" in the movie "Dangerous When Wet"? . . .

BEVERLY GAUSTAD, MARGE WOTTER
Owatonna, Minnesota

No, they couldn't possibly have done so. "Dangerous When Wet" is an M-G-M production, and Tab and Bob are both under contract to other studios.—ED.

Could you please tell me the name of the song Debbie Reynolds and Bobby Van sang . . . in the picture "The Affairs of Dobie Gillis"? Is it available on records?

PEGGY LENT
Springfield, Massachusetts

The song is "All I Do Is Dream of You" and has been recorded by Johnnie Ray on a Columbia label.—ED.

We would like to know about two movie stars. How old is Richard Carlson and is he married? Also, how old is Guy Madison and is he married? . . .

MARY ANN MCCAULEY, LUCY MCELROY
Okmulgee, Oklahoma

Richard Carlson is thirty-nine years old, married and has two sons. Guy Madison is thirty-two years old, married, but is estranged from his wife, Gail Russell.—ED.

. . . What is the middle initial J of Robert Wagner's name? . . .

BETTY BERNSTEIN
Bronx, New York

The J stands for John.—ED.

. . . Are the clothes Marilyn Monroe and Jane Russell wore in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" available in any store . . . ?

MARY JO BOWLES
Austin, Texas

The clothes were designed for the film and haven't been reproduced for sale.—ED.

In the August PHOTOPLAY you had a story and pictures on Audie Murphy . . . it looked like he had freckles . . . does he? . . .

EMILIE GOETHEL
Duluth, Minnesota

Yep. The sun really shone on Audie.—ED.



Audie Murphy's been out in the sun

Now... Control those "Calorie-Curves"!



Imagine! Hidden "finger" panels *plus* new non-roll top that slim, firm and control you without a single seam, stitch, bone or stay!

Just as the hands of a sculptor fashion beautiful contours—so the invisible "fingers" of Magic-Controller smooth and mold *your* figure and control those "Calorie-Curves."



New Playtex® Magic-Controller!

Now available in all **3** styles:
Garter girdle — Panty with garters — Panty brief

With freedom and comfort you never thought possible, Magic-Controller firms and flattens your figure from waist to thighs—gives you "Calorie-Curve Control!"

And the secret? Those hidden "finger" panels that slim and smooth, that non-roll top that stays up without a stay!

Invisible under sleekest clothes, Magic-Controller fits and feels like a second skin. Cloud-soft fabric lining inside, lovely textured latex outside, it's one piece and wonderful! Wash it in seconds—you can practically watch it dry.

Feel that soft-as-a-cloud fabric lining—see the lovely textured latex outside.



**Playtex Magic-Controller...
Now in all 3 styles**

Garter Girdle . . . with 4 reinforced adjustable garters, \$7.95

Panty Girdle . . . with 4 reinforced adjustable garters, \$7.95

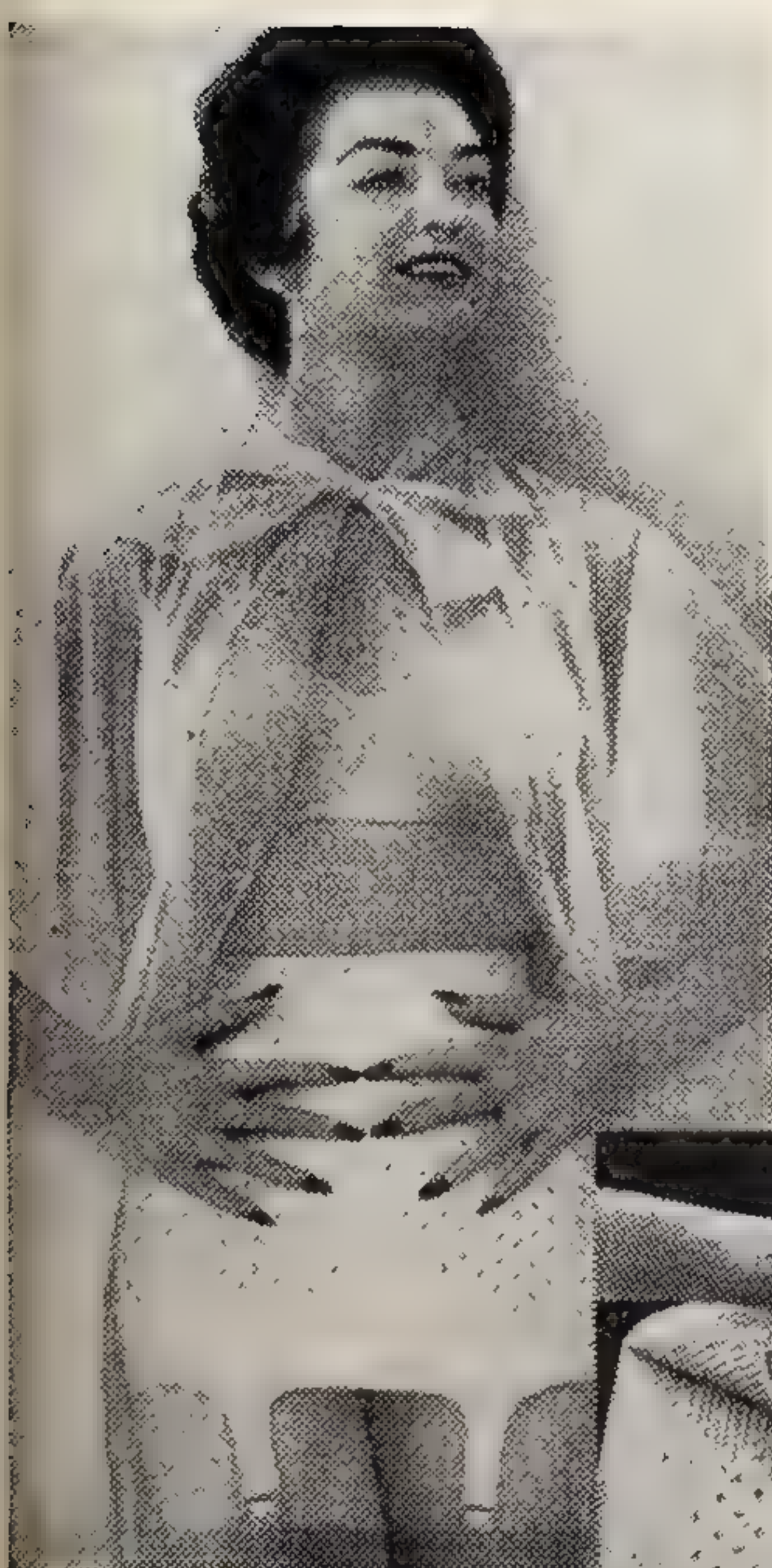
Panty Brief, \$6.95

Fabric Lined Playtex Girdles, from \$4.95

Other famous Playtex Girdles, from \$3.50

Extra-Large sizes slightly higher.

Playtex . . . known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube. At department stores and specialty shops everywhere.





make the gayest gifts
this side
of Christmas...



tint your fabric...
felt, nylon, net



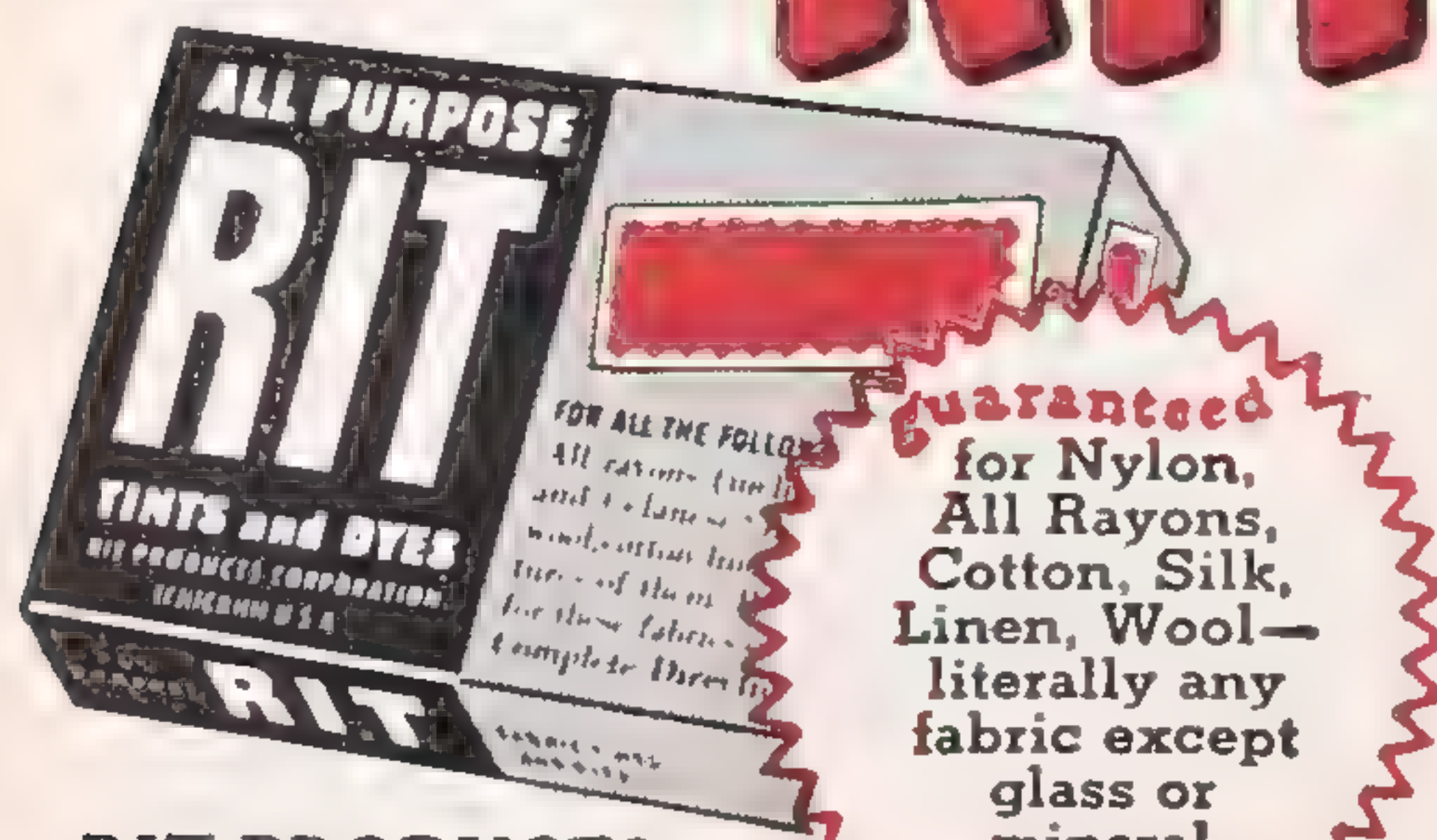
in merry **RIT** colors
you're all set!

No need to search the shops for fabrics! Rit-dye the odds and ends you *have* in the colors you *want* and you'll have twice as much time for gift making. Not to mention the fun you'll have turning curtains into party capes (aprons, too) or an old felt hat into a tri-color "beanie" for Junior.

The finest dye...
the high concentrate dye...
and only **25¢**

All Purpose

RIT



RIT PRODUCTS CORPORATION

1437 W. Morris St., Indianapolis 6

IMPERTINENT INTERVIEW

BY MIKE CONNOLLY



Jane can do anything she makes up her mind to do!

How do you reconcile your widely advertised religious life with your widespread sex publicity?" I asked Jane Russell across a luncheon table at Lucey's Restaurant in Hollywood.

The subject had been bothering me for months, as it had numberless other newsmen in the film capital. You would hear about how Jane and her mother had, through prayer and Bible study, helped effect a cure of someone who was ailing, and then *wham!*—out of the RKO and Twentieth publicity departments would come a new photo of Jane, doing her hip-grinding dance in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," or wearing the flesh-colored net gown she almost didn't get to wear in "The French Line" because the censors objected.

None of the confusing combination seemed to make sense. But Jane's answer did: "You don't put on a different face to go to church."

She leaned across the table toward me, and summed up her philosophy. "Look," she said, "it's really very simple. God gave me certain physical attributes that made it possible for me to become a star. But that didn't change the kind of person I am—deep down."

She looked at me with a take-it-or-leave-it expression, and went on.

"The church and showbusiness are all the same to me—part of my life." There was a ring of sincere conviction when she spoke and she maintained it through all the subjects I questioned her about: that net gown in "The French Line;" a sexy sweater her husband, Bob Waterfield, had just given her; her mother's chapel in the San Fernando Valley; or the International Adoption Association which she founded together with Loretta Young, Irene

Dunne, June Allyson and Dick Powell.

I asked her about the chapel of which she's the guiding spirit, and she smiled, "It's a non-denominational little church. It doesn't have a name."

"It's referred to as the Russell religious group, isn't it?" I asked.

"Well, yes, people had to call it something. But it's nothing set or formal. We just get together a couple of nights a week for Bible study."

"And I understand a lot of good has come directly out of those sessions."

"I suppose the thing you can put your finger on most easily is that a number of people who meet with us have given up drinking entirely since they started. And a couple of them used to be pretty serious alcoholics."

"That's satisfying, isn't it?"

"You couldn't expect me to say no to that one. But right now, I'm even more pleased about the progress our adoption group's been making. It's an international organization now, you know. And the best thing we've achieved is cutting red tape. It used to take thirty months to get a child out of Europe into an American home. We do it in a couple."

She has been devoting every spare minute to this group, and, believe me, it's difficult to spare minutes these days—at the rate she's making movies.

The day after I had my interview with Jane, I saw Marilyn Monroe out at Twentieth. I had heard that she'd attended some of the Russell group services, and I asked her about them. "Wonderful," she said. "They didn't happen to turn me into a deeply religious person, but if anybody could do that, Jane could. That girl can do anything she puts her mind to—anything!"

And I'll go along with that.



*Elizabeth Taylor, star of
RHAPSODY,
an M-G-M Technicolor picture,
finds Leg-O-Genie glamour easy
with Bur-Mil Cameo nylons.*



"SOFT, MISTY STOCKINGS SPELL LEG LOVELINESS..."

says Elizabeth Taylor

BUR-MIL
CAMEO
STOCKINGS
WITH EXCLUSIVE
face powder finish

"Shiny stockings can make the loveliest legs appear unshapely," says lovely Elizabeth Taylor. That's the reason Miss Taylor and other M-G-M stars welcome the soft, misty, permanent dullness of Bur-Mil Cameo's exclusive Face Powder Finish. And you'll find Leg-O-Genie beauty in Cameo's 66

gauge, 12 denier personally proportioned nylons—the most luxuriously sheer stockings you can buy! Incidentally, they give up to 40% longer wear by actual test!

Ask for Bur-Mil Cameo 66 gauge, 12 denier nylons... \$1.65. Other styles from \$1.15 to \$1.65.

A PRODUCT OF  BURLINGTON MILLS... WORLD'S LARGEST PRODUCER OF FASHION FABRICS

BUR-MIL, CAMEO, FACE POWDER FINISH AND LEG-O-GENIC ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF BURLINGTON MILLS CORPORATION.

THE BIG DAY



Family in waiting. Bride, groom and bride's children spend pre-wedding days in Las Vegas



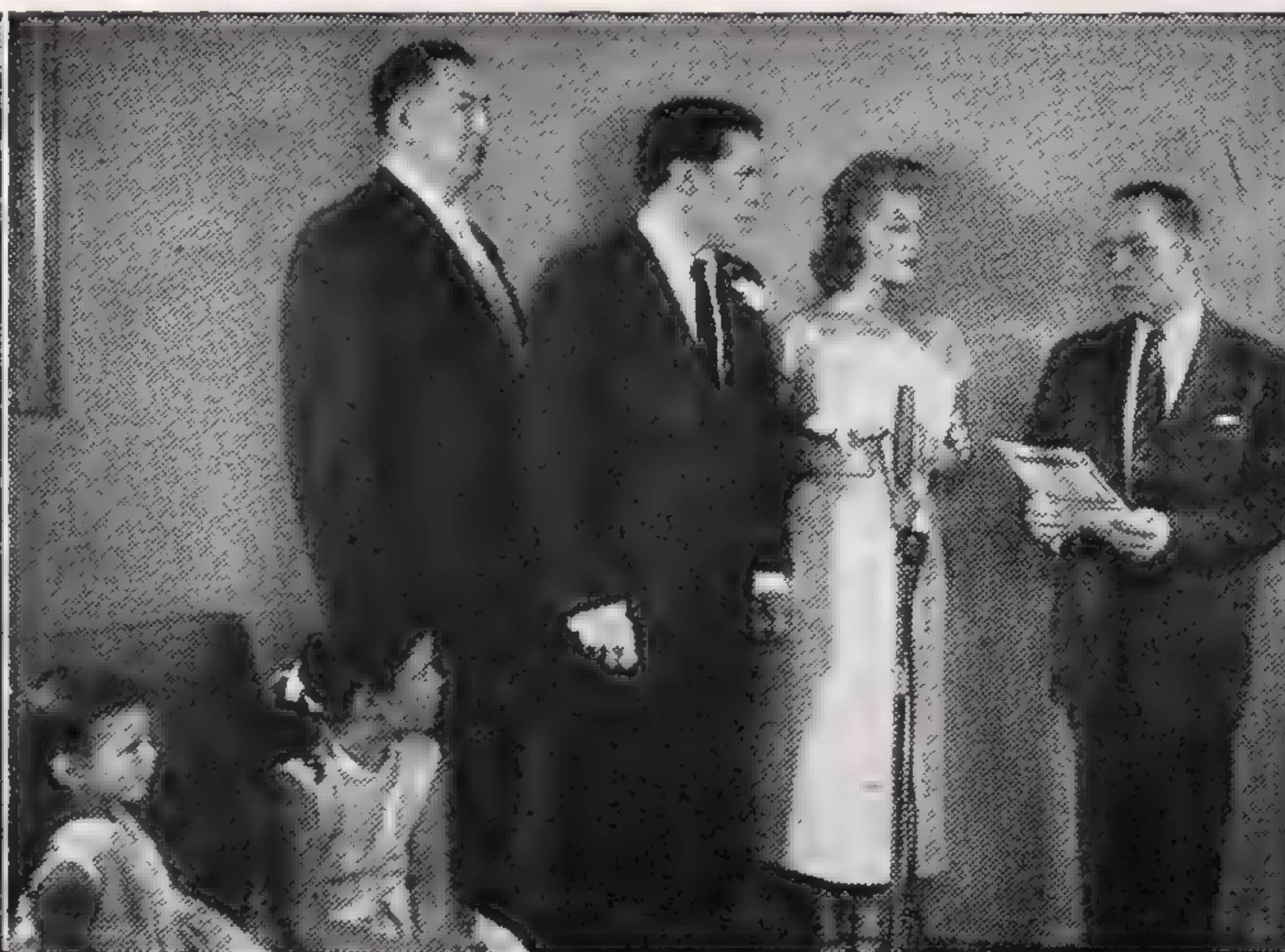
Crucial moment. The day before the big day, Dick appears in court for his divorce hearing



A free man. Dick gleefully waves the papers declaring him divorced



Rita and Dick apply for their marriage license—the fourth for each of them



Morning, September 24: They say their vows in the Sands Hotel with Rita's daughters watching



Free-for-all: The ceremony finished, TV, movie and still photographers take over



Mr. and Mrs. Dick Haymes beam as they cut their wedding cake

WHAT WITH ONE THING and another, it was touch and go for a long time as to whether Rita Hayworth and Dick Haymes would get married.

But once Rita had wound up her final scenes for "Miss Sadie Thompson," she was able to give her full attention to more personal matters. And almost immediately, the complications seemed to vanish. Nora, Dick's former wife, agreed to a quick divorce—and the marriage plans were on.

And despite all the furor it was a simple wedding, with only a handful of intimates, Rita's daughters, and PHOTOPLAY photographer Phil Stern on hand.

ANNOUNCING...GAY NEW

Playtex HAPPY Pants

Non-Allergenic... New Charm...
New Texture... Adorable Pattern...
Irresistible Colors!

5 Lollypop colors for a smart wardrobe choice!
Mix and match with baby's every outfit.



← **PROVE IT**—with your own hand! Stretch Happy Pants. *Prove* they simply can't cut circulation! They're off, rinsed, patted dry with a towel and on again...in seconds!



No baby pants more comfortable!
No baby pants more charming!

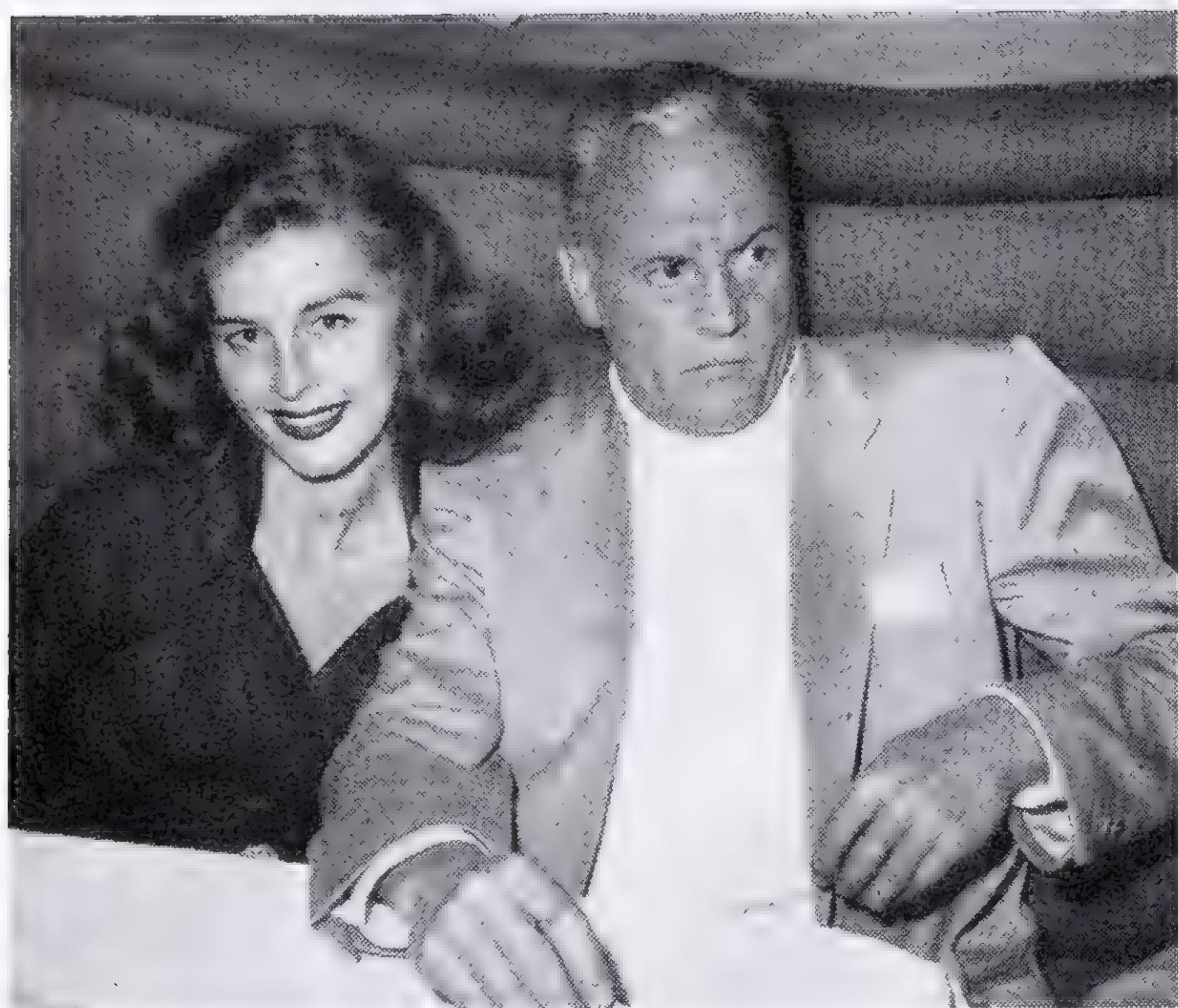
Nothing in this world compares with the dainty texture, colors and charm of these new PLAYTEX Happy Pants. Only PLAYTEX Happy Pants are made with actual texture, color and pattern right in the tissue-like creamy liquid latex...can't fade, chip, crack or peel.

The miracle-stretch material is so *sheer*—it's *transparent*. So strong—it stretches over *four* times its size! That's why it can't bind, chafe, irritate. Yet its protection is perfect!

Give your baby *what no ordinary baby pants will give*—the long-lasting, waterproof, *happy* comfort of cool-vented, flower-scented PLAYTEX Happy Pants. 98¢ ea., 3 for \$2.94. At your favorite Department Store or wherever Baby Needs are sold.

More mothers buy **PLAYTEX**® than any other make!

When Elaine Stewart, former True Story cover girl, hit town all the men fell in line at the nearest phone booth



One night, you're likely to run into her winning and dining with John Darrow, prominent Hollywood agent



And the next night her date may be Johnny Grant, disk jockey, who, having no records handy, twirls a plate



Or she may turn up at a party with a new escort, Carl Neiberg



Or make it a dinner and dancing date with dapper Travis Kleefeld



Or dazzle the gals at a preem with tall, handsome Gig Young

THE MOST POPULAR GIRL IN TOWN

In New York, Elaine Stewart was the most sought-after model in town. Today, this lush, lovely young newcomer is one of the most sought-after dates in Hollywood. One glimpse of her on the stairs in "The Bad and the Beautiful" and the wolves started whistling! From then on the man shortage became a matter of a certain policeman's daughter capturing most of the eligible men in town! But in spite of her hectic date life, Elaine's serious about her career. In "Take the High Ground" she takes the high road to stardom.



A thrilling Christmas gift—this modern chest in blond oak with its clean lines, polished finish, **\$59⁹⁵*** automatic tray. Model #2966. Also in Seafoam mahogany, #2979. Lane Table, #241. Chest price,

Ask for the Christmas gift that makes dreams come true...

A LANE CEDAR CHEST!

DREAMING of the future? If so, now is a perfect time to plan for that future . . . by asking for a Lane Cedar Chest for Christmas . . . the gift that gathers more gifts.

With a Lane to inspire you, you can begin gathering a treasure of luxurious blankets, lovely linens, delicate lingerie . . .

What's more, a Lane keeps woollens and other precious things sweet-smelling and fresh—safe from moths and dust—as no other storage method can.

Remember, one garment saved from moths can pay for a Lane! At most leading furniture and department stores.

Lane is the **ONLY** pressure-tested, aroma-tight cedar chest. Made of ¾-inch red cedar in accordance with U. S. Government recommendations, with a moth-protection guarantee underwritten by one of the world's largest insurance companies, upon proper application. Helpful hints for storing are in each chest. The Lane Company, Inc., Dept. P, Altavista, Va. In Canada: Knechtels, Ltd., Hanover, Ont.

Many Lane Chests at... **\$49⁹⁵***
Easy terms

Also makers
of Lane Tables

©1953, The Lane Company, Inc.

*\$5.00 higher in the West due to higher freight costs—slightly higher in Canada.



LIVING ROOM

Unusual modern in blond oak; drawer in base. Model #2852. Seafoam mahogany, #2853; Cordovan mahogany, #2856. \$79.95.*



FOYER

Attractive modern in lustrous walnut. Self-lifting tray. Model #2874. Also in gray walnut, #2869. Each, \$59.95.*



BEDROOM

Streamlined modern in figured blond Sonora. Aroma-tight and pressure-tested. Self-lifting tray. Model #2700—\$69.95.*



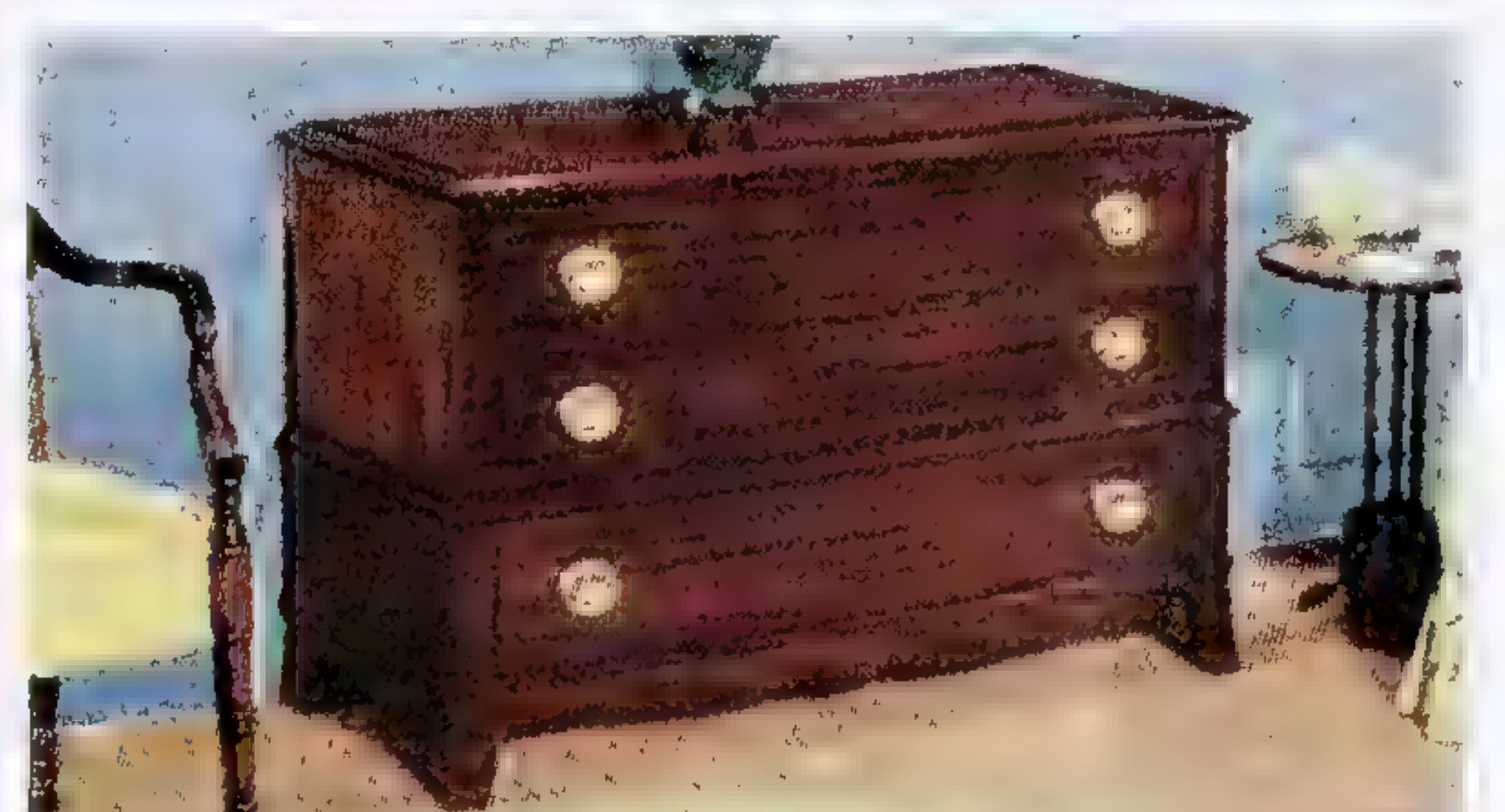
BEDROOM

Streamlined modern in matched American walnut with touches of Paldao wood. Self-lifting tray. Model #2971—\$49.95.*



LIVING ROOM

Arresting modern in Seafoam mahogany. Base-drawer tray. Model #2925. In walnut, model #2939. \$69.95.* Lane Table, #257.



LIVING ROOM

18th Century chest in glorious mahogany. Full-length drawer in base, simulated drawers above. Model #2221—\$79.95.*

I dreamed

I rode in a gondola in my maidenform bra



The dream of a bra: Maidenform's new Etude* in fine white broadcloth
or nylon taffeta, in AA, A, B and C cups... from 2.00.

There is a Maidenform for every type of figure*.

COSTUME BY ZITA *REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. ©1953 MAIDEN FORM BRASSIERE CO., INC.



*Truce talks don't mean the
battle's over. But love is winning
with Frankie and Ava*

BY JANE CORWIN

CEASE FIRE!

● You don't have to read the newspapers very carefully to know that there's no diplomatic situation quite so touchy as truce talks. For all the sweet words, the fireworks always seem just about ready to explode. And what's true of nations is true of people—especially if their names happen to be Ava Gardner and Frank Sinatra.

Ten days after Ava's arrival in New York, she and Frankie were deliriously happy. They had moved into a lavish hotel apartment with a sweeping view below them of Central Park. Ava was convinced that Frankie was the most terrific, most sensational, most talented guy she had ever known. And the sweetest husband. And as far as Frankie was concerned, Ava's tenderness was the answer to a crooner's prayers.

She had, for the moment, abandoned all plans to go anywhere or do anything that didn't involve Frank. The only thing she could think of she really wanted to do in this world was to settle down quietly and raise a family.

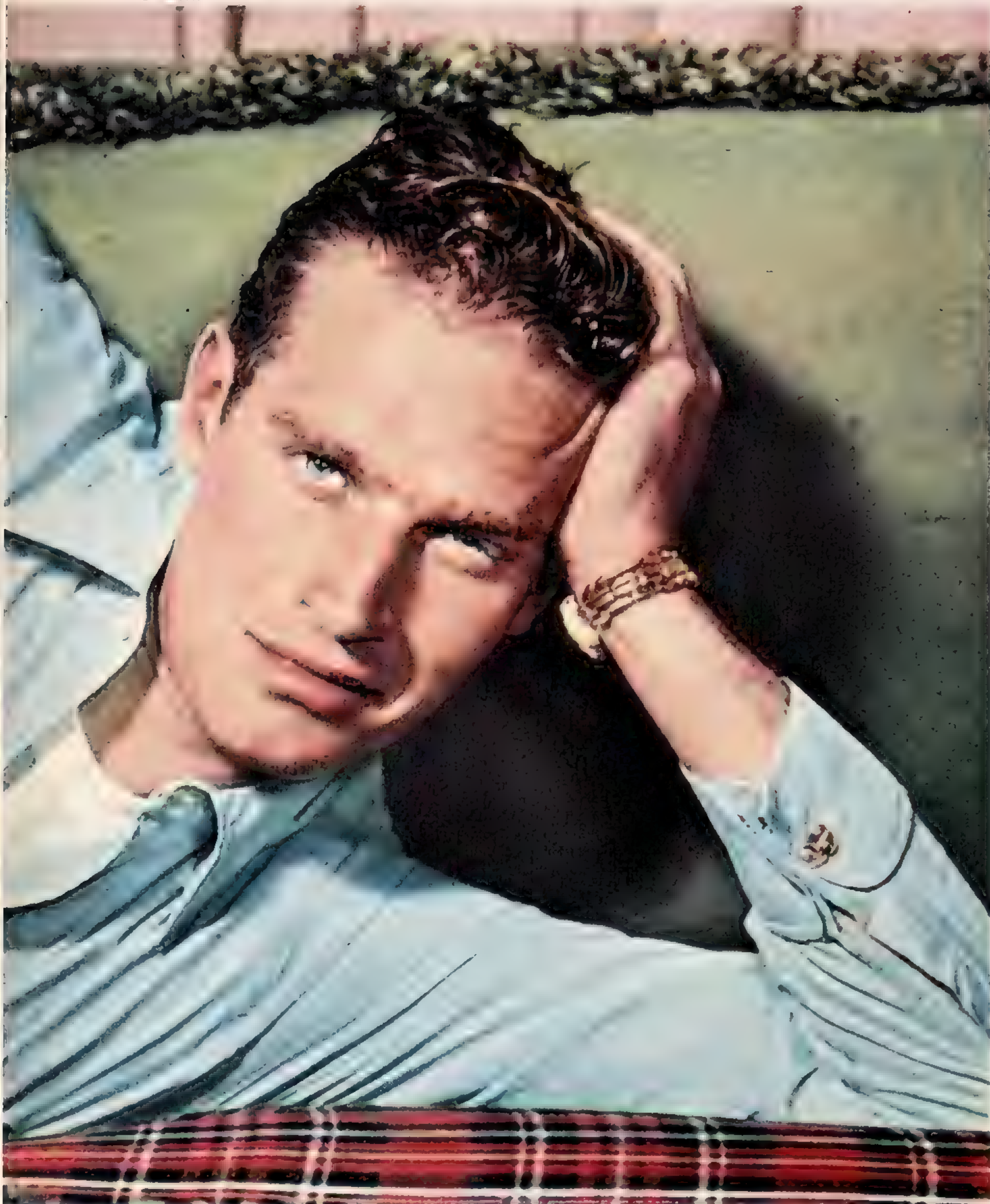
This was a far cry from the heated battles that had reverberated throughout Manhattan and across the Hudson into New Jersey for the days preceding this last, most loving reconciliation. (Continued on page 103)



Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

INSIDE STUFF

Ornilz



Charlton Heston can't keep from signing that dotted line



Richard Widmark left his home studio to "Take the High Ground"

Twos in the News: Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh now double-date with Donald O'Connor and Marilyn Erskine. They go for those Japanese dinners where you sit on the floor yogi fashion and eat sukiyaki—with your shoes off! . . . Marilyn, by the way, gave Donald a ring in return for the one he gave her—a black sapphire . . . Being in love can make you nervous, which Jane Powell was the night Gene Nelson made his dancing debut at the Cocanut Grove . . . Now that Joanne Gilbert and writer Danny Arnold have announced their engagement, Tab Hunter's looking towards Piper Laurie.

Behind the Scenes: Shelley Winters insisted that Suzan Ball visit her in Canada where she is working with Alan Ladd in "Saskatchewan." Suzan's the young actress who almost suf-

fered a leg amputation from bone tumor, but modern medical care and her own faith saved her. Shelley thought the splendor and quiet beauty of Banff National Park, *and* seeing boyfriend Dick Long, who is also in the picture, would have therapeutic value. She even shared her room with Suzan to save her money. Of course, Alan Ladd is there with his Sue and their brood . . . Joan Crawford says she sang for herself in "Torch Song," but studio scuttlebutt says India Adams did the dubbing. Either way, Joan's been coached by expert Harriet Lee, who taught Jeff Chandler how to belt out a ballad. Joan and Jeff are dating but, contradicting those who say it's serious, insist the most they have in common is their *monogram!* . . . Richard Widmark's first film away from his home studio, Twentieth, was "Take the High Ground," which

★ **LIZ TAYLOR: SOS FROM ENGLAND . . .**

★ **ROCK HUDSON: HITTING A NEW HIGH . . .**

★ **TAB HUNTER: A NEW ROMANCE . . .**

★ **JOAN CRAWFORD: THE LADY SAYS NO. . .**



The Robertson way to celebrate birthdays is strictly Dale's own

pleased M-G-M so much they are borrowing him again . . . On location in Banff, Marilyn Monroe tore a leg ligament during a scene in "River of No Return," Co-star Bob Mitchum promptly dubbed her "Hop-a-long Monroe."

Home Sweet Home: Charlton Heston already holds leases on apartments in New York, Chicago and Hollywood. He owns fifteen hundred acres in Michigan and now he's fallen in love with Bermuda where he played in "Macbeth" this past summer. Yup, he's leased a place there too . . . Rock Hudson, still in bandages from that broken collar bone, got evicted when the house he rented was sold. Pals pitched in and helped him move into a hilltop home with the most fabulous view in Hollywood. "It's perfect," (Continued on page 80)



Sterling Smith

Back from England, David and Alana Ladd bypassed home for life with father on Canadian location

The Reynolds charm keeps Debbie's dateline busy. Now Byron Palmer has joined her men-in-waiting



BAD BOYS OF

What is it about these successful stars that makes them easy targets for trouble and gossip?

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

Frankie Sinatra has never quite managed to learn the secret of keeping himself out of trouble



• For a long time people have been cluck-clucking over the Gregory Peck marriage and wondering how it would finally work out. Right up to the moment, in fact, when Greg and Greta formally announced their separation, there had been hopeful rumors that Greg would be back to spend Christmas in Hollywood with his family. He had, you recall, stayed on in Europe after Greta dashed home with the boys.

She couldn't stand the gossip, they say, that has linked Greg to a dozen women—all the way from Audrey Hepburn, his young and charming leading lady in "Roman Holiday," to Hildegard Neff, who toiled with him in "Snows of Kilimanjaro," plus a French model called Veronica Passane, and a few other European girls, whose names I can't pronounce,



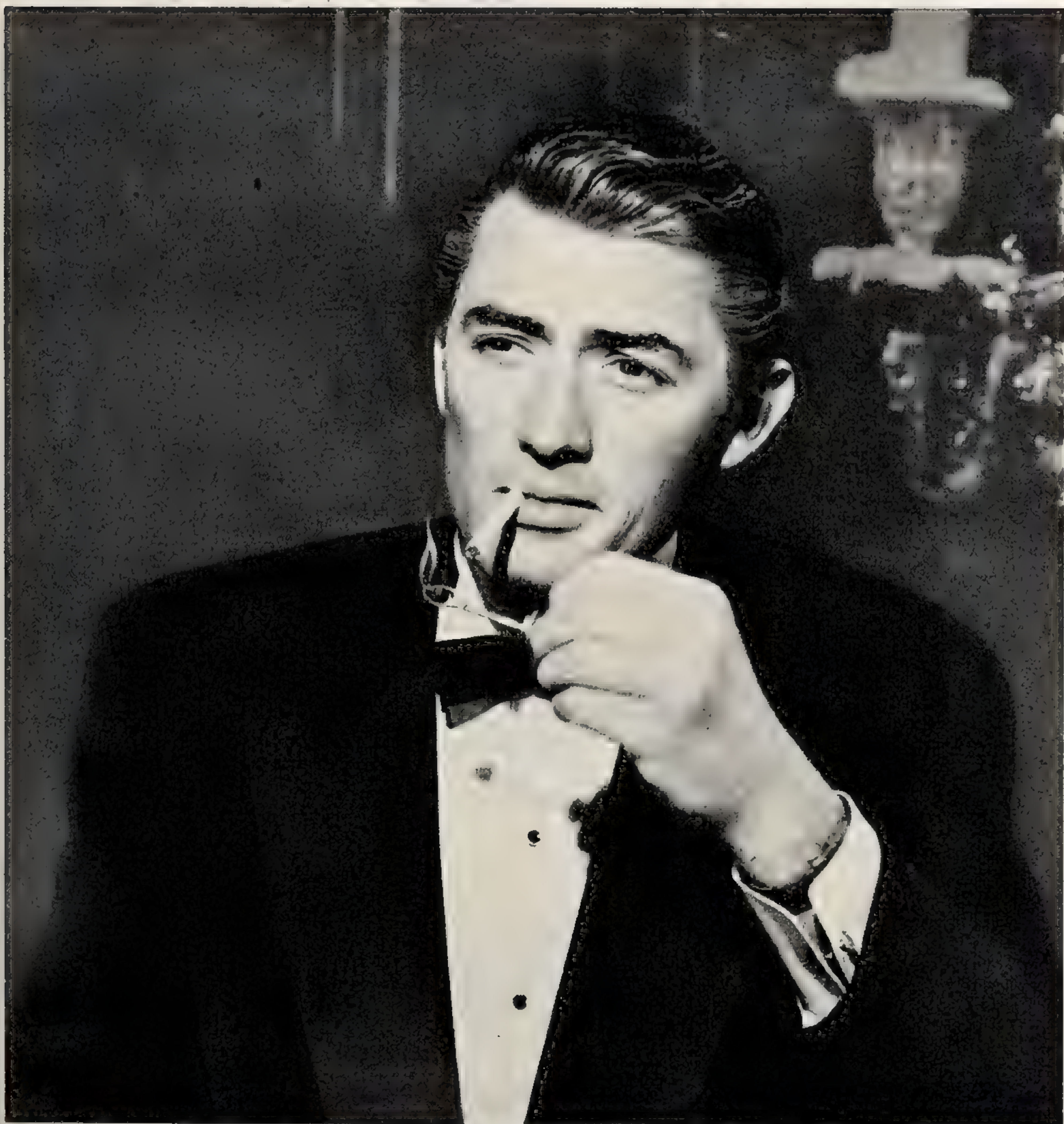
Nobody ever thought that family-man Gene Nelson would wind up as one of the principals in as talk-making an episode as Hollywood has ever known

HOLLYWOOD

let alone spell. I kept hoping all along that Greg was just passing through a period that hits a lot of men, around and after forty, the dangerous age, especially for an actor who *has* to believe he's irresistible in private life or *how* can he make you believe the girl will fall for him on the screen?

This could explain why a quiet, easy-going, lazy guy like Gary Cooper can suddenly go off half-cocked after twenty years of marriage, to renew his romantic confidence in the eyes—or hearts (I wasn't there Charlie) of women about half his age. It was merely happenstance that Pat Neal fell in love with Gary. It could have been any other one of ten. Because Gary was in the mood, and when he is, he's the most attractive man you'll ever meet (*Continued on page 92*)

It's hard to understand what makes Steve Cochran fly into those tantrums



What's Greg Peck worrying about? Wouldn't think a guy as handsome and charming as he would have to prove it to himself by playing games



They don't have much in common. But the same restlessness seems to dominate both easy-going Gary Cooper and fiery Fernando Lamas





The
**MARILYN
MONROE
PINUP CALENDAR**

For 1954

JANUARY						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
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Are Joe and Marilyn married? Those in the know say yes—

Scoop Close-up!

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF JOE AND MARILYN

BY GEORGE ARMSTRONG

● Ask a dozen people who see them regularly whether Joe DiMaggio and Marilyn Monroe are married, and you'll have six people answering yes and half a dozen saying no. They will all have authoritative inside information, these dozen people, but six of them have to be wrong!

Walter Winchell, as close a friend as Joe can have, thinks the two are married. Others say that Marilyn and Joe are as close to saying "I do" as a couple holding hands and staring at a spot on the preacher's tie.

All we can do is let the facts speak for themselves.

Shortly before Marilyn left for Canada and the location of "River of No Return" some weeks ago, she was strolling down a studio street at Twentieth Century-Fox with a friend. The day had been fully occupied with getting ready for the trip and Marilyn's mind was filled with the details of the journey.

"Is Joe going along?" asked the friend.

"I don't know," said Marilyn. "I don't think so."

"I'm not sure," said the friend, "that it would be a good idea. He doesn't like picture people very much. And he couldn't miss them, what with the company all being off in the wilds together."

"Yes, that's the trouble," said Marilyn. "Joe doesn't like very many people. I suppose it is just as well."

Married or not, if anything breaks up the long-time association between (Continued on page 97)



Joe kept well out of sight while Marilyn worked, spent the time alone fishing and taking pictures

and no! Here, for the first time, the limelight-shy DiMaggio himself makes a statement

Photos by Sterling Smith

Joe joined Marilyn on location in Banff, was there to comfort her when she injured her leg





Stern

RICHARD ALLAN

He might still be struggling on "The Great White Way"—if he hadn't taken advantage of a free ride to Hollywood



Frakér

AUDREY DALTON

She studied acting in London and dreamed of an American career in films. But she didn't expect her dream to come true so soon

YOU CHOSE

**These gifted youngsters
are on their way, thanks
to the ballots you cast**

BY DIANE SCOTT

● Richard Allan had finally managed to wangle a spot in a Broadway show, "The Red Mill." And he might have been on Broadway still, if a friend of his, a comedienne, hadn't told him she was driving to the West Coast and invited him to come along. "Honey," she had said, "you belong in Hollywood." For a long time, it seemed that she was the only one who thought so. But Dick stayed anyway—and he's glad he did.

They've come to Hollywood from many places and in many ways—these young stars you've chosen. And they can all tell you that getting there is only the first punch on the ticket to film fame. Today's stars of to-



Fraker

PAT CROWLEY

Her saga of success is one more proof of TV as a testing ground—she was in “Date with Judy” for thirty-nine weeks



Powolny

BYRON PALMER

Hollywood-born, he had to make a name for himself on Broadway before he could get back to making a name in his own home town

THESE STARS

morrow face probably the toughest times in movie history. Studio contract lists are being slashed while the industry pauses to take stock of the long-range effects of the various “scope” and 3-D developments.

These are times that call for the most in talent, the luckiest in breaks and the bravest of hearts. For whatever size and shape pictures eventually take, the dimensions demanded for stardom are more all-encompassing than ever. And the competition is all out of proportion to the number of stars there is room for.

These winners you’ve chosen share one thing—the determination to succeed. But their stories and back-

grounds are startlingly varied, their homes widely scattered throughout a broad swathe of the world.

Nineteen-year-old Audrey Dalton was studying to be an actress at the Royal Academy in London when a Paramount scout spotted her. “I was playing a middle-aged woman in a play,” she recalls with amusement. But the scout saw her fresh beauty through the make-up. They tested her for “The Girls of Pleasure Island” at once and flew her to Hollywood.

Although her home’s in Hawthorne, California, Betta St. John had to score in “South Pacific” in London before she was brought back and signed. Bobby Van

YOU CHOSE THESE STARS

Continued

danced his way into town. And the South American romantic, Carlos Thompson, who had intended to become a writer, was discovered at a foreign film festival by Yvonne De Carlo. She liked what she saw and encouraged him to come to California and be her co-star.

Maggie McNamara was discovered on a Chicago stage when the moon was very blue. Italian Marisa Pavan was spotted by a Hollywood producer who saw her one day with her twin sister, Pier Angeli, and felt she was just right for the part of the fresh, young French girl in "What Price Glory."

Chuck Connors was playing baseball with the Los Angeles Angels when he belted a talent home run over the fence into Hollywood. Kathleen Crowley won a beauty contest as "Miss Egg Harbor," went on to become "Miss New Jersey," and wound up with a scholarship to the American Academy of Dramatic Art.

And some had spent a long time—their whole lives—under the Klieg-swept skies before they got their chance. Byron Palmer, whose father is publisher of the "Hollywood Citizen News," had to go to Broadway before he could snag any star space in his own home town—and he's still working hard to earn space in his father's paper.

Charlotte Austin, lovely daughter of Gene Austin, had been brought up in the atmosphere of films. But it had never occurred to her to make herself a part of movies. Not until an agent saw her when she was a bridesmaid at her best friend's wedding, and told her she ought to be in pictures. She's horrified now at what she almost missed. "I argued with him for forty-five minutes," says she, "to try to convince him how wrong he was."

Joanne Gilbert, the daughter of songwriter Ray Gilbert, stepped into the spotlight at Mocambo on the Sunset strip to make her debut as a singer. Her sexy voice and arresting ensemble—plunging white blouse, black shorts, opera-length hose—captivated her neighbors and won her a Paramount contract.

West Los Angeles was the magic spot for Race Gentry. He was working in a service station when agent Henry Willson drove in for some gas, looked at him, and asked if he'd like a movie career. "I thought he was kidding," says Race. "But I looked into it and found he was a big agent. He got me the part of Rock Hudson's son in 'The Lawless Breed.' And I keep thanking my lucky star that he doesn't use a different brand of gas."

What a break for Race that he doesn't! And what a break for all these handsome, talented young people that they happened to be where they were when opportunity chose to knock.

But the biggest break of them all has come from the faith that you—the readers of PHOTOPLAY—have shown by casting your votes for them.

"You feel so humble and grateful," says Richard Allan movingly, "to the people, whoever they are, wherever they are, who voted for you. I only hope that I'll be able to say thanks by becoming the star they think I can be." And he pauses. "Of all the things, this is the greatest thing that's happened . . ."

And a great deal has happened to Twentieth's triple-threat, singer-actor-dancer, Dick Allan since the boy with the dark curly hair and blue eyes first decided to make his mark. "Back home on the farm in Jacksonville, Illinois," he recalls, "we used to put on shows and make the neighbors pay a penny to come and see us. And I used to haunt the local movie house. I would sit through Fred Astaire's pictures over and over again, watch his feet and then go home and try to work out the steps."

Years later, after working for his dancing lessons, working his way through the University of Illinois as a singing waiter in a sorority house, working for Uncle Sam in the quartermaster's laundry battalion, and working briefly on Broadway, he hitched that ride west with Odette Myrtle—and worked with Astaire in Paramount's "Let's Dance." (*Continued on page 104*)



KATHLEEN
CROWLEY

She knew her first fame as "Miss New Jersey." Now she's in "Sabre Jet"



RICK
JASON

You saw him in "Sombrero," loved him, and gave him a big hand along the way



BOBBY
VAN

One look at him in "Small Town Girl," and you tagged him a sure-fire winner



AUDREY
HEPBURN

Already an international rave, there'll be no holding this foreign beauty down



MAGGIE
McNAMARA

Her debut was in "The Moon Is Blue"—and that can't do her any harm!



CHARLOTTE
AUSTIN

Wait till you see her in "How to Marry a Millionaire." Talent and beauty, plus



CARLOS
THOMPSON

The latest threat from south of the border, most anything can happen with him



RACE
GENTRY

He had just a bit in "The Lawless Breed" and you clamored for more



The gang piles out. Hard work ahead!



Into the wheelbarrow with the boss. That puts him in his place

Lori goes



Could be Lori's too tired to feed herself

With the help—or maybe despite it—of a lot of his pals, Tab's actually getting his house built

When Tab Hunter decided he wanted a hideaway in the desert, he knew the only way to get it was to build it with his own two hands. He went to work on his own, the story spread, and a lot of pals decided to help him get the job done. So, from time to time, he heads out across the hot sand, his car loaded with assistants and vittles. This particular work crew was a lively one—Lori Nelson, Pat Crowley, Erica Norden, Brett Halsey and John Ericson. Nobody's saying just how much work got done the day these pictures were taken—but everybody had a wonderful time! And somehow or other, the house is getting built. At last count, it had walls, windows, an icebox, a stove, a water tank and a patio. And the built-in echo of gay youthful voices. Who needs more?

UP AT TAB'S PLACE

PHOTOPLAY PICTURE STORY • PICTURES BY JANIS SARGENT



up with the foundation



Tab and John Ericson spread it on thick



Yippee! Time out for a lunch break

Another day, another wall up, and they roll away from Tab's place. But they'll be back to help raise the roof



THE LADY SAID YES

*As radiant a pair of
newlyweds as ever had
a honeymoon abroad!*



Both the bride and groom listened gravely to the marriage rites



Lana's daughter (left) and Lex's two children were in Turin to watch the ceremony

Photoplay tagged it a real romance when we ran this story on Lana and Lex way back in June

The world said they'd never marry. But Lana and Lex said their "I Do's"—and showed the world

BY RUTH WATERBURY

● "I just love you," Lex Barker said, very firmly and quietly.

Lana Turner stood before him; her eyes blazing. Everything else thereabouts was blazing, too. It was mid-August at one o'clock in the afternoon under the dazzling Italian sun on the hot, golden beach of Positano.

Except for the crew on the picture, "The Flame and the Flesh," there wasn't an Italian in sight. Being a highly civilized people, the Italians love creativity and love love, but they are wiser than to try to cope with either one of them when the sun is high.

In the heat of the day, Italians eat their heaviest meal. Then they sleep till about four in the afternoon.

But Lana Turner, being an American, didn't even think of such a pace. And Lex Barker, being very much the direct American

male, wasn't waiting around for the subtle times and tides of love.

Any Italian, past the age of eight, would have known they weren't really quarreling, these two. But Lana was taking it very big, not recognizing her own fatigue and sheer physical discomfort for what they were.

She had every reason to be dead beat with fatigue. "The Flame and the Flesh" had been shooting nearly three months and she had been in virtually every scene of it. Furthermore, the burden of acting had fallen more heavily than usual on her pretty shoulders, since her co-star, Carlos Thompson, while handsome and charming, was nevertheless very inexperienced in motion pictures.

That was the work side of it: very complicated. And the emotional side of it was even worse.

(Continued on page 82)



**EVERYTHING'S
JAKE
FOR JOHNNY**



BY BILL TUSHER

Photographs by Stern



"Russell is three and fine now. Drop him off the Empire State Building, he'd be all right"

John Derek is happy—about his family, about the new baby, about the new lift in his career since he started to free-lance

● He may once have had the dubious reputation of being a weeper, but the fact is that now John Derek is strictly a rejoicer. He's rejoicing over his freedom from a long-term studio contract, rejoicing over his first role as a freelancer in Republic's "Red Horizon." He's happy about his family, and most importantly the whole family—Johnny, his wife Pati, and their three-year-old son Russell—have been eagerly awaiting the new baby.

For some weeks both Johnny and Pati have been gearing young Russ to the idea of a new baby sister or brother around the house. Recently Johnny thought the time had come for him to bone up for a birds-and-bees pow-wow with his son, but Russ gave him a reprieve when he came running up to him the other day.

"Daddy," he cried, "I know where the new baby is coming from!"

Pati quickly put her hand on Russell's shoulder and suggested to him, "Now dear, you'd better run off and play."

"But I do know, Mommy," Russell persisted in having his say.

Johnny shrugged helplessly, and Russ blurted out his piece.

"You buy them!" he shouted happily. "Everything comes from the store, doesn't it, Daddy?"

This was a pre-natal theory that would have charmed Darwin, and for the time being at least, it placated Russell's parents.

If Russell is pardonably naive for his three years, his daddy is no (Continued on page 100)



"Pati and I might scrap one minute, but the next we don't even know what it was about"



"I want the chance to show a little emotion in my face; a story where you're called upon for acting"



In this, Monty's only magazine interview in three years, he sets the record straight on all those myths about Clift!

*They called Clift a shy
recluse, a moody intellectual.
But nobody got the truth
from Monty because*

• "Monty? You can set your watch by his word," a friend had said. Well, now was the hour. Just then the phone rang.

"Hello!" It was Monty's voice, warm and merry. "Say, how do I get up there?"

How did he arrive at my place, he meant. He'd rented a car, but he still didn't know his way around Hollywood too well. He was still a New Yorker in town. And he understood there were those who had gone into the Hollywood hills and were yet to be heard from.

This was when I first really knew that I was about to meet—finally—the real Montgomery Clift. This, after I'd spent all of one freezing night on location at the Columbia ranch with the company of "From Here to Eternity," sweating out how to get to him. It was a night through which I'd alternately sweated and frozen and drunk coffee and waited, waited for Montgomery Clift to put down *Prewitt* and talk to me. Later I had come to realize that for Monty to put down *Prewitt* or any other character in whom he's currently embodied is psychologically impossible.

So I gave the exact details for reaching my house. And not long afterward he zoomed up the hill in a blue Chevrolet convertible, parked it, and came as directed up the back stairs. He was wearing a natty dark grey tweed suit, a navy blue and red checkered sports shirt, and a warm grin.

The greetings over, with the frank and friendly curiosity that is his—whatever his surroundings—he began to case the place. Then turning he asked earnestly, "What can I tell you that will help you? I want to—very much."

This was when I knew I'd better throw away all the preconceived notions about Montgomery Clift and start all over with Monty as he is. Not the mystery man, not the moody intellectual, not the shy recluse, not the eccentric with one suit and two (Continued on page 87)

NOBODY ASKED

BY MAXINE ARNOLD



HIM

PHOTOPLAY
SNEAK
PREVIEWS

'Prince Valiant'

Bob Wagner as Prince Val fights
the Black Knight in a tournament
for the hand of a Princess he loves

Powolny



**King Arthur and his Knights of the
Round Table live again in
this colorful screen story of a
medieval prince and his lady fair**



Powolny

Janet Leigh is the beautiful Princess loved by two Knights



F

rom the pages of history and shadowy legends comes Twentieth Century-Fox's medieval romance of "Prince Valiant," the Viking youth whose daring and bravery wins him a knighthood in the court of the British chieftain, King Arthur. In an age when men's worth was measured by their valor and maidens' by fairness of face, the love story of Viking Prince Val (Bob Wagner) and Briton Princess Aleta (Janet Leigh) rivals the later love story of Romeo for Juliet. For this new CinemaScope, Technicolor production, Twentieth chose a star-studded cast to play the brilliant roles, from King Arthur and Sir Launcelot to Princess Ilene and The Black Knight: Bob Wagner, Janet Leigh, Debra Paget, Sterling Hayden, James Mason, Brian Aherne, Tom Conway, Victor McLaglen and Barry Jones. And as the Arthurian legends might say, "there was no braver nor nobler Prince . . . no fairer maiden . . . no truer pair of lovers" than in this fabulous period of romantic history.

Debra Paget is the sister who yearns for the love of another

Powolny





Me? Act like a glamourpuss?



That's a real whacky idea!



If I had to pose in the nude . . .



They'd have to get a new girl!

She scowls at glamour, sniffs
at being sexy. Is up a tree when
she should be in the spotlight.
In other words . . .

Debbie's

● It was a typical Hollywood party—bright lights, bright conversation and people, people everywhere.

A talent scout was holding forth. "Nope," he said, "it just can't happen!"

"What can't?" asked the scenario writer standing beside him.

"This girl Debbie Reynolds—she just can't make the grade."

"Why not?"

"Because she breaks all the rules! Why, a girl that's come as far as she has in pic-

BY BOB THOMAS

Hopeless

tures has gotta have her own apartment. She's gotta wear dresses cut down to here, date the gay boys around town, teach Dr. Kinsey a thing or two."

"But?"

"Do I have to tell you? You know about this Reynolds doll. She's hopeless. Whenever you see a picture of her, she's climbing a tree or making a fire by rubbing two Girl Scouts together. She's so wholesome it hurts. Take a look at her. Little Miss Purity!" (Continued on page 94)



You have sex or you don't



But I've got to be myself



I may be wrong about this

Low-cut dresses can't do it





Photograph by Estabrook: Rock will be seen in "Magnificent Obsession"

Rock Hudson

Hitchhiker to the moon . . . a fresh breeze on a sun-scorched desert . . . Brahms and bebop . . . redwood trees dwarfing the countryside . . . ringside at a wrestling match . . . Tom Sawyer in a tuxedo

Ann Blyth

White sails on a turquoise sea . . . rambler roses in a penthouse garden . . . determination cloaked in velvet . . . an old-fashioned locket on a décolleté gown . . . the love song deep in every man's heart

Photograph by Apger. Ann is in "All the Brothers Were Valiant"



A year ago Mitzi Gaynor

didn't like what she saw in her mirror.

She made herself over—

and wound up with a new romance

BY PAULINE SWANSON

● There's always been an electric something about Mitzi Gaynor which made you sit up and take notice whenever she bounced into a room.

The voltage, of late, has been markedly increased. Take as evidence this recent scene in the Twentieth Century-Fox cafe when studio executives invited their top stars to luncheon to meet an assemblage of advertising big-wigs from the East:

Everybody in the private dining room ogled as Mitzi wended her way to her seat, despite the fact that Marilyn Monroe, and other eye-stoppers, already were in their places. Marilyn, as a matter of fact, ogled too, and when Mitzi came within shouting distance called out, "But Mitzi, you're so *thin!*"

"Marilyn, I love you," Mitzi bubbled back, triumphant.

"It made my day. Day, nothing—my year!" Mitzi confided later. La Monroe's spontaneous comment was the first tangible proof of the success of a campaign Mitzi had launched more than a year ago to convince the world that she is grown up, chic, sophisticated, definitely *not*, as she put it, "the girl next door."

Mitzi never *was* the girl next door—no only child of a temperamental Hungarian musician and a beautiful, blonde Viennese dancer, a child who had started dancing at four and who had earned her living as an entertainer since she was thirteen possibly *could* be.

But she had a hard time proving that to anybody outside her intimate family group. Her publicity portrayed her, she says, as "a nice little girl who can cook and takes care of her mother," and the film parts in which she was cast during the early years of her Fox contract underscored the impression.

She couldn't blame the casting bosses. Outside, she confesses, (Continued on page 84)



HER MIND UP



She tried being a smoothie . . .



Gave that up for gamin glamour



To Jack Bean, she's "absolutely perfect"

HIS LADY IS LUCKY

BY CORINNE BAILEY



Dewey re-named his Mardie "Lucky"—and it looks as if this time he's right!

Together the Martins face the future, happily sharing the best-kept secret in Hollywood

● "Well, Lucky, this is it!" Dewey Martin said that morning, throwing a kiss to the girl who stood in the door of their cottage at Malibu Beach, waving him off to his first day before the cameras again.

Later, on the sound stage at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer he waited, tense and eager, for the magic bell that would send him back into the Hollywood ring. He hadn't worked for almost two years. "The Tennessee Champ" is his first film under a fabulous new contract.

This is it, he'd told her. But how well both of them knew now the challenge every year—every day and hour—could bring.

For the virile young actor with the smoky hair and the keen blue eyes and the look of a guy who'll get whatever he goes after, this was an exciting event. Perhaps, finally, the real break was this new Metro contract. But too many times Dewey Martin had thought he was set—only to find an even tougher time ahead.

"This is it, it's got to be!" he'd said to the same starry-eyed girl the night after the preview of "The Big Sky." But it hadn't been. Ironically! He was such a smash success he hadn't worked again. Howard Hawks, his discoverer, busy in Europe, refused to loan him out. "It's too dangerous to chance following a good one with a bad one. Better to wait," he told him. Dewey had waited. And waited.

Finally, when his option time neared again, the producer agreed to give him his release if he found greener fields—and M-G-M immediately signed him.

During the long months when the big dream seemed so near and yet so far, Dewey's fans helped keep up his faith. The greatest strength came from his greatest fan, a plucky girl with a fighting heart.

"Lucky," he calls her. And lucky she's been for him. Yet as lucky as their future seems now, they know they must take nothing for granted. Neither success, nor the happiness they've found together.

This is their story. Dewey and Mardie Martin's. And even as cameras roll again for him, nothing in any picture will pack more punch and pathos than the story of the kid from Katemcy, Texas, who couldn't be counted out—and the pert, pretty girl with the red hair and sparkling green eyes. For it is from Lucky that Dewey Martin has learned what the word courage really means.

Struggle, however, was never any stranger to him. Dewey was early acquainted with it when, after a week's work in his first movie, "Knock on Any Door," a talent authority intimated he would go farther back home on the range. Director Nick Ray had called Dewey's (Continued on page 101)



GREETING THE SEASON

Get into a party mood with Deborah Kerr. And enter our contest to win the party wardrobe: Judy Nell coat; MacArthur skirt, blouse; Town & Country shoes, bag; Dawnelle gloves. Details p. 68

More Fashions



CHRISTMAS



Off with the coat, on with the party! Deborah, now in "From Here to Eternity," shows close-up of rest of "You-Win-It" outfit. Details, p. 68. MacArthur holiday separates. Fashion Craft belt

"Real Mink," says Joan Tetzl. "And under \$35!" Lush-collared Minx Modes dress, pink rayon brocade, jewel clip. 9-16. Also brown, strawtone. Joan will be seen in Columbia's "Hell Below Zero"

"O-o-h, for me?" oohs Anna Maria Alberghetti. For her and all teens, Lorrie Deb formal, 7-15, under \$30. Blue, green, red or black velveteen top. White nylon net ruffle trim, double net skirt

"Perfect for parties!" says 20th's gay Carole Matthews. Ankle-length dress by David Klein. Gold lame, scroll-trimmed torso. Skirt, stole, bodice-trim, all of black net. 10-16. Under \$40



To fill your Christmas stockings with Hollywood glamour: Airmail gossamer, 12-denier nylons in Horizon or Shadow, worn by all stars at party

IS A PARTY

PHOTOPLAY
★
STAR
FASHIONS
continued



"Surprise package!" winks Carole. Sleek Spanish lace bareback-halter dress has surprise—pleated net flounce. Black over pink with a fabulous big pink rose. By Smart Miss, 10-16, under \$35



"What a beauty!" says Lisa Ferraday, of shimmering ornament and dress—slim news in gold *peau de soi*. French-cuffed sleeves have big rhinestone studs. Jerry Greenwald, 7-15, under \$40

Christmas packaging, Dennison Mfg. Co.
Coro jewelry
Town & Country shoes, matching bags

More Star Fashions →

[illegible]

IT'S A GIFT!

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25

8. Munsingwear's "Royalty" slip, white nylon tricot, bodice covered in pearl-studded, embroidered nylon net, 32-38, \$10.95. Matching French-cut panties, 4-7. \$3.95. Emery, Bird & Thayer, Kansas City, Mo.

To put you in trim for the
New "Outer-Look"...the New
Formfit "Under-Look"

Keynoting today's Outer-Look is a softly rounded bustline—subtly understated, yet high and young and proud. You feel so sure of yourself in Formfit's Life Bra—with the Under-Look you need to capture this new Outer-Look! World-famous for fit, Life Bras are tailored to elevate, separate and rejuvenate with blissful action-free comfort.

Your exact size and cup in an array of elegant styles and

fabrics. At any nice store! Gay-Life

Longline Strapless Bra shown, \$5.95.

Other strapless styles from \$2.00.

**The Formfit Company
 Chicago, New York**



For a Sweetheart of a Figure

9. Samsonite vinyl plastic suitcases. Top, 15" O'Nite vanity, \$21. Bottom, 18" VIP case, built-in file, \$23. Prices incl. fed'l tax. Both, alligator & rawhide finish, brown, tan. Vanity, also blue, green. Gimbel's, N.Y.
10. Exclusive PHOTOPLAY cinch belt. Imported gold metallic, 3" wide. Appliqued with rhinestone-set black velvet stars. S-M-L. \$2.95. Oppenheim Collins Stores.
11. Golden "So-Basket" pincushion. The red plush center holds thimble, jewelled hatpins. \$3. Frederic Mosell, 15 W. 47, N.Y.
12. Sheer Bur-Mil Cameo hose, 66 gauge, 12 denier, snag-resistant. Serene, soft tawny brown. \$1.65 pr. F&R Lazarus, Columbus, O.
13. Tri-corner double wool jersey stole with 3" cellophane matching fringe. Black or toast. \$10.95. Oppenheim Collins, N.Y.
14. Lustrous Deltah simulated pearls, gift-boxed. 60" rope, \$7.25; graduated necklace, \$2.50; choker, uniform-size pearls, \$3; button earrings, \$1.50. At fine jewelry stores.
15. Mahogany-finish plywood sewing cabinet, \$2.98. Atop, stocking filled with sew-accessories, \$1.05. Singer Sewing Centers.
16. Portable sewing machine, standard size. Case, crinkle-finish aluminum. Hinged presser foot (no basting). Lifetime guarantee. \$156.96. Domestic Sewing Machine Co., 1231 Maine Ave., Cleveland, O.
17. Orlon cardigan, pink, blue, white, \$8.95. Short-sleeved orlon scoop-neck, pearl and crystal appliqued. White, black, \$22.95. Premier, 34-40. Milgrim's, N.Y.
18. Big (5½ x 4½) quilted red satin pincushion, fragrantly herb-filled. \$2.25. From Brook Hollow Post, Stockton, N.J.
19. Magic belt: Buckled leather front with non-slip slits for you to pull your own fabric through. (We used polka-dot silk.) Black, brown, red, navy, natural. \$1.50 ppd. Thea, 333 East 79th Street, N.Y.
20. Choir-boy collar, real lapin fur, rich brown. For sweaters and dress-up. By Baar & Beards. \$2.95 Franklin Simon, N.Y.
21. Rose and blue Luxite sleep set. Duster: pockets, frog closings, quilted nylon tricot, padded nylon lining, S-M-L, \$25. Matching plain boy pajamas, L12-18, \$8.95. Marshall Field, Chicago, Ill.
22. Evans gold-rimmed white bone china "Cotillion" set: table lighter, ashtray, cigarette urn. In white, satin-lined gift box, \$15. Plummer, 734 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.
23. Complete Brownie home movie set, four pieces, total \$108.75. Peerless Camera Stores, 138 E. 44, N.Y. Or order separately: movie camera, \$39.75; projector, \$62.50; projection screen, \$4.50. Book, "How to Make Good Movies," \$2.
24. Playtex Superfoam pillow, zipped case. In holiday box. 3 heights: \$7.95, \$9.95, \$11.95. Department stores everywhere.
25. Modern blonde oak-finish hope chest, Aroma-tight, Automatic tray lid. 47" long, 21" high, 17½" wide. \$59.95. By Lane. Leading furniture and department stores. Or write: Lane Co., Altavista, Va.

To buy these gifts by mail, send check or money order (and description) directly to store listed. Allow two weeks for delivery.

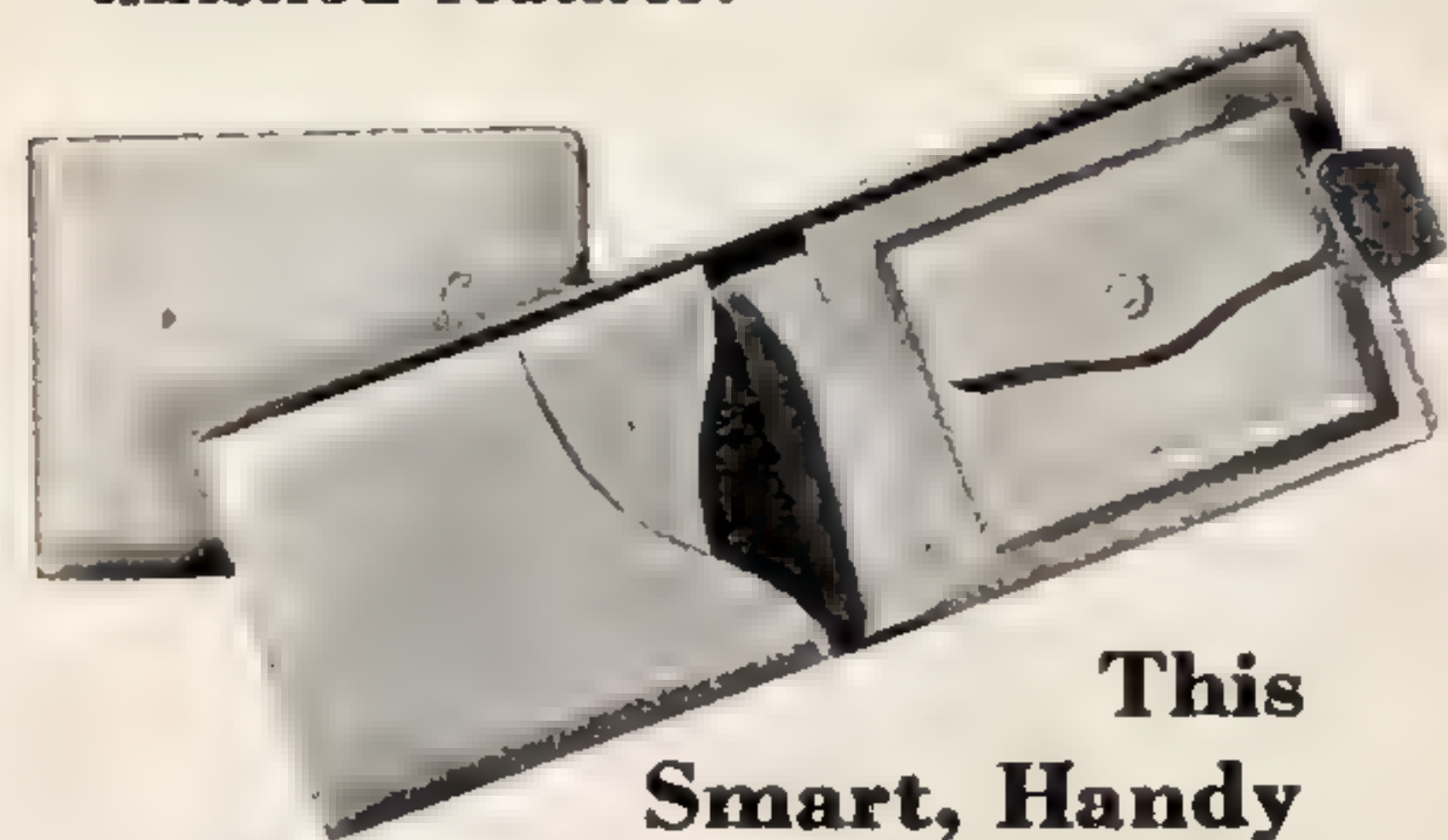


They'll love you
for these *Gifts of*



This **MEEKER**
Bag of Genuine
Steerhide

A perfect complement to milady's tailored costume. Beautifully made of brown steerhide, hand-laced, with rich, distinctive hand-tooled design. Adjustable shoulder straps. Also in smooth, saddle-finished leather.



This
Smart, Handy
MEEKER BILLFOLD

Exquisitely made of rich, Smooth Cowhide—blue, red or green. Large coin pocket. 2 compartments for keys.



For HIM—
The Distinctive
MEEKER 77

As practical as it is handsome. Removable pass case. Handy coin purse, with pockets for spare keys. Secret pocket.

Various Prices — at Retail Stores Everywhere

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PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS *continued*



Join Our New Contest

FASHIONS FOR FREE !

OUR CHRISTMAS PRESENT TO YOU: a fashion contest in which you can win all seven parts of the magnificent costume worn by Deborah Kerr on page 63 and itemized below. Just finish this sentence: "I like the PHOTOPLAY Star Fashion Section because . . ." in 50 words or less. Your entry must be postmarked on or before midnight November 30, 1953. The following information must be written at the *bottom* of your page: Name, address, age, occupation, height, weight, dress and shoe size. Mail it to "Fashions for Free," Photoplay, 205 East 42 Street, New York 17, N. Y. If you win you'll be notified before Christmas, so that you may have your outfit in plenty of time for the holidays. **GOOD LUCK!**

Coat by Judy Nell. In red, neon blue, purple or black. Spot Shed

cotton velvet with warm Tempo-Resisto lining. Princess silhouette, belled sleeves, rhinestone buttons, matching cloche hat. New Collins & Aikman miracle velvet—resists spots and sheds rain. Sizes 10 to 16; with hat included, under \$40.

Skirt and blouse by McArthur Ltd. Blouse in gold lame 10-18, under \$9. Skirt in black nylon net banded in gold lame stripes, black taffeta underskirt, 10-18, under \$18.

Shoes, bag by Town & Country. Black velvet "Tulip Toe" pumps and matching small envelope bag. Shoes under \$10. Bag under \$8.

Gloves by Dawnelle. Sixteen button length, in Elvete Royal. Black, white, navy, wheat. Sizes 6-7½. \$7.00.

Belt by Fashion Craft. Contour belt in black velvet, studded with tiny nailheads. \$2.95.

FOR STORES WHERE YOU CAN BUY ALL PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS, SEE PAGE 86.

Photoplay

PICTURE GALLERY



DORIS DAY looks at life through rose-colored glasses. And why not? One of Hollywood's happiest actresses, Dodo cheerfully admits she has everything she wants. With "Calamity Jane" recently finished, Dodo's next is aptly titled "Lucky Me"

VERA-ELLEN

She dropped the twinkling-toes routine that bewitched movie audiences in "Call Me Madam" and played it straight in "Big Leaguer." But happily it isn't for keeps; she'll be on her toes again in "White Christmas" with Bing Crosby and Danny Kaye as co-stars. The tiny-waisted actress continues to confuse Hollywood matchmakers by refusing to settle down with any of her many beaus. Although one and all admit they'd be most happy to dance — to the altar with Vera-Ellen

A black and white photograph of Gene Kelly in a dynamic dance pose. He is wearing a dark cowboy hat, a light-colored long-sleeved shirt with a dark neckerchief, and light-colored trousers. He is looking upwards and to the left, with his hands on his hips and his legs in a wide, expressive stance. The background is dark and out of focus.

GENE KELLY

Filmtown's actor-director-choreographer is back once again enlivening the Hollywood scene after spending almost two years in Europe where he made "Invitation to the Dance." Rumor had a field day when Betsy left Gene to work on a film in Paris and returned to Hollywood alone. But rumor was wrong—for Gene and Betsy picked up where they left off in Europe. Now Gene's flying feet are busily occupied whirling through dance sequences for the movie version of "Brigadoon"



JEAN SIMMONS and STEWART GRANGER present a united front to the gossips who insist on separating them. Stewart, who's in "All the Brothers Were Valiant," is justly proud of Jean's big hit in "The Robe." However, work is parting them while Stewart's in England for the filming of "Beau Brummel"



ARLENE DAHL and FERNANDO LAMAS didn't flick an eyelash—except at each other—when insiders, realizing Fernando's divorce became final in October, wondered out loud if they'd follow Lana and Lex to the altar! Arlene and Fernando are making real screen love together in "The Diamond Queen"

**PICTURE
GALLERY**



RORY CALHOUN isn't cleaning his gun because he's mad at anybody. He's never had it so good. He's been spending his working days surrounded by no less a trio than Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable and Lauren Bacall making "How to Marry a Millionaire." But his spare time he spends hunting with his cronies



ESTHER WILLIAMS doesn't look any more like the mother of three now than she did when she first arrived in Hollywood a dozen years ago. But a lot of water has passed under the bridge since then, and Es has splashed around in most of it, with the cameras grinding away on such hits as her latest, "Easy to Love"



VIRGINIA MAYO knew better than to kid husband Mike when he announced last June that he was going to expectant fathers' school. For whatever Mike wants or does is okay with Ginny, who willingly admits that Mr. O'Shea is head man in their ranch home. Ginny's last picture, BB (before baby) was "Devil's Canyon"

New!

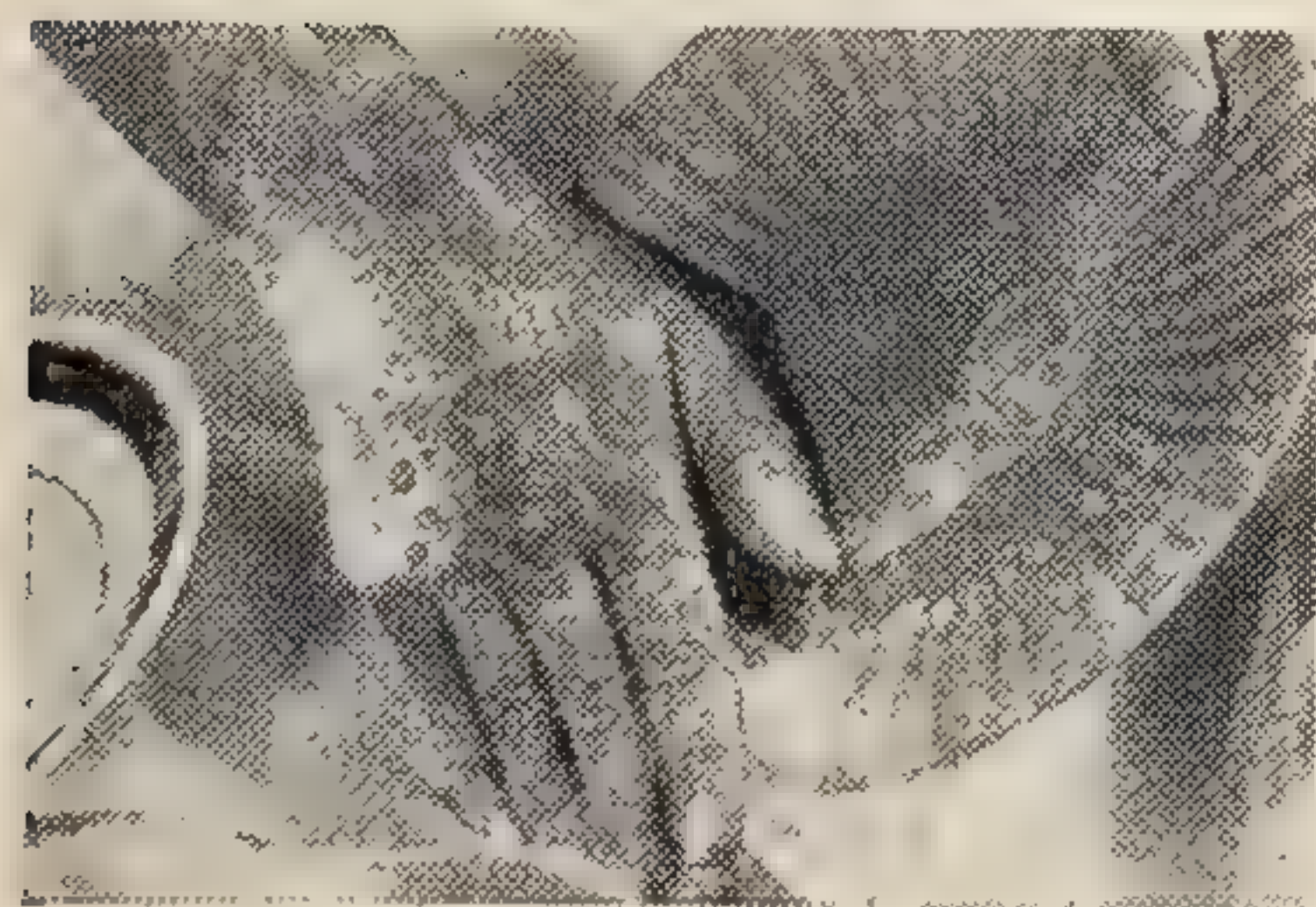
a revolutionary lotion
with deep-softening action

Scientifically years ahead



Chapped, red hands—Angel Skin's deeper softening action actually heals chapping. Angry redness fades away

Even put on gloves right after using Pond's Angel Skin—your skin takes up *all* Angel Skin's richness *immediately*



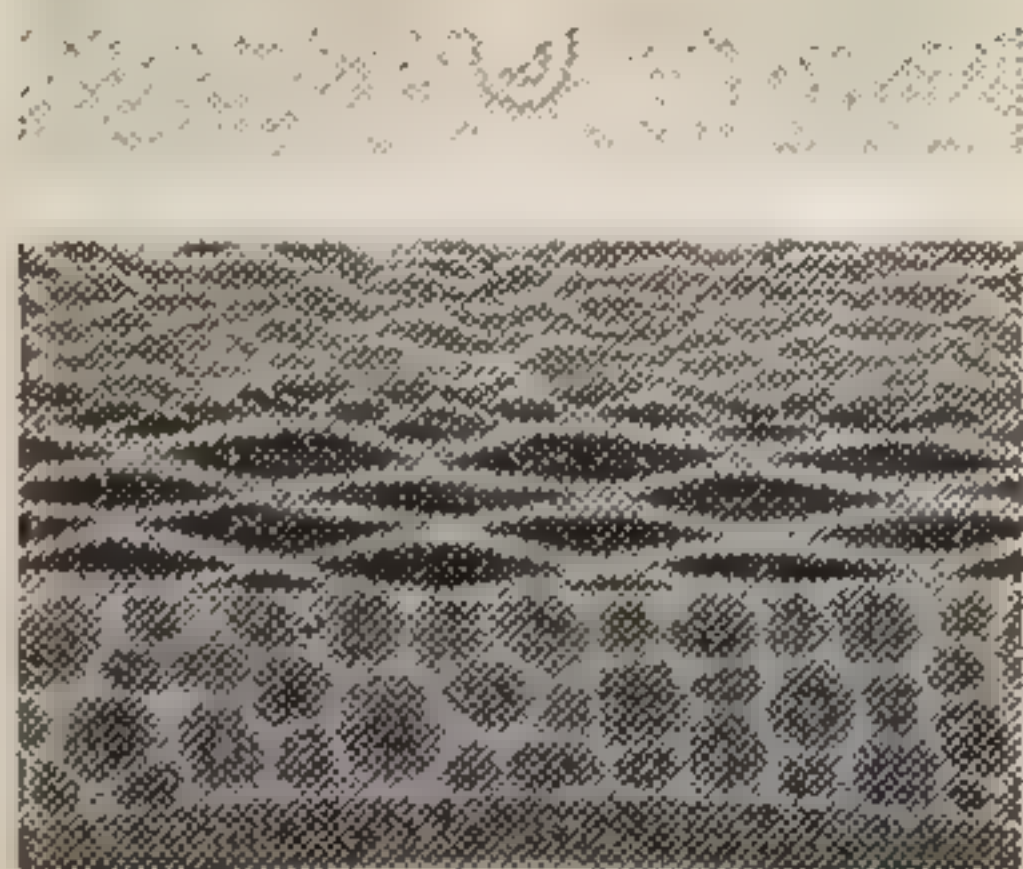
Dry "detergent hands"—Only Angel Skin by Pond's *neutralizes* soap and detergent alkalies. *Prevents* irritation

Angel Skin

by POND'S

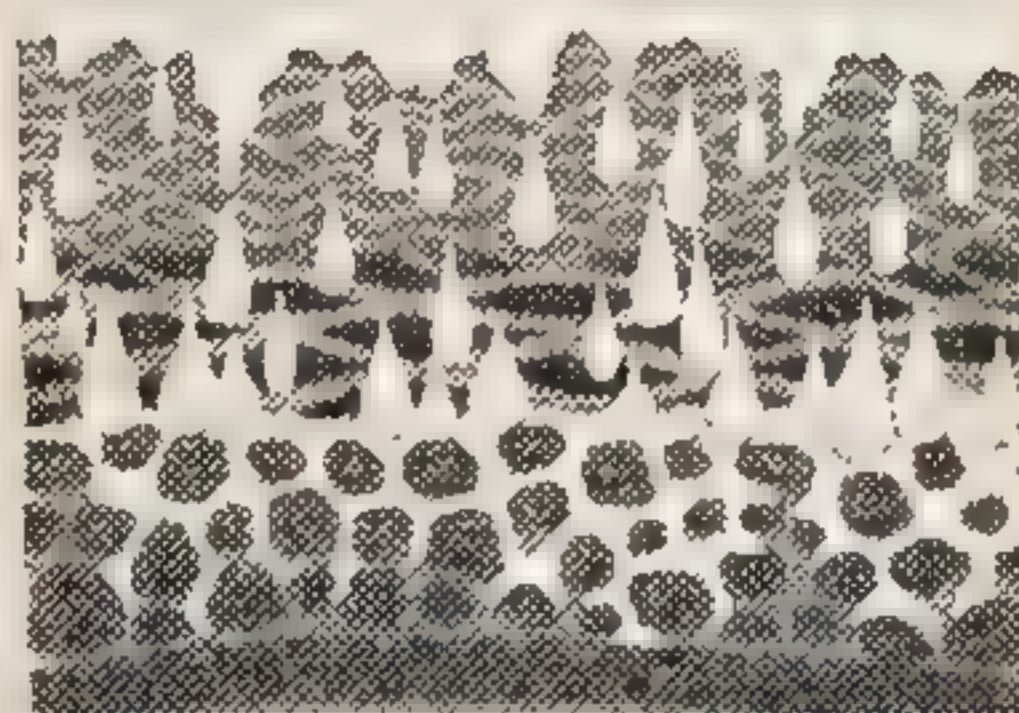
MAGNIFIED DIAGRAM OF SKIN
SHOWS ANGEL SKIN'S DEEP-SOFTENING ACTION

OTHER LOTIONS stop at the skin surface→
... give the skin only superficial smoothing



ANGEL SKIN penetrates the outer skin surface→

Brings immediate help to living skin tissue→ where chapped roughness and redness begin



Amazing effects right away!

Unlike other leading lotions, Angel Skin is *not stopped* on the outer skin surface—but goes *deep*. You see amazing effects right away! New Angel Skin *heals chapping*!

Dry, scratchy roughness smooths out. Angry redness fades. Dried-out "detergent hands" become softer and whiter—because *only* this new Pond's lotion is scientifically designed to *counteract* the irritating chemical action of soaps and detergents.

No sticky "coating"—Angel Skin can't leave hands sticky—because it contains no gummy "filler," as other lotions do. *All* its richness goes into your skin at once.

Send for a "Prove-it" sample—Send your name, address, and 10¢ to cover postage and packing to Pond's, Dept. H-312, Clinton, Conn., for a generous sample of Angel Skin. (In Canada, address Pond's, Dept. H-312, 791 St. Clair W., Toronto, Ont.)



49¢

25¢
plus tax

(slightly higher in Canada)

LOOK WHO'S HERE

BY HILDEGARDE JOHNSON



BIFF ELLIOT

Brown hair, hazel eyes, 165 lbs., 5'10". Born Lynn, Mass., 7/26/23.
Films: "I, the Jury," "Kiss Me, Deadly." Wed Betty Dole 12/19/48

Biff Elliot carried off a prize when he won the role of *Mike Hammer* in the movie series based on Mickey Spillane's shocker novels. The prize was also something of a hot potato; Biff had to play a character already sharply visualized by legions of Spillane fans. But Biff didn't disappoint them with his initial appearance in "I, the Jury." He was *Mike* to the life.

"Mike," Biff says, "isn't so different from me. He calls a spade a spade; he doesn't believe in the stork. That's me! And he's decent to people."

To many observers, the fictional private eye might not seem any model of decency. More likely, it's Biff's own personality that supplies the civilized angle. With hair so rebelliously curly that it spills over his forehead, he looks properly fight-loving full-face. Yet his profile shows a well-modeled sensitivity. His conversational "spades" are as startling as if they were being tossed at you from

a 3-D screen. Yet at other times he talks like the college graduate he is, and he slips into his native New England accent every so often. Biff made good in a business where everybody's supposed to have a knife poised for a rival's back. Yet he's based his life on a "decent" slogan: "You can't compete with other people!"

Biff picked up this unusual philosophy in high school in Presque Isle, Maine. He'd been thoroughly beaten in the 100-yard dash. In the post mortem, coach Dana Wallace told Biff: "You *can't* beat the other fellow. Your biggest competitor is yourself. The only thing to do with yourself is to keep tuned up."

The advice worked; Biff won the state championship for the quarter-mile. Only a short time later, he found himself in a spot where keeping tuned up was a matter of desperate urgency. When he'd drifted through one college semester, the Army claimed him. He pitched hard at basic training, realizing he was learning

the hard facts of how to protect his life.

It was smack in the middle of the war, and Biff was soon shipped off to a place where the tanks were not just on maneuvers, and were not always ours. He was in the rugged Italian campaign, with the infantry slogging slowly north.

After such experiences, it was a much-changed Biff Elliot (still Biff Shalek then) who returned to the University of Maine to start all over again. He's not bragging, but making fun of his intense college self when he says, "I got straight A's in everything—how to milk a cow, nuclear physics, home economics, French, astronomy, creative writing."

Midway in his sophomore year, the straight A's suddenly dropped to B's and even C's. The distracting influence was Betty Dole, a fellow New Englander and a real beauty. Though Biff's courtship was on the brusque side, it was soon obvious that Betty returned his love. Only the minor matter of finance delayed their marriage. A year went by, and the lack of money began to look trivial by contrast with the lack of each other. So they were married during junior year.

The day after his graduation found the couple in New York, ready to make their collective fortune. His first choice on his arrival in the big city was writing, but, eventually, Biff had to admit he was a flop as a writer.

It took him a year to get even a non-speaking part on TV, but he leaped right from that to a lead. It was a role in a television film called "A Letter from a Soldier" that put him in the running for *Mike Hammer*. Altogether, eight actors were being tested for the part, but Biff was measuring his work only against the standards he'd set for himself, without worrying about how the other fellows were doing.

Following coach Wallace's advice, he'd kept tuned up. He did his best, and it just happened to be better than anybody else's.

So Biff Elliot became *Mike Hammer*, endlessly besieged by lovelies with amorous intentions: "Oh well," grins Biff, "it's a living!" The series continues with "Kiss Me, Deadly." Will feminine fans also find him attractive? Biff's still a stubborn non-worrier: "Maybe they will, maybe they won't. What can I do about it?"

Then he adds, as blandly as if it were *Mike* speaking, "But I've never had any trouble with women."

Why Dial Soap protects your complexion even under make-up

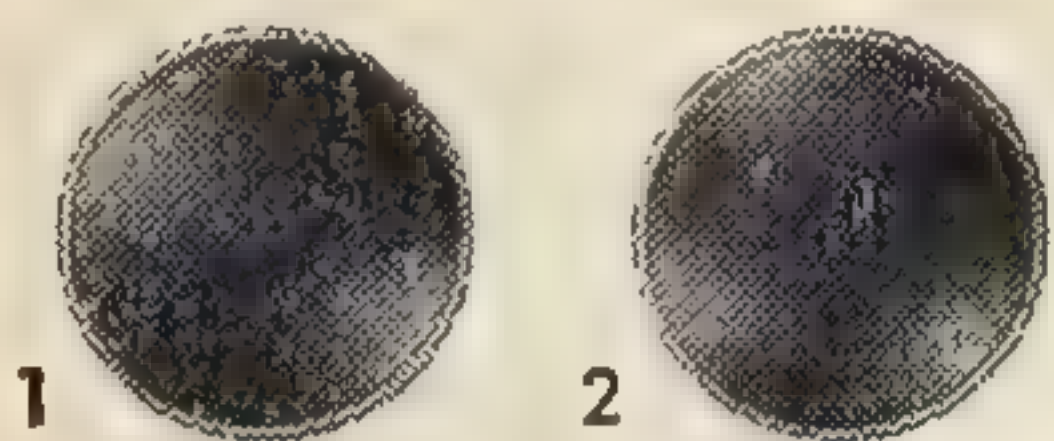
*Dial clears your complexion by removing
blemish-spreading bacteria
that other soaps leave on your skin*

No matter how lavishly or how sparingly you normally use cosmetics, when you wash beforehand with Dial soap, the fresh clearness of your skin is continuously protected *underneath* your make-up.

For this mild, gentle face soap does a wonderful thing. It washes away trouble-causing bacteria that other soaps (even the finest) leave on your skin. Dial does this because it contains AT-7 (Hexachlorophene). It clears the skin of unseen bacteria that so often aggravate and spread surface blemishes.

Works in a new way!

Until Dial came along, there was no way of removing these bacteria safely and effectively. These pictures, taken through a microscope, are proof. No. 1 shows thousands of bacteria left on the skin after washing with ordinary soap. (So when you put on make-up, they are free to cause trouble under-



neath.) No. 2 shows how daily washing with Dial removes up to 95% of these blemish-spreading bacteria.

And Dial is so mild!

When you first try this beauty-refreshing soap, you'd never guess it could give you such benefits. It's delicately scented. Dial's mild, creamy lather removes dirt and make-up so gently and completely it helps overcome clogged pores and blackheads.

Skin doctors recommend Dial for adolescent complexions. And with Dial *your* skin will become cleaner and clearer than any other type of soap can get it. Why not let mild, fragrant Dial soap protect *your* complexion — even under make-up?



P.S. For cleaner, more beautiful hair, try *New* DIAL SHAMPOO in the handy, unbreakable squeeze bottle.





Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis: A wet tea bag in England—an Oscar in Hollywood



Home from abroad and "Carnival," Anne Baxter again proves she'll try anything



"Ask Your Mirror" is the name of Liz Taylor's gown and worth a trip to Rome

beams Rock, "Except there's no road to reach it!" Eagles please apply.

Kiddie Corner: Liz Taylor and Michael Wilding took the baby to England to meet his paternal grandparents, cabled an SOS to M-G-M. Of *all* things, they forgot to take along rubber jiffy pants and couldn't get them over there. While abroad, Liz made a flying visit to Rome and the famed Fontana Sisters' fashion salon. Her new gown is called "Ask Your Mirror" . . . Celebrating his daughter's first birthday, Dale Robertson took her out for lunch. He treated the birthday girl to, of all things, a *hamburger*!

According to Cal: When Gary Cooper's wife and daughter returned from Europe, Rocky reported to friends that she and Coop talked for endless hours about their marriage. Net result: no reconciliation but a continuation of their separation . . . A sad John Wayne sent word to his four children letting them know that he hates to humiliate them but it may be necessary, because he'll "tell all" to protect himself from Chata Wayne's demands in their divorce trial. Says John: "I hope not, but it may be messy!"

Nice People: Remember wonderful John Ericson in "Teresa"? Well, when he finished playing opposite Elizabeth Taylor in "Rhapsody," John married Milly Coury, a sweet radio songstress. Their good friends, Lori Nelson, Bob Arthur, Pat Crowley and Tab Hunter, all pooled their money and rented them a honeymoon cabin at Palm Springs. Nice wedding present! . . . And speaking of wedding presents, Ann Blyth asked Cal to tell her fans that she's *personally* writing the thank-you notes. Which is why it's taking her so long to tell you how much she loved your gifts to her.

People and Places: Jane Russell would have to be out of her beautiful mind *not* to sign that new RKO contract. Executive

Howard Hughes is offering her everything *but* the moon! . . . Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas got a stage offer that has them beaming and their agents screaming. There's more money in Hollywood . . . Farley Granger tells European correspondents that he hopes to be a father before he's thirty. The young man means, of course, he wants to get married!

Once Upon a Time: Ray Milland was a Hollywood agent with one lone client named Eunice Quedons. Later on she became—Eve Arden . . . Marcia Henderson who played opposite Jimmy Stewart in "Thunder Bay" was the head of his fan club in her native Massachusetts . . . Steve Cochran worked as a doorman in a Hollywood theatre that now runs his pictures . . . Marilyn Monroe applied for a saleslady's job in a Beverly Hills smart shop, was told to come back when she had more experience. So she went back recently—and bought an expensive evening gown!

Night Life: Doris Day with husband Marty Melcher at Vic Damone's Mocambo opening: "This is our first night-club date in three years. My feet couldn't wait for me to take them home and get the shoes off!" . . . And diners at Ciro's will never again be bothered by seeing pink elephants. They *saw* James Mason walk in with his little daughter Portland, who was more wide-awake than anyone at midnight.

Homecoming: Advance reports reaching Hollywood insist that Pier Angeli's wa home will be well-lit by the torch she is toting for Kirk Douglas . . . Annie Baxter returned from Europe where she filmed "Carnival," wearing a Dior outfit with it just-below-the-knee skirt length. Aske whether she liked the new style, Anne replied, "It's the fashion. What can I do?"

Just for Laughs: Martin and Lewis who knocked them cold at New York's Paramount Theatre: "In Hollywood if they like you they give you an Oscar. In England, you're lucky—a wet tea bag!" . . . Bob Hope at the London Palladium: "Travel is good for everyone. Anyway, it was time that I came back here for a change—i fog!" . . . Scott Brady devised his own method of discouraging gabby females who nail him at parties. "I merely cup my ear and make like I'm very hard of hearing."

Medical Report: June Haver returned to Hollywood from the convent of the Sisters of Charity on orders from her doctor and religious leaders. She had been ailing for several months but hopes to regain her health soon. Her plans to return to life in the convent are not definite.

FREE*



Jergens Lotion Dispenser

with purchase of \$1.00 size bottle...both for 98¢ plus tax



4 reasons why every woman (who's human) will want it:



1. Because you'll love Jergens Lotion when harsh soaps, detergents, and nippy winds drain natural oils out of your hands. Jergens softening moisture makes hands smooth as silk, never sticky or greasy as some lotions and hand creams do.



2. Because you're an exacting woman, you'll love the way the dispenser taps out exactly the right amount of lotion. You'll be surprised how little Jergens Lotion it takes to make rough hands soft and pretty again.



3. Because you like little conveniences like not having to unscrew and replace a bottle cap every time you need some Jergens Lotion (and that's after every household chore). The dispenser fits right into the bottle and stays put.



4. Because you can't resist a bargain and this wonderful plastic dispenser comes as a free gift when you buy a \$1.00 bottle of Jergens Lotion...both for only 98¢, plus tax, wherever drugs or toiletries are sold. Also 10¢, 25¢ and 49¢ without dispenser.

* Money-back guarantee! Buy this offer. Use Jergens Lotion for two weeks. If not delighted, mail lotion back to The Andrew Jergens Co., Cincinnati 14, Ohio. Your money will be refunded. Keep dispenser as your free gift.

Don't wait...get it today. This offer is limited.

The Lady Said Yes

(Continued from page 49)

Part of the picture had been shot in London, where the cold, gloomy weather had given her a series of colds that constantly threatened pneumonia. When the location moved to Positano, with its red-hot sun, the nearest place for her to stay in comfort was Naples. And Naples from Positano lies at the end of a tortuous road that no self-respecting goat should try to navigate, let alone an American car.

For Lana, there was the further complication that her mother, Mildred, had brought Cheryl to Naples. You can't find a more adoring mother than Lana is to nine-year-old Cheryl—and it should have been just great that Lex, having a small role in "The Flame and the Flesh," had brought his two children to Naples, also. What's more, Cheryl personally, was all gone on Lex, tagging him wherever he went, swimming beside him in the blue Mediterranean, snuggling up beside him and his children when they all went for rides in the old-fashioned Italian horse-drawn carriages.

The whole set-up was enough to drive any glamour girl crazy.

Which was exactly what it was doing to Lana that afternoon on the beach at Positano. She had never meant to take Lex seriously. At the tremendous party which Marion Davies had given nearly a year before, she had first rolled her pretty eyes and prettier hips at Lex Barker just to show Fernando Lamas she didn't care how jealous he got. It was also to show Arlene Dahl, an ex-Mrs. Lex Barker (and not till later, Mr. Lamas' favorite lady) where she got off. And by somewhat remote control, it was to show Mr. Bob Topping, an ex-Mr. Lana Turner, where he got off.

Lex was just supposed to be a tall, broad, handsome stooge in all this. Only here he was, in Italy, refusing to stay in that role. He was being very male, very handsome, very intelligent, very firm—and things were going to go his way—or else.

Lana was on a rebound from serious love. Bob Topping had hurt her more than any man in her romance-tossed life had. She had taken the role of Mrs. Topping, society matron, very seriously. She had intended that it should last until death did her part from it. She had virtually retired from the screen. She had essayed dignity, and wifehood. And what had it got her? Nothing but the loss of a baby, and very real heartbreak, and a slap to her pride, and another divorce.

Subsequently Lamas' leaving her for Arlene Dahl had been very embittering.

So it was all Lex Barker's fault if he didn't have sense enough to take her lightly. It was absolutely and utterly his own responsibility if he got hurt because he wouldn't play according to her rules. On this annoying August day, she was so irritated she wanted to be cruel. Thus, with Lex standing right there before her, she turned her head away from him, tossing a remark over her shoulder to Joe Pasternak, sitting on the sidelines.

"This guy has got to go," she announced.

Perhaps Tyrone Power would have gone, with that remark. Undoubtedly Artie Shaw would have spun angrily away. Lex didn't budge. With one hand under her chin, he turned her face back so that she had to look at him. One of his brawny arms held her so firmly that she couldn't move away. He paid no attention to the people avidly listening around them. As far as Mr. Barker was concerned, he and Lana were alone at that particular moment.

"Tell me personally that you want me to go," he said. "You tell me that it is distasteful to you that I love you so much

I won't settle for less than marrying you. Let me hear you say that you dislike my recognizing that you aren't just beautiful and female, like most girls in Hollywood, but that you are all woman. And because you are all woman you need to be loved, and to love in return. Can you seriously tell me you want the mere shadow of this?"

Lana began to cry. The quick shift of emotions, the fast changing from smiles to tears, which makes her such a fine, instinctive actress, enwrapped her. "But—but," she sobbed, "I get so mad at you."

Lex leaned down to kiss her. "Sure you do," he said. "Sure you do, darling. But don't you know that making up after a spat is one of the nicest moods of love? And can't I pound it through your cute head that for a girl love means being protected, even against anger, and that for a man it means giving her that protection?"

Lana's sobs stopped, as she was engulfed in Lex's arms.

Producer Joe Pasternak turned to director Richard Brooks. "I have an idea we are through for the day," he said.

But the lovers heard him and Hollywood discipline won. Lana swung out of Lex's arms, radiant. "The studio would have all our heads," she said. "Call lunch, Joe, a lovely long lunch. Then we'll resume." She turned back to Lex. "Wait for me this afternoon, will you?"

"You know I will."

"Drive me back to Naples tonight?"

"Who else?"

"Let's eat," said Joe Pasternak. He drew alongside Lex. "Try to keep her from eating so much pasta at lunch, will you?"

"Trust me," said Lex. "Give her an hour and a half for lunch. Give her another hour after that. She loves to eat and we both know it. But trust me. I'll fix." He called over to Lana, who had gone to her dressing room tent to remove her make-up.

"Game to go up by the steps, honey?"

"Yes, darling."

Joe Pasternak stared at Lex. "Those two hundred and fifty steps?"

"Up and back," Lex grinned. "Then later I'll get her in swimming and keep just enough beyond her to make her work to keep up. I'll do it every day, if you like, and that way, who's afraid of pasta?"

"Thanks, pal," he said. "And I hope, for Lana's sake, you win her."

Now, to shift the scene for just one instant, I must tell you that Mr. Pasternak and I sat together in New York City's swank Plaza Hotel discussing all this.

We were both just back from Italy, Joe by a week and me by two days, because PHOTOPLAY had asked me to go to Italy to see if I could catch up with Lana or Lex or both of them.

The news that Lana and Lex had married in Turin on the first Sunday in September reached me in no less a place than Ava Gardner's flat in London. Ava was there, naturally, and no less a gentleman than Clark Gable, who was at that very moment waiting for Lana to start their picture "True and the Brave." To say that Lana's news created a bit of a sensation is a real understatement.

Immediately producer Larry Winegarten, waiting in London to start "True and the Brave," was on the phone. The moment he got off the wire, there was director Gottfried Reinhardt wanting to know what Ava and Clark might know.

"We must start September 22nd at the latest," Mr. Winegarten said.

"We absolutely can't start later than September 24th," Mr. Reinhardt said.

Mr. Gable grinned across the room at Miss Gardner. "Toots, we may be stuck with putting you in the picture," he said.

"Ten will get you twenty," said Miss

Gardner, "that you will all take Lana when she's good and ready to be found, and meanwhile I think she is very smart to hide out on the whole lot of you."

As Mr. Pasternak and I sat talking in New York in mid-September, nobody had the faintest idea where Lana and Lex were hiding out on their honeymoon. All they knew was Lex was due to return to Turin soon for another picture. In London, Winegarten, Reinhardt, Gable and Vic Mature, of the supporting cast, waited. In Paris, the dressmaking house of Dior waited for the fittings on Lana's clothes.

But on the isle of Capri, the Italians were smiling and telling stories of Lana's and Lex's many visits there. A little old cobbler in Capri's historic square told of his happy day when the beautiful American girl stepped up to him, kicked off her fragile American slippers, put her pretty bare feet down on a big square of leather and told him to cut her size. This is the way the Italians always work.

And there were the three Italian girls who run a little dressmaking shop. They told of Lana's coming in and admiring their designs. There was one dress she was particularly gone on, but she was in Capri only for the day. How could they make it for her? They said they'd sit up all night and deliver it to her next morning in Naples. That made Lana want three dresses. Could they achieve that? They could, they said.

Next day when they delivered the dresses, they found not only Lana's check, but beautiful gold medallions for each of them, as thank-you notes from her.

And there was Naples' amusement over Lana's effect on their small Existentialist colony. The Existentialists really began in France, but a small group of them have now invaded Italy. Their big belief is to believe in nothing, to live on nothing for nothing. In Naples, they live in caves along the beach. They ignore everything but themselves. And Lana. They all came out of their caves to stare at Lana and Lex, so magnificent together.

But it is Joe Pasternak who tells what happened the evening of Lana and Lex's near-quarrel there at Positano, the thing that persuaded him Lana was more in love than she knew—and that Lex would surely win her.

It was really just a small incident.

Lex started to drive her and Joe and director Richard Brooks back to Naples from Positano. The road, as I have already said, is impossible. It twists and turns, high above the exquisite Bay of Naples, without so much as a handrail between it and the sheer drop to the sea below.

Lex is a great driver. But he took one turn a little too fast, and for one sickening instant, the car quivered, and eternity was staring them all in the face. Then Lex cut the wheels, and they were safe once again.

And what was Lana doing during that moment when the men all held their breaths in fear? She was sleeping. She was sleeping with her head on Lex's shoulder.

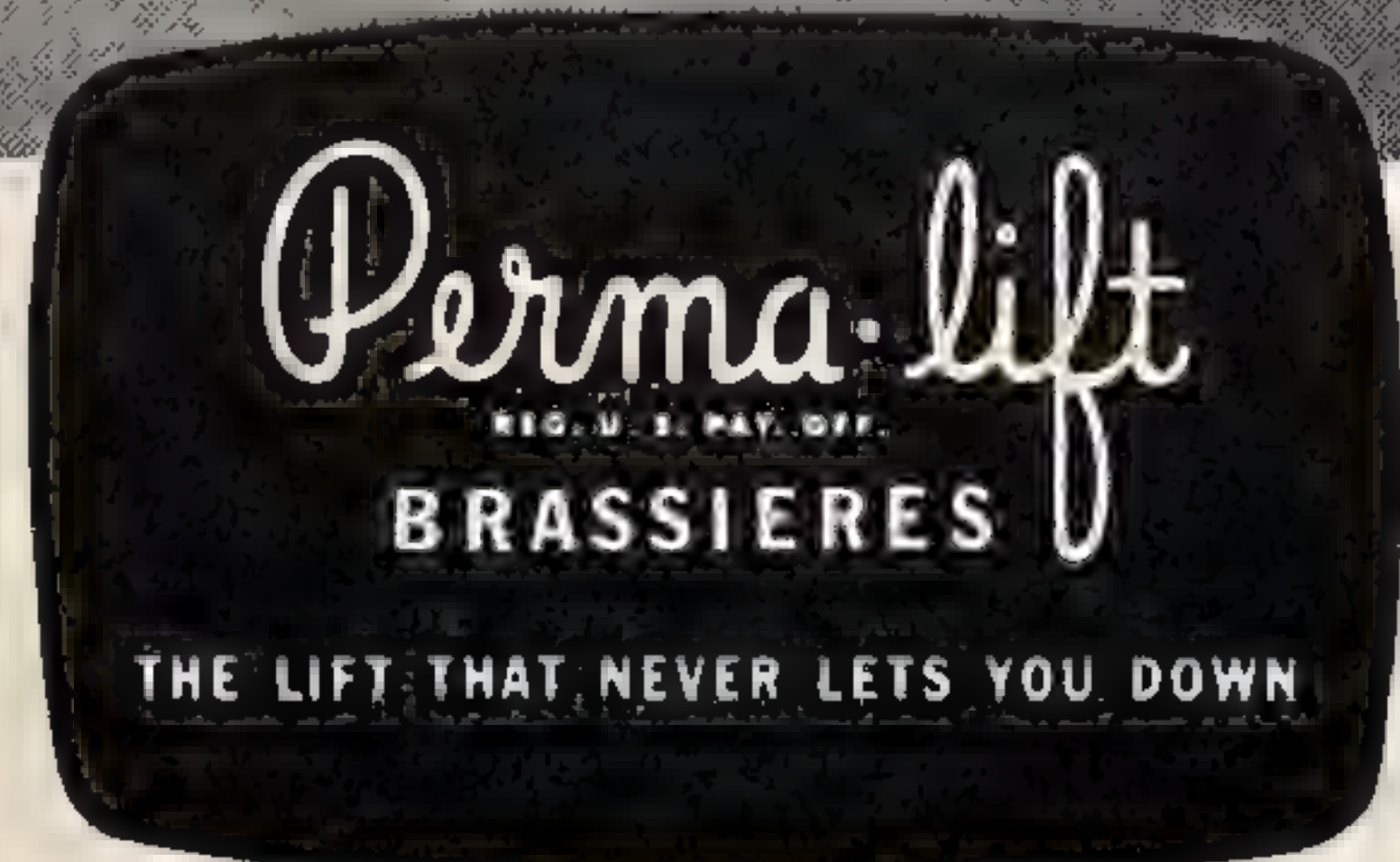
"It's real love when a girl trusts a man that much," Joe says. "I think it's the right kind of love, the kind Lana hasn't had before. I hope she works it out this time."

So do we all. And not only for Lana. She's a doll and there's no one who knows her who doesn't love her. But Lex is very much of a guy, too, all man, and very much the gentleman—a simple, direct, honest man, who also deserves happiness.

So here's luck to both of them. They've got everything else.

THE END

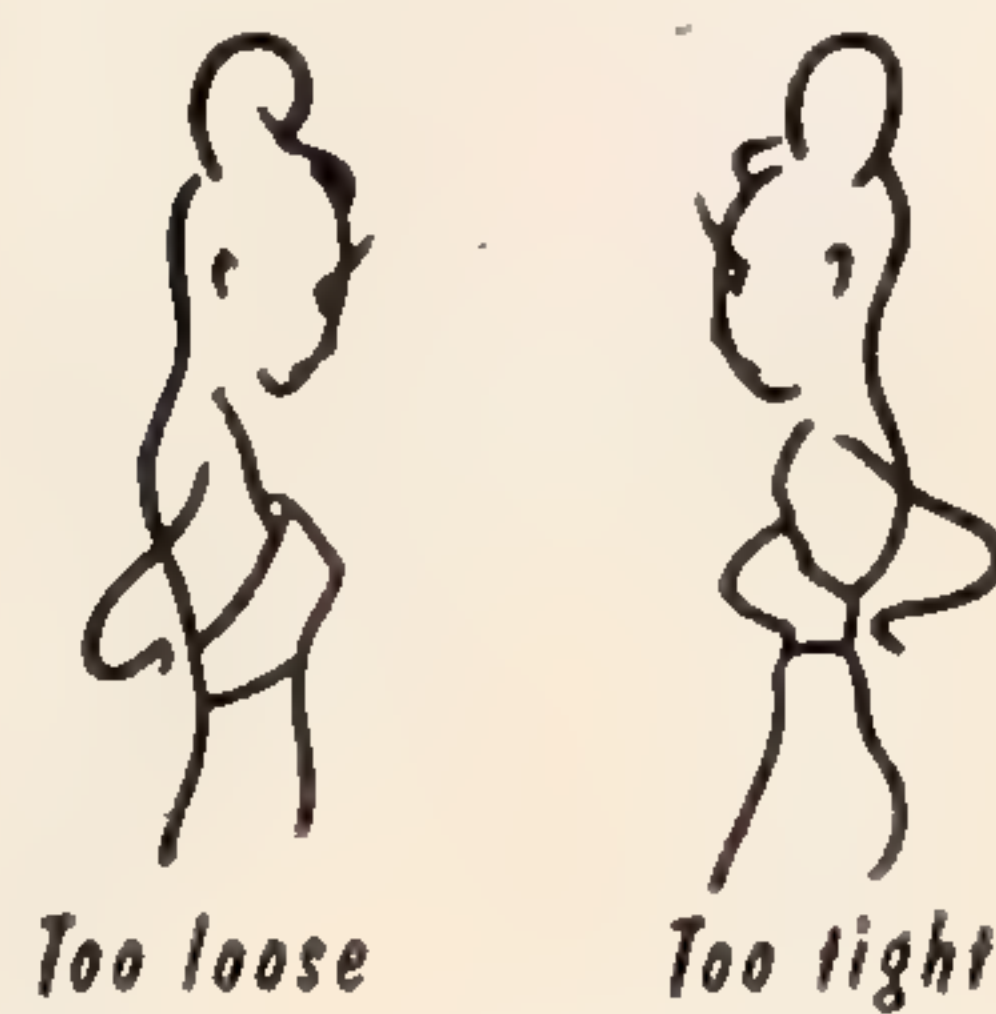
How to be fitted comfortably in your *Strapless Bra*



A strapless bra feels different from any other kind—you'll miss some of the support that you are used to. To solve that problem you must get the right size. Be measured around the diaphragm—add 6", and you'll have your bra size. For example, if you measure 28"—add 6", and you wear size 34. If you measure an odd size, try the next size smaller.



The most popular wired strapless bras are not always comfortable.



Often these wires press too tight and hurt or they're too loose, and your bra doesn't fit—so, by all means, look for a

strapless bra that conforms to your shape rather than making you conform to its rigid design. Here is where "Perma-lift"* comes to the rescue. Our designer invented a Self-Conforming Wired Strapless Brassiere that will feel different from any other. The minute you put it on, it will immediately conform to you. It fits snugly at the top without pressing—is never uncomfortable—and it never bulges. And this is only one of its many advantages.

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Mitzi Made Her Mind Up

(Continued from page 60)

she "looked like a sweet kid." She was round—"baby fat, ugghh!"—and wide-eyed, her long hair irrepressibly curly. Inside she was seething with humor, with temperament, with a restless urge to break out of the little-girl mold.

It was no use, she knew, unless she "changed the outside of me to go with the inside." She decided to do just that.

All the old Mitzi must go: first the teenage curves and weight, then the curls, the frilly little-girl clothes. Finally, even the antique-filled hillside house in which she had lived with her mother since she had arrived in Hollywood eight years before.

She would be chic, i.e., thin. When her figure was up to it she would wear smart clothes. She would live in a modern penthouse with a view and that, she vowed, would be *living*.

This resolution came close upon the heels of another crucial turning point in Mitzi's life. That was the time just after her twenty-first birthday a little more than a year ago when she broke her six-year engagement to the rising young attorney, Richard Coyle. She said then, "I feel I am not mature enough to make such an important decision."

But she has no qualms about making important romantic decisions now. For the first time, she says, she's really, really in love. And she doesn't mind telling the world just exactly how she feels about Jack Bean, the charming young advertising man who'll be her husband probably by the first of the year.

They haven't set the date yet, nor picked their attendants—but the important thing is that they have made up their minds and are eying the Christmas holiday season.

And it never would have happened, Mitzi's sure, if she hadn't remade herself to be the kind of person Jack could fall in love with. Her personal remodeling program had gone into high gear by the time they met. "That very night," says Jack, "is the night I fell in love with her."

It took Mitzi a little longer to know she was in love—three dates, all in the span of a week. And now she says, "It's like nothing else in the world. It's a quiet feeling. I feel secure. This I can believe in."

It's hard to realize that not so long ago, Mitzi was confused, dissatisfied with herself, her appearance, and most of all, her state of mind.

"I had lived in a dream world," she

says now. "A world all roses and bows in the hair. I found out that life isn't like that."

Mitzi resolved fervently to re-design that deceptive outside of hers, and, at the same time, to gain the peace of mind that would allow her true personality to emerge. She really went at it.

First she went on a diet.

When results seemed too slow she signed up with Louise Long, a tremendous and vital masseuse, for frequent poundings. The walls of Mitzi's new apartment—the family moved into the promised penthouse last December—began to resound with a slap-slap-thumps, powerful grunts from Mrs. Long and agonized wails from her client as Hedy, the Gerbers' Viennese maid paused in her dusting to inquire "Vat are they doing to our Meetzi?"

But it worked.

Meetzi proudly checked off the lost pounds and the lost inches, replaced a few "Mother Hubbards" with sleek, black, plunging neckline dresses, and on the basis of her new look nabbed a part in a Los Angeles musical comedy, "Jollyanna," in which, glory be, she could expose to the public some of her native effervescence and humor.

"I even got a chance to do a burlesque strip-tease," she gloats. "In nothing but a few skinny little scarves. It was the best part I ever had."

Dancing regularly is also therapeutic for the figure, Mitzi discovered during the run of "Jollyanna." But unfortunately two attacks of appendicitis followed by a trip to the hospital for an appendectomy immobilized her for a period of months after the show closed.

But when, recently, Fox announced that Mitzi would join the star line-up of "Three Young Texans," she knew she'd better get those muscles to work again, and fast. Now she'd be learning something really new—to ride a horse. This picture would be a big chance to show the world how much she's changed.

With the diet, the dancing, the riding and the massages, with the rapidly growing wardrobe of grown-up clothes, Mitzi began to look very much like the girl her inside had told her she was. She went through the extra-sleek, extra-chic stage, and having tried that on for size, decided she could settle for a natural kind of glamour. To prove her point, she sacrificed her thick, long hair and got herself one of the new, close-cropped hair cuts.

You have only to look at a portrait of the former Mitzi on the wall of her living room to realize how dramatic the changes are that she has effected. Painted by the sailors of the USS Abbott from a fan photograph Mitzi had sent them and presented to their favorite screen star "with love," it shows Mitzi in an off-the-shoulder, ruffy white blouse, her long hair in Shirley Temple curls, her blue eyes (a mistake, since hers are brown) wide and wistful. And it bears about as much resemblance to the Mitzi Gaynor who sits in her swank living room bouncing funny stories at you today as—well, as Shirley Temple at six bears to Mrs. Charles Black.

The new penthouse is a fitting setting for the new Mitzi. Moving nine rooms into six was a problem, and one room is bulging with cartons of old photographs and clippings, mementoes of old tours and old costumes.

But the visible areas are brand-new—big furniture of modern design, vast vases of bright flowers, a streamlined fireplace, and a whole wall of ceiling-to-floor windows overlooking a canopied terrace from which you can look down at night on a sea of sparkling lights.

Mitzi and Jack Bean love giving parties on her terrace with candle-lit tables and good Viennese food kept warm over the charcoal braziers, and music floating out from a phonograph in the living room.

Romantically, Mitzi's personal revolution has been a brilliant success.

Professionally, it is paying off too.

At a recent preview Mitzi was startled when a radio reporter covering arrivals at the theatre threw a loaded question at her. (She had expected to get by with the usual, "I am so happy to be here.")

"What in your opinion, Miss Gaynor," the mike-happy commentator wanted to know, "is the most important thing for a young star to know?"

"I could spend two weeks talking and not say everything I'd like to say about that one," Mitzi groaned later.

But on the spot, and with flash bulbs popping, she thought fast, and came up with an answer.

"Not to read her own publicity," she said, "at least not to believe it. And, even more important, to listen to people—anyone and everyone who will talk to you about your work. For people are basically friendly and their experience can help you. So listen . . . but don't let others make your decisions. Listen, and then make up your own mind."

For Mitzi it has been a year of making up her own mind, and making over her external self to match it.

The results, as they say on election night, are pouring in.

La Jolla summer theatre wanted Mitzi Gaynor for the part of Sally Bowles, a sexy gamin of questionable morals, in "I Am a Camera." She had to refuse, but, she beams, "they really thought I could do it."

In Las Vegas, where flashy girls go as Tallulah has said "to shill for the gamblers," a top casino has offered Mitzi a fabulous sum to make a night-club appearance. The Palace, in New York—remember what it did for Judy Garland?—wants her too.

Marilyn Monroe isn't the only person, it seems, who has noticed that "sweet little Mitzi" has changed. Neither is Jack Bean.

The whole country is beginning to be aware that something new has been added to "our little girl." You have to go a lot farther than next door to find her these happy days.

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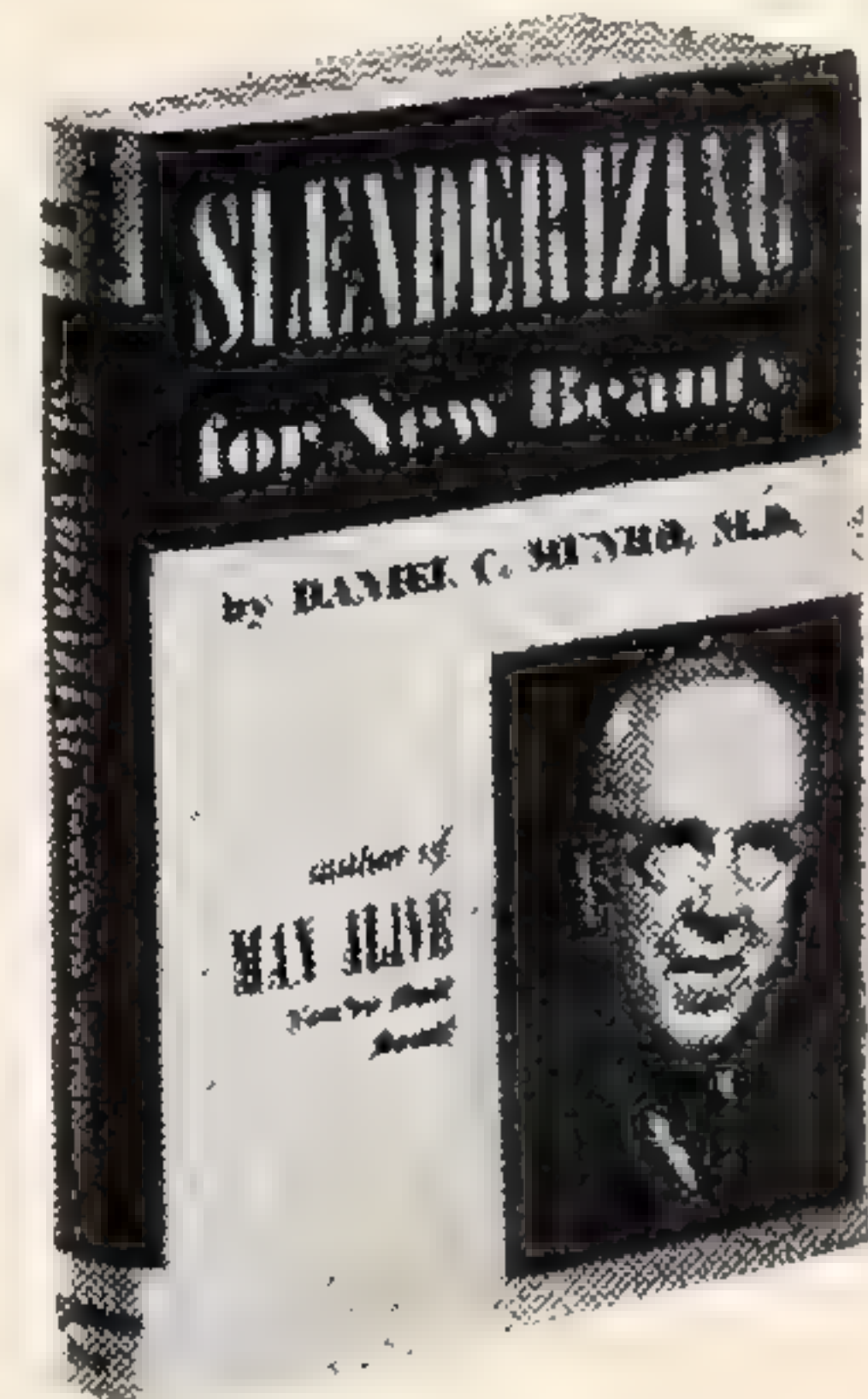
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Nobody Asked Him

(Continued from page 52)

thoroughly tired ties. They couldn't be kin, the man and the myth.

Small wonder his friends ask, "These legends about Monty—where do they come from?" They resent any necessity of championing or defending him or explaining him. Perhaps, too, they realize the futility of it, knowing there will always be two points of view about Montgomery Clift—that of those who know him and that of the many who in all probability will never understand him.

But still those who do know him ask where the legends come from. So I asked Monty.

"Maybe I'm too transparent," Monty says. "So transparent people can't see me. And let's face it, what would they be missing? But most of the trouble, I believe, goes back to what has been written about me. I've always been under the impression you could be an artist and do your job sincerely and be yourself. But I may be wrong. The truth about me, apparently, just doesn't make a story."

"If I weren't in motion pictures people wouldn't look twice at me. I live the same sort of life the everyday person lives, and I enjoy the same things. So sometimes writers have felt impelled to add the 'extras' to the stories about me, to make it more interesting. If I stay home to read a book, I'm a hermit. If I like to swim in salt water, it must be a channel swim. For some time a favorite theme of stories about me was 'The Man with Two Ties.' On one occasion an interviewer and I were going out to dinner. When I opened the closet door to get a coat the writer could see I had *twenty* ties—and still the article came out, 'The Man with Two Ties.'"

Some writers have said that Monty has a low opinion of Hollywood because he doesn't live there. But if you ask Monty, he explains just what he does believe.

"If a contractor goes to Denver to do a job, it's no reflection on Denver if he goes back home when the job is finished. It's the same with me. New York is my home. I've lived there sixteen years and I've loved it. I do my job, I make a picture in Hollywood—and I go back home."

When a writer once insisted, "But wouldn't you like to have a swimming pool?" Monty answered, "When I feel a swimming pool is important to me, I will have one." So the writer accused Monty of saying Hollywood is hypocritical.

"They ask you to describe the woman you want to marry," Monty says. "How can you intelligently answer that? Marriage is a meeting of two people."

As for not talking to the press when he's working on the set, Monty says, "I'm not the best actor in the world. I act emotionally. It's impossible to stay in full concentration; my mind is on a thousand things. Not only would talking to writers be distracting to me, it would be unfair to interviewers."

His is an incisive mind, one that quickly separates the truth from the tripe. As Deborah Kerr observes, "He has a penetrating reasoning that sees right through to the core of things and seldom misses. Such intellectual purity, Monty's. His mind is so clean and uncluttered—like a very pure flame inside him. He's one of the purest people I know."

He's also one of the most intense people. He lives ardently. And all he believes is in his eyes, those amazing blue-green eyes which seem to see straight to the soul. He has strength which belies his boyishness. A lyric strength compounded of a tough mind and an equally tender heart. He's stubborn when provoked too far. And he's



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a maverick, this Monty Clift, vigilant in his belief of a man's right to be himself. But a maverick by what his heart sees.

Monty and Frank Sinatra became close friends while they were working on "From Here to Eternity," each having recognized in the other a kindred soul sympathetic to the preservation of man's individuality. And with the freedom of some years of acquaintance I asked Frank, "Why do you like Montgomery Clift?"

"Monty? He's a sincere artist," Frank answered, "intelligent, very serious about his work."

"But," I persisted, "why do you like him?"

"Why do you like anybody?" Frank said. "I don't ask myself why. If you like a man, you like him."

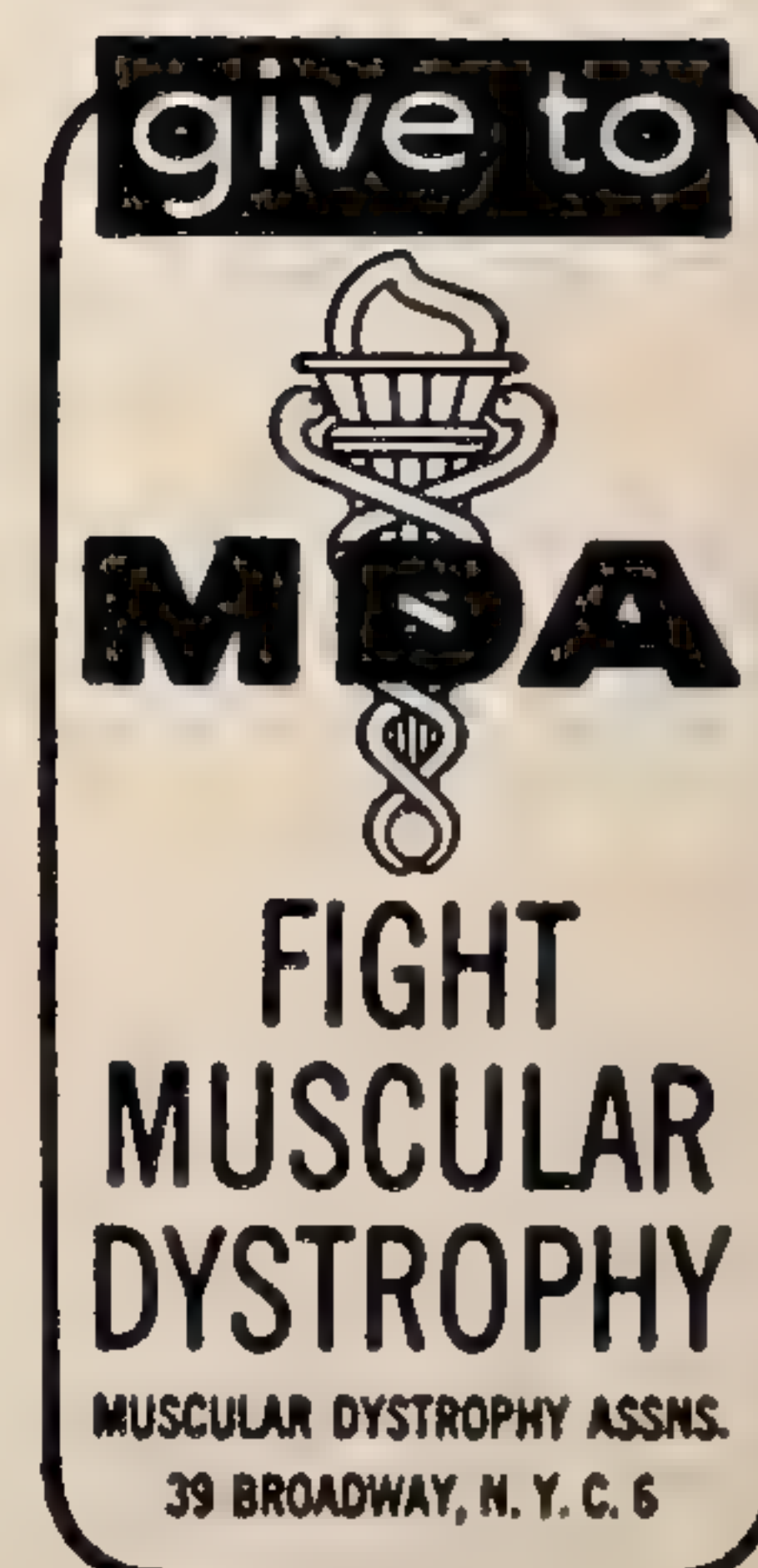
Monty reacts to people instantly, with a warmth that reaches out eagerly. As one who knows him well puts it, "When Monty likes you, you can feel the light turn on." And Monty says, "You meet some people and you know them immediately. Others you would never know."

One thing sure, subterfuge in any form, with Monty, would get you nowhere. A motion-picture executive worrying how to get him to agree to participate in a project the studio felt was quite important, called Howie Horowitz, assistant to Producer George Stevens, and Monty's good friend since he made "A Place in the Sun," saying, "How do we handle Clift on this? How do we go about tricking him into doing it?" Horowitz advised drily, "I'll tell you how you 'trick' him into it. You call him on the phone and you ask him. That's exactly how you 'trick' him into it." A few minutes later, the exec called Horowitz back saying, dazedly, "What do you know—he says he'll do it!"

Asked whether he would consider himself a rebel, Monty says slowly, "I guess so. Certainly I believe a man in revolt is better than a person who accepts what's handed him, or what he reads, just because it's been accepted—until it's been proved worthy of acceptance." And in respect to men of conviction, Monty says, "I believe Frank Sinatra is a monument to our time. The things, I feel, people are sometimes asked to put up with in the field of entertainment—or any field—are tremendous. Frank will compromise to realize an objective, but he draws a line beyond which he won't go."

Will Monty compromise? "Certainly," he says. "It's your job to try and adjust to things within a certain scope of understanding, and as long as you keep focus as to what you're about, it's fine. But if you compromise until all identity is lost, compromise to the point where you've lost focus on what you set out to accomplish as a human being—it's no good."

Not that he considers himself any criterion on accomplishments. "I'm lacking in many things." He insists he's lazy.



This in no way reflects the opinions of those who've worked with him. As Manny Klein, famous trumpeter who coached him on the bugle for "Eternity" says, "I've been playing a trumpet and bugling for thirty-five years—but the kid wore me out! Such diligence. I've never seen a guy work so hard." At 6:00 A.M. the lone figure marching around the Hollywood High School athletic field, near his hotel, was Montgomery Clift, learning to make like a "solger." So determined was he to master every military detail, Colonel Pendleton Hogan, who served as technical adviser on the picture, would have been delighted to recruit him permanently for Uncle Sam. Monty ran fight films, and reported three weeks early to work out with Mushy Callahan for the big slugging scene. "He wanted to look like Sugar Ray Robinson when he fights," Callahan observed.

Monty's intense concentration results in such realism that Deborah Kerr says, "You have the strangest feeling he's actually experiencing the scene. You could feel the knife in Monty's side for days after his fight with *Fatso* in 'Eternity.' When he was shot, it wouldn't have surprised me if they'd said, 'He's dead.'"

This, Director Fred Zinnemann, from his six years of association with Monty, explains with, "He's so good an actor he gives the feeling he isn't even acting. That he's just being himself. Monty is technically one of the greatest actors I know. He couldn't play a part he doesn't believe."

He didn't work for two years after "A Place in the Sun," turning down script after script because he didn't believe any of the parts were right for him. "He needed the money, too," a friend told me.

Then came three believable parts in one year. The priest in "I Confess," *Prewitt*, and that of a young American-Italian professor in the David O. Selznick-Vittorio De Sica production, "Terminal Station," a love story told with all the De Sica realism, the passion and despair. Filmed against the dramatic background of Rome's Terminal Station, it's the last hour and a half of a love affair. "It's a very good part," Monty says, "and I'd always wanted to make a picture with Vittorio De Sica."

Monty has an insatiable curiosity that encourages exploration. "You see kids today who are cynics at eighteen," he says. "They've had it. All of it. That's sad . . ."

It's easy to see why his kid-like zest and eagerness to explore would draw children to him like a Pied Piper. "He loves them and they love him," his friend Howie Horowitz says, speaking for his three small daughters. "They think Monty's a kindred soul and so much fun. He kills them." As for the Fred Zinnemann's thirteen-year-old son, Timi, he thinks of him fondly as an older adopted brother. "He adores Monty," his parents say. When it had developed Timi would be in New York for a few hours en route from a European summer, Monty made excited plans for Timi to see the Big Town via helicopter. Monty felt certain there would be some way of engineering it. No wonder their son adored him. This would really be a boy's idea of sightseeing. "Why, no," Mrs. Zinnemann laughs. "Actually it's Monty's idea. You see—Monty's never been up in a helicopter."

And as for New York, the popular conception of Monty Clift as a moody recluse who fox-holes into a coldwater flat between pictures, is as mythical as the rest of it. "It's a very nice apartment," Monty protests laughingly.

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—of Gloria De Haven relaxing in her back yard. Monty's living room is lined with books on every conceivable subject from Freud to Mickey Spillane. His fabulous record collection includes musical offerings by everybody from Bing Crosby to Beethoven—and heavy on the Bing. "I love music—all kinds," says Monty. "But I'm getting a little old for the classics now; I like them livelier." He drives a Buick sedan. And he has a tremendous appetite, best satisfied by thick steaks ordered "black and blue"—burnt on the outside and gently bruised within, and fortified with strong black Italian coffee.

Contrary to common belief, Monty doesn't come from a very wealthy family. If by all written accounts he seems to have been born at the age of thirteen, when he first set foot on a stage, it's because, with characteristic consideration, he has refused to subject his family to a spotlight they didn't seek and which might be unwelcome to them. His father is affiliated with a New York brokerage firm, and Monty was offered all advantages—he would be the first to say—whether he took them or no. His mother, Monty describes as "a very sweet person, a woman of tremendous energy, and with a comprehension of those things which mean good taste in living." His brother, Bill, is in television in New York. His sister, Mrs. Robert McGinnis, is married to a Dallas attorney, and raising four little fans for Monty. The fact that he's closest to her, he explains with, "We seem to see more alike, feel more alike—maybe because we're twins."

Ask what inspired him to become an actor and Monty's stuck. "I don't know," he answers slowly, "and I've asked myself many times—why I felt impelled to be an actor." Particularly on those occasions when he's unhappy about some scene he's done—or feels he failed to do well.

But for all the self-torture understandable in so sensitive an actor as Montgomery Clift, he has never at any time considered any other vocation. In his lifetime he's held only one other job, laying pipe on a ranch in California, when he was forced to leave the stage following the run of "The Skin of Our Teeth," ten years ago, to recover his health.

"I was very ill, down to 144 pounds," he says. "I'd contracted a mysterious amoeba in Mexico—at least it seemed a mystery to doctors around New York. Today they would know how to treat it instantly, there are so many wonderful drugs. But they couldn't seem to diagnose it then."

Reasoning that with fruit boats plying back and forth from the tropics putting in at New Orleans, doctors there might have more knowledge of amoebae, Monty

went there. And they had. "In New Orleans a wonderful doctor, a Dr. Browne, knew immediately. He saved my life. After getting out of the hospital, I'd planned to work as a longshoreman until I got stronger, but the climate was too hot and humid there for me. I'd met some people who had a ranch in the Napa Valley in California, so I just wrote them—I'm coming to work for you." I laid pipe on their ranch until I got my health back again."

Monty rejects any thought of employment other than acting. "I can't think of anything in which I'd be very useful."

Although Monty may say, "I don't consider myself a religious man"—his whole philosophy of living, his whole reason for being, is in a sense Scriptural . . . "You shall know the truth—and the truth shall set you free." To Monty Clift they go hand in spirit—truth and freedom. How much is in his eyes when he says, "Freedom is the one thing I treasure. The one thing I hold onto. The freedom to reach toward what you believe . . ."

"I'll call you before I leave town," he said, after talking to me.

Officially, he was already gone. Columnists were casting his next picture when he "returns to Hollywood." But Monty—well—now I knew too. . . you can set your watch by his word.

And so one night the phone rang. He was in the middle of packing, if we would pardon the expression. He was leaving the next A.M.—he hoped. How would I recommend getting a pair of GI shoes into two inches of bag space. From where he was sitting, on top of the bag—it seemed a mathematical impossibility. They were Prewitt's shoes. They'd gone through "Eternity" together—and some way . . . they were going to leave Hollywood together too.

The future? It was wide open . . . "I don't know what I'm going to do next," he said. More importantly, he didn't know for whom or how or where. "To direct, some day, that's my distant dream. To direct and act, that would be ideal.

"Perhaps it will be in independent pictures," he said, after a pause. "I don't know. But I do know I've got to have some say about me, about what happens to me. I must be free to go about my work in what seems to me to be the right way. What that way will be, I'm not sure now. But in the meantime, what am I going to do about these shoes?"

There seems to be small cause for concern on either score. A man who loves a thing as much as Monty Clift loves acting will find a way. And a guy who's come so close to finding that way would hardly be stopped by a pair of shoes. **THE END**

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Casts of Current Pictures

BACK TO GOD'S COUNTRY—U-I. Directed by Joseph Pevney: *Peter Keith*, Rock Hudson; *Dolores Keith*, Marcia Henderson; *Paul Blake*, Steve Cochran; *Frank Hudson*, Hugh O'Brian; *Billy Shorter*, Chubby Johnson; *Fitzsimmons*, Tudor Owen.

BIG HEAT, THE—Columbia. Directed by Fritz Lang: *Dave Bannion*, Glenn Ford; *Debby Marsh*, Gloria Grahame; *Katie Bannion*, Jocelyn Brando; *Mike Lagana*, Alexander Scourby; *Vince Stone*, Lee Marvin; *Bertha Duncan*, Jeannette Nolan; *Tierney*, Peter Whitney; *Lt. Wilkes*, Willis Bouche; *Gus Burke*, Robert Burton; *Larry Gordon*, Adam Williams; *Commissioner Higgins*, Howard Wendell.

BLOWING WILD—Warners. Directed by Hugo Fregonese: *Jeff*, Gary Cooper; *Marina*, Barbara Stanwyck; *Sal*, Ruth Roman; *Paco*, Anthony Quinn; *Dutch*, Ward Bond; *Jackson*, Ian MacDonald; *Henderson*, Richard Karlan; *El Gavilan*, Juan Garcia.

CRAZYLEGS, ALL-AMERICAN—Bartlett. Directed by Francis D. Lyon: *Elroy (Crazylegs) Hirsch*, himself; *Win Brockmeyer*, Lloyd Nolan; *Ruth*, Joan Vohs; *The Rams' Coach*, James Millican; *Bob Waterfield*, himself; *Bob Kelley*, himself; *Bill*, James Brown; *Keller*, John Brown; *Mr. Hirsch*, Norman Field; *Mrs. Hirsch*, Louise Lorimer.

DECAMERON NIGHTS—RKO. Directed by Hugo Fregonese: *MAIN STORY: Fiametta*, Joan Fontaine; *Boccaccio*, Louis Jourdan; *Contessa*, Binnie Barnes; *Pampinea*, Joan Collins; *PAGANINO THE PIRATE: Bartolmea*, Joan Fontaine; *Paganino*, Louis Jourdan; *Countess of Florence*, Binnie Barnes; *Ricciardo*, Godfrey Tearle. *WAGER OF VIRTUE: Ginevra*, Joan Fontaine; *Guilio*, Louis Jourdan; *Nerina*, Binnie Barnes; *Bernabo*, Godfrey Tearle; *Sultan*, Meinhardt Maur. *THE DOCTOR'S DAUGHTER: Isabella*, Joan Fontaine; *Bertrando*, Louis Jourdan; *Marie*, Joan Collins; *The Old Witch*, Binnie Barnes.

LION IS IN THE STREETS, A—Warners. Directed by Raoul Walsh: *Rank Martin*, James Cagney; *Verity Wade*, Barbara Hale; *Flamingo*, Ann Francis; *Jules Bolduc*, Warner Anderson; *Jeb Brown*, John McIntire; *Jennie Brown*, Jeanne Cagney; *Spurge*, Lon Chaney; *Rector*, Frank McHugh; *Robt. J. Castleberry*, Larry Keating; *Guy Polli*, Onslow Stevens; *Mr. Beach*, James Millican.

LITTLE FUGITIVE—Burstyn. Directed by Ray Ashley, Morris Engel and Ruth Orkin: *Joey*, Richie Andrusco; *Lennie*, Rickie Brewster; *The Mother*, Winnifred Cushing; *Pony Ride Man*, Jay Williams; *Photographer*, Will Lee; *Harry*, Charlie Moss; *Charlie*, Tommy De Canio.

MARRY ME AGAIN—RKO. Directed by Frank Tashlin: *Bill*, Robert Cummings; *Doris*, Marie Wilson; *Mac*, Ray Walker; *Joan*, Mary Costa; *Jenkins*, Jess Barker; *Mr. Taylor*, Lloyd Corrigan; *Miss Craig*, Jane Vincent; *Dr. Pepperdine*, Richard Gaines; *Mr. Courtney*, Moroni Olsen; *Dr. Day*, Frank Cady.

MOGAMBO—M-G-M. Directed by John Ford: *Victor Marswell*, Clark Gable; *Eloise Y. Kelly*, Ava Gardner; *Linda Nordley*, Grace Kelly; *Donald Nordley*, Donald Sinden; *John Brown-Pryce*, Philip Stainton; *Leon Boltchak*, Eric Pohlmann; *Skipper*, Laurence Naismith; *Father Josef*, Denis O'Dea.

NIGHT IS MY KINGDOM, THE—Arthur Davis. Directed by George Lacombe: *Raymond Pinsard*, Jean Gabin; *Louise Lawveau*, Simone Valere; *Sister Gabrielle*, Suzanne Dehelly; *Lionel Moreau*, Gerard Oury; *Julien*, Robert Arnoux.

PARATROOPER—Columbia. Directed by Terence Young: *Canada*, Alan Ladd; *Major Snow*, Leo Genn; *Penny Gardner*, Susan Stephen; *R.S.M.*, Harry Andrews; *Taffy*, Donald Houston; *General Whiting*, Anthony Bushell; *Flash*, Patric Doonan; *Breton*, Stanley Baker; *Pinky*, Lana Morris; *Rupert*, Tim Turner; *Dawes*, Michael Kelly.

ROBE, THE—20th Century-Fox. Directed by Henry Koster: *Marcellus Gallio*, Richard Burton; *Diana*, Jean Simmons; *Demetrius*, Victor Mature; *Peter*, Michael Rennie; *Caligula*, Jay Robinson; *Justus*, Dean Jagger; *Senator Gallio*, Torin Thatcher; *Pilate*, Richard Boone; *Miriam*, Betta St. John; *Paulus*, Jeff Morrow; *Emperor Tiberius*, Ernest Thesiger; *Junia*, Dawn Addams; *Abidor*, Leon Askin; *Rebecca*, Helen Beverley; *Quintus*, Frank Pulaski; *Marcipor*, David Leonard; *Judas*, Michael Ansara; *Jonathan*, Nicolas Koster; *Slave Dealer*, Frank De Kova.

SABRE JET—U.A. Directed by Louis King: *Col. Gil Manton*, Robert Stack; *Jane Carter*, Coleen Gray; *Gen. Robert E. Hale*, Richard Arlen; *Mrs. Marge Hale*, Julie Bishop; *Lt. Col. Eckert*, Leon Ames; *Helen Daniel*, Amanda Blake; *Lt. Crane*, Reed Sherman; *Sgt. Klinger*, Michael Moore; *Lee Crane*, Lucille Knoch; *Lt. Bill Crenshaw*, Tom Irish; *Susan Crenshaw*, Kathleen Crowley.

SO BIG—Warners. Directed by Robert Wise: *Selina DeJong*, Jane Wyman; *Pervus DeJong*, Sterling Hayden; *Dallas O'Mara*, Nancy Olson; *Dirk DeJong*, Steve Forrest; *Julie Hempel*, Elisabeth Fraser; *Paula Hempel*, Martha Hyer; *Roelf Pool*, Walter Coy; *Roelf Pool (Age 12-16)*, Richard Beymer; *Dirk DeJong (Age 8)*, Tommy Retting; *Klaas Pool*, Roland Winters; *August Hempel*, Jacques Aubuchon; *Maartie Poof*, Ruth Swanson.

TANGA-TIKA—Monson-Long. Directed by Dwight Long: *Nenu*, Adeline Tetahaimuai; *Timi*, Paul Meoe; *Nenu's mother*, Alice Swenson; *Timi's mother*, Tumaatura; *Chinese boy*, Roger Soui; *Governor Anzani*, Himself; *Mayor Poeni*, Himself; *Captain Darr*, Himself; *Ah Fu*, Himself.

THOSE REDHEADS FROM SEATTLE—Paramount. Directed by Lewis R. Foster: *Kathie Edmonds*, Rhonda Fleming; *Johnny Kisco*, Gene Barry; *Mrs. Edmonds*, Agnes Moorehead; *Pat Edmonds*, Teresa Brewer; *Joe Keenan*, Guy Mitchell; *Connie Edmonds*, Cynthia Bell; *Nell Edmonds*, Kay Bell; *Liz*, Jean Parker; *Dan Taylor*, Roscoe Ates; *Mike Yurkil*, John Kellogg; *Vance Edmonds*, Frank Wilcox; *Whitey Marks*, Walter Reed.

THREE FORBIDDEN STORIES—Ellis Films. Directed by Augusto Genina: *Gianna (Joan)*, Eleonora Rossi Drago; *Anna-Maria*, Antonella Lualdi; *Renato*, Lia Amanda; *Prof. Aragona*, Gino Cervi; *Renato's mother*, Isa Pola; *Mario*, Gabriele Ferzetti; *Thomas*, Enrico Luzzi; *Walter*, Frank Lattimore.

TITFIELD THUNDERBOLT, THE—Rank, U-I. Directed by Charles Crichton: *Valentine*, Stanley Holloway; *Weech*, George Relph; *Blakeworth*, Naunton Wayne; *Gordon*, John Gregson; *The Bishop*, Godfrey Tearle; *Dan*, Hugh Griffith; *Joan*, Gabrielle Brune; *Hawkins*, Sidney James.

TORCH SONG—M-G-M. Directed by Charles Walters: *Jenny Stewart*, Joan Crawford; *Tye Graham*, Michael Wilding; *Cliff Willard*, Gig Young; *Mrs. Stewart*, Marjorie Rambeau; *Joe Denner*, Henry Morgan; *Martha*, Dorothy Patrick; *Philip Norton*, James Todd; *Gene*, Dance Director, Eugene Loring; *Monty Rolfe*, Paul Guilfoyle.

VEILS OF BAGDAD, THE—U-I. Directed by George Sherman: *Antar*, Victor Mature; *Selima*, Mari Blanchard; *Rosanna*, Virginia Field; *Kasseim*, Guy Rolfe; *Targut*, Jim Arness; *Osman*, Gregg Palmer; *Ahmed*, Nick Cravat; *Kaffar*, Ludwig Donath; *Handmaiden*, Jackie Loughery.

VICKI—20th Century-Fox. Directed by Harry Horner: *Jill*, Jeanne Crain; *Vicki*, Jean Peters; *Steve*, Elliott Reid; *Cornell*, Richard Boone; *Larry Evans*, Casey Adams; *Robin Ray*, Alex D'Arcy; *McDonald*, Carl Betz; *Harry Williams*, Aaron Spelling.

VILLAGE, THE—U.A. Directed by Leopold Lindtberg: *Alan Manning*, John Justin; *Wanda Piwonska*, Eva Dahlbeck; *Heinrich Meili*, Sigfrit Steiner; *Miss Worthington*, Mary Hinton; *Dr. Stefan Zielinski*, W. Woytecki; *Mr. Karginski*, Guido Lorraine; *Anja*, Krystina Bragiel; *Andizej*, Voytek Dolinsky.

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(Continued from page 37)

in your life—even today, when his biography lists him as fifty-two.

The Hollywood woods are full of them—men who are afraid they've touched the bottom of the barrel in emotional kicks, and they have to keep rummaging to see if there isn't just *one* more prize package for them. Peck, Cooper, Clark Gable, Kirk Douglas, Robert Taylor, Fernando Lamas, Jeff Chandler, Lex Barker, Steve Cochran, Frank Sinatra, Gene Nelson and Dick Haymes—restless, seeking to satisfy an always increasing ego. And heaven help the women who love them.

Take Kirk Douglas and Pier Angeli. This half-girl, half-woman, met Hollywood's perennial loverboy who is almost twice her age when Metro threw them together in "Story of Three Loves." Unfortunately for the elf-like little Italian, she lost her heart. And I was naive enough to believe that when she flew to visit Kirk in Italy, and he followed her to London where her desperate Mama had rushed the lovesick chick, that the cynical Mr. Douglas had been winged at last by the little man with the bow and arrow. But before I could put a question mark after "marriage," Kirk was back in Italy gazing into the eyes of another Italian actress, Brigitte Bardot.

I should know better. I've seen Kirk flex his romantic muscles often enough. The routine is the same. Only the girl is different. They want to cook for him, they even want to scrub for him. It's homey, it's intimate. But when they start hearing bells, wedding bells, the bridegroom-to-be does a vanishing act.

Why? What's he afraid of? If he loves the girl—and Pier believed he loved her—what makes him take to his heels and run? This is the way I figure it. Kirk has a deep-rooted inferiority complex. That's why he boasts and brags. It's why he can't take any criticism. It's why he's so afraid to let down the last bar in his heart. And I believe it will always be the Dangerous Age for Kirk—and for the girls who succumb to his undeniable charm—until he convinces himself that he doesn't have to prove anything to himself.

To go back to Gary Cooper and Gregory Peck for a moment. Greta Peck just called me to say that the matter of a divorce she will leave up to Greg because, "I don't want to do anything that will hurt him." I'm not sure he rates this consideration. It was sad enough to leave Greta. But his three cute sons. He said he loved them so much, how could he stay away from them so long? And I wonder if he will be sorry when the present fever has run its course.

The French had a big journalistic laugh when Gary Cooper "stole" Giselle Pascal from Prince Ranier of Monaco. Reports were that Giselle had been trying for years to bring the Prince up to marriage scratch, but unlike the Duke of Windsor who abdicated for "The Woman I Love," Ranier preferred to keep his tiny kingdom. And I repeat, it isn't hard to fall for Coop. There was talk that Ingrid Bergman swooned for him when they made all those pictures together. But in those days, Gary didn't feel he had to prove his irresistibility.

It was the most surprising thing in the world when word seeped through to Hollywood from Paris, that Clark Gable was secretly married to Schiaparelli model Suzanne Dadolle. But no real surprise when the rumor was proved false. Clark is fifty-two. It'll take more than a French model to push him over the brink of matrimony again. Clark hates to spend money, and for the second time in his four marriages he had to pay up when he metaphorically tossed out the startled Lady

Sylvia on her aristocratic derriere. But he had a narrow shave with Mlle. Suzanne. He was in love with her, or thought he was, which is the same thing—almost. And she gave up her job—at his request, one of her close friends told me—to travel with him all over Europe.

Robert Taylor has never been the playboy type. And if his little episode with the Italian publicity-seeking bit player had been kept out of the papers, he would still be married to Barbara Stanwyck. And it's my private hunch that Barbara will never forgive herself for divorcing Bob and losing the only man she has ever loved in her whole life. In Europe, when a married man gets to be around forty, it isn't unusual for him to have a little extra-curricular romance. Don't get me wrong. I'm not condoning this. But most wives over there, if their marriage is otherwise happy, look the other way and pray the affair will fizzle out. But when the silly signorita quoted Robert as saying Barbara was too old for him, that was a little too much for *any* wife to swallow. I can't believe Robert said any such cruel thing. If he did, then the Dangerous Age hit him harder than it usually strikes men as nice as he is. And now for the sixty-four-dollar question: is his longtime dating of Ursula Thiess just one of those foolish things? Or is he ready to be his age, to settle down, to accept the inevitable lines around his eyes and the grey in his hair?

Dick Haymes is only thirty-seven, and I never thought this mild, myopic, almost mousey blond singer could ever be called a menace to anyone. But only time will tell whether his mad passion for Rita Hayworth will hurt him more than it hurts her. Dick's career was skipping very badly when Rita first hove intimately across his short-sighted horizon. His marriage with Nora Flynn, which started in a glow of tenderness, was on the rocks with nonstop bickering over money problems. And Rita was having her problems with Prince Aly Khan. All the same, how stupid can a guy be to traipse all over the country, from New York to Hollywood and Las Vegas with a girl as well-known as Rita Hayworth, while he is trying to get a wife to give him a divorce? I guess it's a plus for his honesty, if not his acumen. But Rita bores easily. So does Dick. How long will they stay together before their ego has to be renewed through someone else's admiration? I'll be surprised, but happy for their restless sakes, if this lasts any longer than any one of their combined marriage tries.

And there's the same kind of skepticism for the Lex Barkers. Lana Turner is Lex's third bride. He's her fourth groom. When the marriage talk was first printed I had a long chat with sexy Lex's ex, Arlene Dahl, and she said, "Lex can be very persuasive. As I told you at the time, I didn't want to marry him—even right up to the day of our wedding. But when he wants something, he just has to get it."

I've known Lex ever since Rosalind Russell gave him his first acting break in "The Velvet Touch." He's very easy to like. And he's very easy-going. Which is sometimes another adjective for "weak." People who saw him with Lana just a few days before they married said there was nothing of the happy bride and groom about them, that Lana said she was already bored with Lex. Then why did she marry him? Or he her? Let's face it. Even the real Tarzan in the jungle prefers a *willing* mate. I can only explain it as a desire to stay in the headlines. You marry, then you divorce, then you marry again. You're always on top of a climax. You're always

living dangerously, emotionally speaking. It's an adolescent craving for thrills. It's the same kind of nervous restlessness that makes unbalanced teenagers take dope.

Maybe it's that nervous restlessness that accounts for the actions of some of the rest of the Bad Boys of Hollywood, too. Recent news stories about Steve Cochran and his tantrums have been a big surprise to those who knew him when he was first breaking into pictures.

And no one, a few years ago, could have pictured the quiet-seeming Gene Nelson in the role of marriage interloper. In fairness to Gene it must be admitted that friends have said his marriage, as well as that of Jane Powell, was finished before they started to work together on "Three Sailors and a Girl." But Gene is approaching that Dangerous Age, and the restlessness may have caught up with him already. Whether or not it has will be answered by what happens to his romance with Jane.

Frank Sinatra has long been a stormy figure, not only in Hollywood, but all over the world—his altercations with members of the press and with photographers have been international in scope. His latest misunderstanding with Ava is but one more chapter in a turbulent story, and it's unfortunate that it comes at a time when "From Here to Eternity" has pushed his career to new heights.

Jeff Chandler has grey hair, but he's younger than he looks. And he acted even younger than his age, when he decided to have an apartment of his own while he was still married to Marjorie. He explained the apartment as a place where he could drop his clothes, but it definitely was not a place he could keep a wife. Now he is a target for every unattached star—and starlet—in town. The road is full of "Danger" signs. Watch it, Jeff!

As of going to press, one of the more titillating questions in Hollywood is, will Fernando Lamas come clean and marry Arlene Dahl? Fernando has been accused of an old trick—using women to further his career. His critics point a harsh finger at his so-called romance with Lana Turner. Lana announced they would marry. But when she rushed to Las Vegas to lose Bob Topping via a quick divorce, Lamas lagged on the lover front and left her embarrassingly in the lurch. Her big thing with Barker was definitely on the rebound. But will Fernando treat the ex-Mrs. Lex in the same cruel fashion? I could be wrong; I don't think so. But this is for sure. Latins may not all be lousy lovers, but they'll always be dangerous.

This story on the dangerous age for men in Hollywood wouldn't be complete without Mario Lanza. Age has nothing to do with Mario's behavior. But what he is doing is very dangerous for his career and physical well-being.

It's lucky he has that golden voice, because even if he does nothing else, Mario can make money for his family with records. But I'm afraid that one day he will go too far. Like the time he reportedly smashed the windows of a producer he didn't like. How childish can you be? Like a strong-willed child, Mario goes to extremes with everything he does. When he dieted, he went on and on and on. And when he started to eat again, there was no moderation and he gained back all the pounds he lost, and a few more. He's always buying new Cadillacs, he changes his telephone number every few days. He moves his family into different homes until they're almost as dizzy as he is. Mario would have been in his glory in the Roaring Twenties. Today, his antics are dangerous—and silly.

And that, I'm afraid, goes for more than one of the Bad Boys of Hollywood.

THE END

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Debbie's Hopeless

(Continued from page 57)
And just then Debbie walked toward them across the room.
"Hey, chick," the scout was beginning to feel his drinks just a little, "that's a mighty pretty dress you've got on. And mighty modest."
Debbie, who, as usual, had been drinking ginger ale—straight—gave him one of those twinkling smiles. She had an idea what was coming next. And she was right. It came.

"You know, Debbie, you ought to wise up. Give yourself some sex appeal. Get yourself a dress or two that shows the world what you've got."
Now Debbie may be modest. But that doesn't mean she's shy. When she has something to say, she says it. And she had a great deal to say just then.
"That," she said, "is not my idea of sex at all. Sex appeal is something inside a person. You either have it or you don't. And if you do, you don't have to serve it up on a silver platter. It's there—and people can recognize it."
"Sure," the scout broke in. "But you don't have to make it so darned hard for them to find."
"If that means posing in the nude, and giving out sexy interviews, you can count me out. If I have to do that to get ahead in the movies, they're going to have to get a new girl."
And with that, Debbie bowed out of the tete-a-tete.

That scout was by no means the first person who has tried to convince Debbie that she ought to dress more daringly. In fact, there was a small-size ruckus on that very problem when she was playing in "I Love Melvin."
In a dream sequence, she was supposed to be decked out as a slinky movie star. And the M-G-M wardrobe department had designed a really low-cut gown for her to wear. They tried it on her and she shuddered.
"Ooh," she said. "I feel so naked!"
"But," they insisted, "it's right for the part."
"Maybe," said Debbie. "But it certainly isn't right for me." Finally, over vehement protest, she had them add material—one, two, then three strips—to the neckline. And that was the way she wore it.

Every once in awhile she does get into a low-cut dress—just medium low, that is—and then she's miserable all evening. She keeps her hands clutched at the neckline and drives photographers wild.
At a night club once, a photographer was trying to get a glamour-shot of her. Exasperated, he called out, "Take your hands down, Debbie."
And Debbie, keeping her hands exactly where they were, retorted, "You take care of your pictures. I'll take care of my dress."
This simple modesty colors not only Debbie's clothes style, but everything about her: her conversation, her choice of friends, her ideas of how to have fun.
Take the matter of dating, for instance. Debbie and the young men she goes out with don't always see eye to eye on what is and what is not proper behavior for young people. One night, she was out with a group of a half dozen or so, and the conversation turned, as it has a way of doing, to sex.
Debbie spoke out strongly, for she has definite opinions on the subject.
Her date gave her a long, cold look and said disgustedly, "Oh Debbie, don't be such a professional virgin."
She was so taken aback, she said afterwards, that she didn't say another word for the rest of the evening. And anyone who knows what a chatter-box she is, can be sure that if she wasn't talking, she was doing a lot of thinking.
The phrase upset her. But after that night she put it out of her mind and didn't think about it again until she saw "The Moon Is Blue," in which the same words are used to the virtuous heroine. "Then I remembered," recalls Debbie, "and I laughed and laughed and laughed. And what's more, I knew that I was righter than ever."
Hollywood wolves just can't figure Debbie out. Men-about-town though they may be, they invariably get the brush when they call her. She has had to change her telephone number four times because of the persistent baying and howling that comes over her wires, mostly from self-styled smoothies she hasn't even met. Those conversations usually go something like this:
He: How about going out tonight?
She: I'm very sorry, but I can't. I don't even know you.

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Paste this ballot on a postal card and send it to Readers' Poll Editor, Box 1374, Grand Central Station, N. Y. 17, N. Y.

He: Oh, come now, Debbie, don't be so formal. That's an old-fashioned idea.

She: Then I'm just an old-fashioned girl and you wouldn't be interested in me.

Sound Effect: Receiver banging down!

Which is not to say that Debbie's not a dating girl. She is one of the most popular in town. But she chooses her escorts carefully. And she has her own system for keeping them in line.

Before she goes out at night she tells her family what boy she's going out with, where she'll be and whether she'll be back early or late. And then she gives them the most important information of all—whether she'd like them to leave the porch light on or off.

She explains simply. "If it's a boy I don't mind kissing goodnight, the light is off. Otherwise, it stays on."

Debbie's just as afraid of being considered uppity as she is of being thought immodest. And she asks, and gets, cooperation from her friends and family in making sure she doesn't put on airs.

One day not so long ago, when she came in from the studio, she burred on happily to her family about the day's events. She was going a mile a minute, until her mother caught her up short: "Debbie, what is that peculiar way you're talking? This calling us all 'dahling' and 'deah.'"

"What do you mean? I'm not talking like that."

"Oh, yes you are. Talk to yourself in the mirror and see."

She did. And she was. And she quickly brought herself back down to earth.

As far as her friends are concerned, she's still the same old Mary Francis Reynolds who went to John Burroughs High in Burbank with them. When she goes out with them, which is often, she goes out their style. And that usually means riding wherever they're going on the streetcar.

She's just as happy with her old high-school bunch as she is when she goes out with the movie crowd. "It's a nice guy I want to spend the evening with," she says, "not a big name."

Of course, she hopes some day to fall in love and get married. But, so far, love is something that she hasn't felt. A lot of people *thought* she was in love with Bob Wagner, but not Debbie herself.

"I went with him for two years," she says. "Had a wonderful time. But it wasn't love. If it had been, I would have been sure of it in that much time."

And there's nothing at all to the story that she was broken-hearted when she and Bob quit dating. "It was just that we suddenly both got very busy. We tried to arrange dates, but it just didn't work out.

"Finally I said to him, 'Look, why don't we just not see each other for a while. We both have too much to do. And when we do see each other, we just argue. Let's wait till we both have some free time.'

"Bob agreed. Then he started 'Stars and Stripes Forever' and he's been dashing from one picture to the next ever since. I've been busy all the time too."

But she admires him greatly, and she's his stout defender against the recent barrage of critics who have been picking on him. For moral support, she mailed him some William Steig cartoons, those wry drawings with captions such as, "Public opinion no longer bothers me."

Another of her movie dates is Tab Hunter, whom she's been seeing off and on for four years. She frequently has dinner at his apartment and usually bakes a cake for dessert on those occasions.

"But marriage isn't for me, yet," she says. "At this stage of my life, my career is the most important thing."

Her career has certainly been keeping her hopping.

During the past year, she went East,



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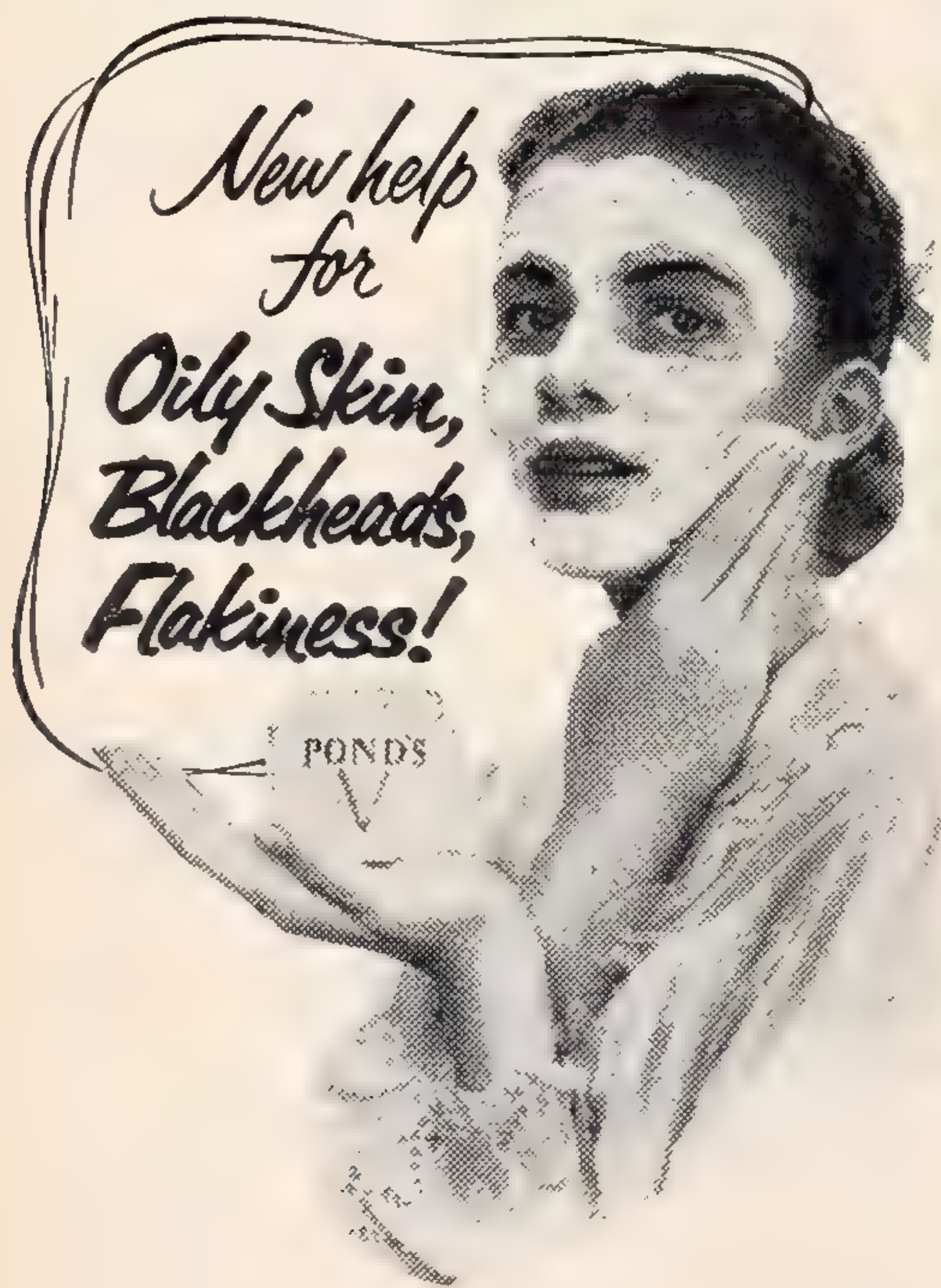
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"Young Skin" doesn't like heavy make-up!

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returned to do a picture, went to Korea, came back for another picture, went to Texas, to South America—and it's that kind of pace most of the time.

No matter what the sharp guys say, Debbie's own system of being herself seems to be working out just fine. In a mere four years in the movies, her career has moved steadily forward. And she's had some wonderful luck. "Why," says she, "I was handed that great role with Gene Kelly and Donald O'Connor in 'Singin' in the Rain' before I even learned to sing and dance."

Her services are in heavy demand by other studios. She was sought for the lead in "The Moon Is Blue," but M-G-M turned it down, and Debbie's been sorry ever since. The studio relented, though, and allowed her to make "Susan Slept Here" with Dan Dailey for an independent producer, Alex Gottlieb.

"I'll admit Debbie goes against the trend," a wise publicity man observed recently, "but this isn't the first time that's happened. A sweet little girl named Janet Gaynor was more popular than the flappers of her era. And while servicemen were whistling at the pinup girls of the '40's, they were busily writing letters to June Allyson."

But there are some writers who, despite the proof, still can't believe that sweet little Debbie can really be true. So what do they do? They make things up. Like one columnist who reported that on her twenty-first birthday, she celebrated by smoking too many cigarettes and passing out from too many drinks.

Debbie was furious. "I was at the Stork Club," she said afterwards. "I was there with my mother and I ate peanuts and drank milk."

Such falsehoods make Debbie angrier than anything else she can think of. "Why do they have to make up nasty stories?" she asks. "Why not print nice ones?"

Here's the kind of story she means:

Recently, Debbie volunteered to be a

counselor at a Girl Scout summer camp. She had a wonderful time, and the kids loved her. Two of her teenage campers confessed to her that they had painful crushes. One was wild about Tab Hunter and the other was mad for Bob Wagner.

When Debbie got back from camp, she invited all the girls to her house one Sunday afternoon and told them she had a surprise for them. She had asked Tab and Bob to drop in. Bob couldn't make it, because of some work on "Prince Valiant," so he telephoned to say he was sorry. Debbie called the girl whose heartthrob he is to the phone. She was in such a daze that when she walked outside she promptly fell into the pool.

When Tab arrived, the other girl went into a flutter. She was so overwhelmed, she locked herself away and had to be coaxed out to meet her dreamboy.

This is the kind of life that Debbie leads, and she doesn't care who knows it.

"I don't want to be a glamour girl," she says. "I'm just not the type. And if I tried, I'd be an awful flop at it."

"I would look silly being the heavy-lidded siren. The thing I want to do is comedy. I want to make people laugh and enjoy themselves. And I don't see why I can't do that and keep on being myself."

So far, it seems to be working. She has had only one major career disappointment. She was all set to do "The Actress," but at the last minute she was taken out and Jean Simmons was given the role instead.

But she didn't let it get her down. She went right out and did the same role in summer stock, to prove she could do it.

So that's what she was up to, when she might have been pleasing her critics by practicing slinky walks.

Maybe she'd be more successful—as an actress and a human being—if she were all done up in a clinging dress pouring cocktails out of a silver shaker on a penthouse terrace. And maybe not.

Debbie doesn't think so. And, as a matter of fact, neither do we. **THE END**



In "Johnny Dark," Tony Curtis' co-star is former feudin' partner, Piper Laurie. But Tony doesn't intend to stab Piper—he and fencing master Fred Cavins are practicing for Tony's return to swashbuckling roles that made him famous

Joe and Marilyn

(Continued from page 40)

Marilyn Monroe and Joe DiMaggio, Joe's reticence, and his anti-social attitude will more than likely be the cause. And if they're *not* married, these same reservations will most likely keep him from marching to the altar with the most luscious blonde of the Twentieth Century.

Very few people have ever broken through the DiMaggio layer of reserve or fractured the wall of silence that surrounds him to get any kind of comment on his relationship with Marilyn. But a reporter for PHOTOPLAY did. He got Joe to talk for the first time. Then he checked the details of the conversation with one of Joe's closest pals and with a sports writer who has been observing the ball player's conduct and inclinations since he first came to New York for the Yankees.

Our reporter got to the point fast and asked Joe outright if he was married to Marilyn.

"All I can say," Joe stammered, "is that we're not married yet—as some of the magazines and columns have been saying."

"Well, will you be?" he was asked.

"I don't know," said Joe. "There are so many factors to consider."

The conversation took place in front of the Yankee dugout at the Stadium during the recent Old-timers' Day celebration in Manhattan. Joe had gone there after visiting Marilyn at Banff National Park in Canada. Although he was vague as usual in his answers, Joe, on this day, was a magpie in comparison to other occasions when he'd been asked about Marilyn.

He admitted—between waves to fellow players and fans in the stands—that he had gone up to Canada to visit Marilyn. But on the other hand he couldn't quite say when he'd see her again. He *might*, he agreed, go to California to see her when she got home. (He did.) And he mumbled again about the "complicating factors" that were involved in any future he might wish to share with Marilyn.

The old friend was more speculative than informative when he discussed this.

"I'm not saying the marriage would be a bad thing for the big guy," he said. "I think Marilyn could be very happy with Joe provided she kept him out of the spotlight. But is such a thing possible, since she's the hottest thing in pictures, what with 'Gentlemen Prefer Blondes' and 'How to Marry a Millionaire'?"

Another opinion Joe's pal expressed had to do with the evils of a wife working away from home base. "If she continues to work and has to go on locations the way she's had to before," he said, "Joe's not going to get to see her very often. That's hardly an ideal set-up for marriage."

On the other hand, the sports writer didn't think Joe's personality could stand the rigors of being married to a famous movie star. And he based his conclusion on Joe's reaction to the spotlight when he himself had to bask in it.

"For most of the thirteen years he was in the big leagues," the sports writer said, "Joe was the biggest thing in baseball. He couldn't hail a cab, go around the corner to mail a letter or even go to the movies without being recognized."

"But even after all those years, Joe never got used to it. He was still a quiet, shy guy. When he quit baseball he still had two or three years to go at close to \$100,000 a year—but he gave it up, mainly so he could get away from the crowds. If he marries this girl now he's going to go right back to where he was in 1936. You can't tell me he's not going to consider this when he thinks of marrying Marilyn."

But another fellow, who is equally close to the slugger's feelings, had a different

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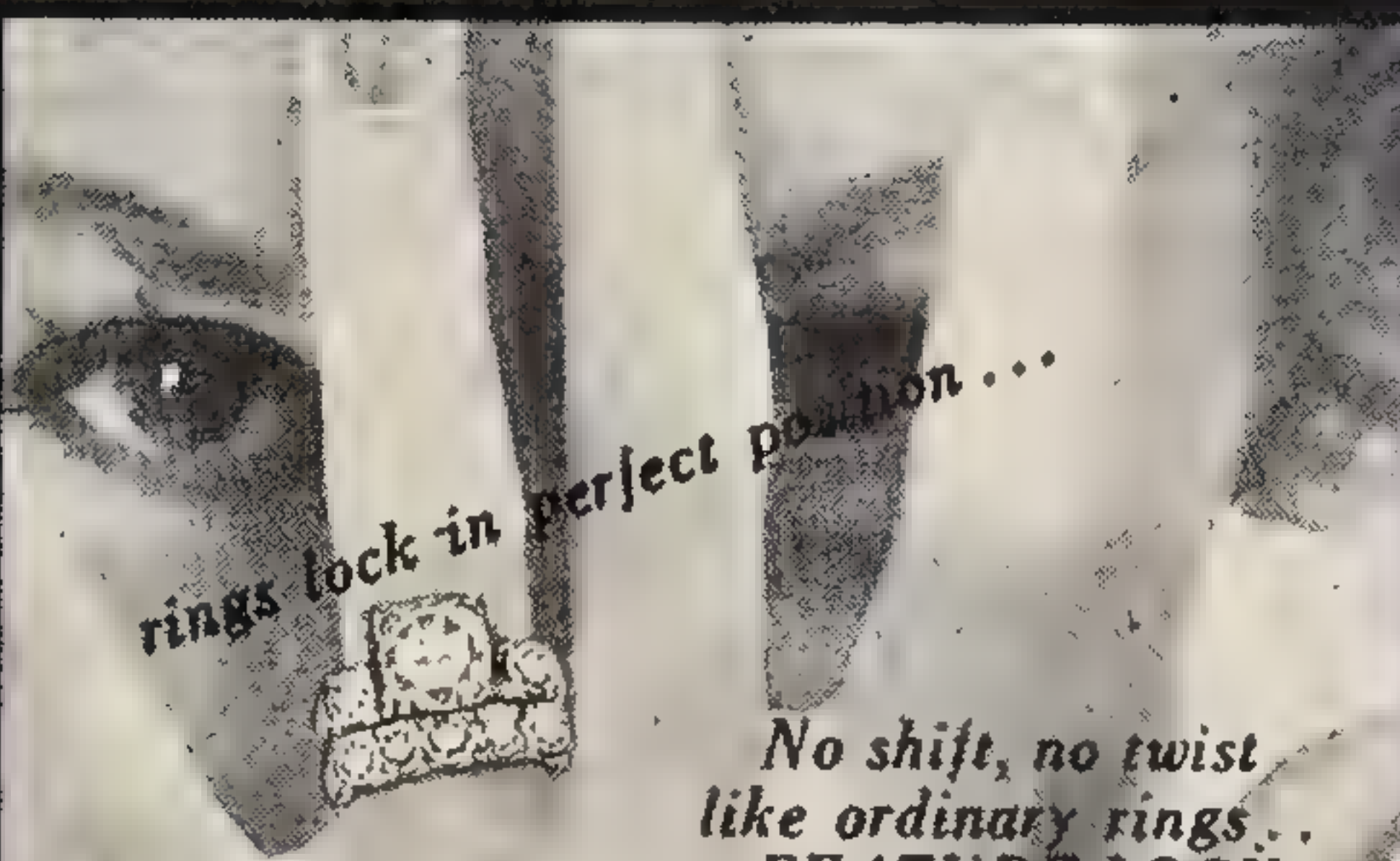


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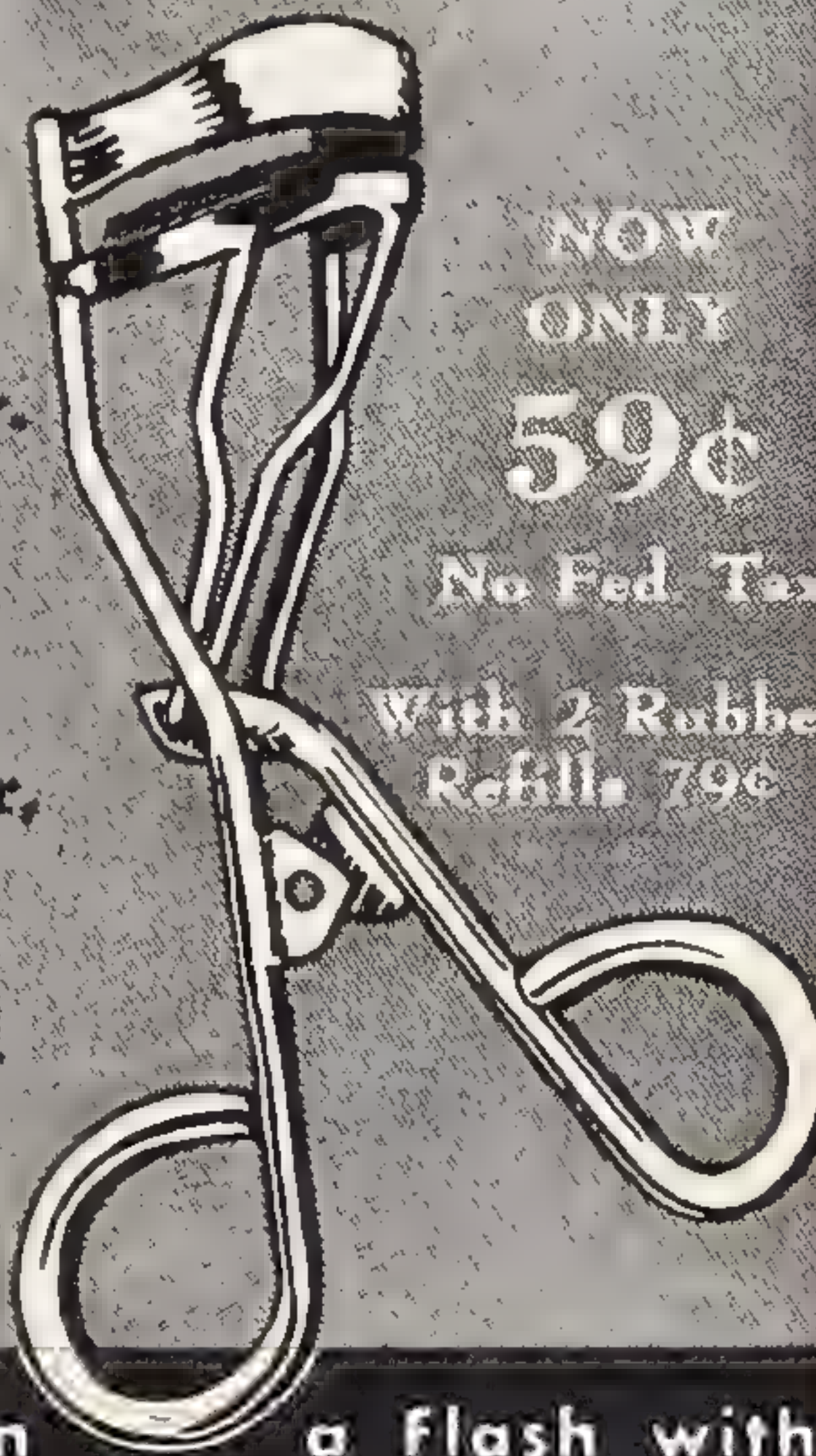
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point of view on the matter of marriage.

"Look," this man said, "the simple fact is that Joe is gone—head over heels—for this girl. He's in Flipsville! And I never saw him that way before. He'll do anything to keep that romance going."

"Do you think she'll be good for him?" he was asked.

"The guy's nuts about her!" said the fellow. "Who's to say what's good when it's a condition like that?"

These conversations with Joe DiMaggio and his friends and observers probe one side of the story—but they don't prove anything. Even those on the inside are guessing. So are Marilyn's intimates.

"I can't tell you," a columnist friend of Marilyn said recently, "I know her better than anybody in Hollywood. I see her every few days. I talk with her on the phone several times a week. I know most of her secrets. I know who she likes and who she doesn't like. I know her ambitions and her disappointments. But if my life depended on it right now I couldn't tell you if she is married to DiMaggio, or ever intends to marry him."

However, a close dissection of the Hollywood behavior of Marilyn Monroe and Joe DiMaggio, while it may not bring one to a proven conclusion as to their possible marriage, will at least show the pattern of their lives and bring you, for the first time, a clear view of the true picture.

The first thing to take into consideration is the residences of Marilyn and Joe. They both live in Hollywood, despite the belief of some writers that Joe actually resides in New York. Marilyn lives in a modernistic apartment close by the Sunset Strip, a building occupied in the main by middle-class, average-salaried folks like you and me. The Pinkertons themselves couldn't tell you where Joe lives. We asked a dozen people who should know and not one of them could give us an address. But that isn't terribly important, because Joe is where Marilyn is except when she's working or sleeping.

They act like married people, or at least like a couple going real steady. That means that they don't make dates. When she gets off work at the end of the day she heads like a pigeon for Joe.

Once home, she slips into an apron and begins opening cans and getting things ready for the big fellow's dinner, which she cooks with her own hands. The evenings they spend are as ordinary as a couple's in Oklahoma City. They sit and read, watch television or talk. When she's working Marilyn has to get to bed early, so Joe lets himself out and disappears.

This private, intimate part of their lives they share. But that's all. And difficult as the truth may be, it's all they can share. During the hours Marilyn has to spend at the studio she never sees Joe. No one can ever recall seeing him at her studio. And in the evening, on those occasions she has to attend premieres or parties or other public affairs, you'd think she never had a boy friend. She is escorted every time by a studio press agent or a columnist who is happily married and couldn't possibly be talked about. No eligible man ever takes her out—and studio press agents are forbidden to link her name with any other man in the gossip columns. Joe didn't even accompany Marilyn to a private party given Walter Winchell by the Los Angeles Press Club last summer—and Winchell is Joe's buddy.

Now this is a strange state of affairs, to be sure. But there are sound reasons for Marilyn's behavior, and Joe's reluctance to be seen with her in public. And these reasons exist in spite of the fact they're very much in love.

In the first place, Joe is jealous, which is only natural. There is a row if Marilyn

even looks at another man. A flow of hot words if a columnist even intimates she enjoyed being with another man. Marilyn changes her phone number so often that her own studio seldom knows it; and she does this not because she wants to hide from the world, but because she doesn't want any men friends calling.

Joe's jealousy, Marilyn's friends fear, may be the thing that will finally wreck their romance. Because, they say, he is now jealous of the leading men she works with. That is indeed a disastrous state of affairs in a business in which a girl has to spend a lot of hours in an actor's arms.

The other reason for Joe DiMaggio's reluctance to make a public display of his feelings for Marilyn Monroe is two-pronged. He is afraid of the publicity—and afraid, very afraid, of the attitude and actions of his former wife, Dorothy. You may recall that Joe dived into his shell the day Dorothy filed an action against him in the Los Angeles Superior Court a couple of years ago, charging him with allowing their son to cavort around a swimming pool with a fancy blonde while liquor was being served. At the same time, the former Mrs. DiMaggio asked for an increase in support money and alimony being paid her. Joe was vindicated, of course, and Dorothy was denied the increase, but Joe never got over the terror of having to appear in court and the resulting publicity from that appearance. He will give the girl up, most people say, before he'll go through it again.

Then there is Marilyn Monroe's side to the story. She is shy. There's no question about that. She likes the position of a movie star, although she is a little afraid of what it demands in the way of public demonstrations. But above everything else in the world Marilyn Monroe wants to be the biggest movie star the films ever had. Her career as an actress is the most important thing there ever has been or ever will be in her life. It is held by those who know her best that she would give up everything, up to and including Joe DiMaggio, if it interfered with her ambition to be these things.

Observers who have seen Marilyn and Joe DiMaggio together recently report that the greater regard is in Marilyn. That it is she who is the most desperately in love, and shows it in the way she looks at her man and treats him in public. They are poor observers. The only times they are seen together are the rare nights they eat out in some hide-away Italian cafe or a photographer-forbidden Hollywood restaurant. At these times Marilyn is "on" as they say in the profession. She's smiling and putting on a show. Joe isn't able to do that.

Marilyn is, of course, more than fond of Joe. But actually, if her feeling for him isn't static it may soon take the downgrade. And the complications we've told you about are solely responsible. She's a one-man woman, who would be very happy in a comfortable marriage if she didn't have to live like a character in a cloak-and-dagger opera. If and when she breaks with Joe DiMaggio it will be this charade that strikes the final blow. Her confidants know this to be true—and for some time have been waiting for that final blow to fall.

Looking at it from the outside, it doesn't seem to be a happy life for either Joe or Marilyn. But, as someone said a long time ago, things are seldom what they seem. And if Joe and Marilyn didn't like the status quo, they'd do something about it. They've both proved separately that they're strong enough to crack the whip and make life jump through hoops. So why not together? THE END

MOVIES

(Continued from page 16)

THE VILLAGE

(U. A.)

This story of Europe's war orphans doesn't match "The Search." But the authentic locale, an international children's home in Switzerland, lends conviction, and the children are appealing. The plot centers on a little girl (Krystina Bragiel) who's supposedly German—and therefore distrusted. She finds a champion in a Polish boy (Voytek Bolinsky). The weakest point is the love story linking two teachers: John Justin, almost a caricatured Britisher, and Eva Dahlbeck, a Polish girl.

Verdict: Sometimes affecting, overdone at other times (Family)

CRAZYLEGS, ALL-AMERICAN

(REPUBLIC)

The true-life history of an athlete draws heavily on news-reel shots for its big thrills. But Elroy Hirsch, star with the Los Angeles Rams, registers as a likable hero. Other members of the pro football team also play themselves, while Joan Vohs steps in to portray Elroy's wife, sweetheart of his school days. As the high-school coach who first spotted "Crazylegs'" talent, Lloyd Nolan narrates the grid star's progress and triumph over injury on the field.

Verdict: Modest, matter-of-fact (Family)

VEILS OF BAGDAD

(U-I, TECHNICOLOR)

Corruption and ambitious plotting in the ancient Persian court find a dangerous adversary when Victor Mature pretends to join the enemy camp. As right-hand man to the chief plotter (Guy Rolfe), Vic's in a strategic spot. He's aided by Mari Blanchard, who looks mighty lush in the role of a dancer with a score against the wicked rulers. But his situation's complicated when Rolfe's unhappy wife (Virginia Field) also falls for him.

Verdict: Lots of action and harem beauties, not much sense (Family)

VICKI

(20TH CENTURY-FOX)

A choppy and rambling whodunit focuses on Jean Peters as the victim, a successful model, and Jeanne Crain, as her more retiring sister. Head suspects are publicist Elliott Reid, actor Alex O'Arcy, columnist Casey Adams and bell-boy Aaron Spelling, all of whom were infatuated with Jean. Detective Richard Boone takes an obsessive interest in the case, trying to pin the murder on Reid. This is a remake of "I Wake Up Screaming," made in 1941 with Betty Grable and Victor Mature in the roles now played by Jeanne and Elliott. The first version indicated the suspenseful possibilities of the story, not realized here.

Verdict: Unmysterious mystery (Family)



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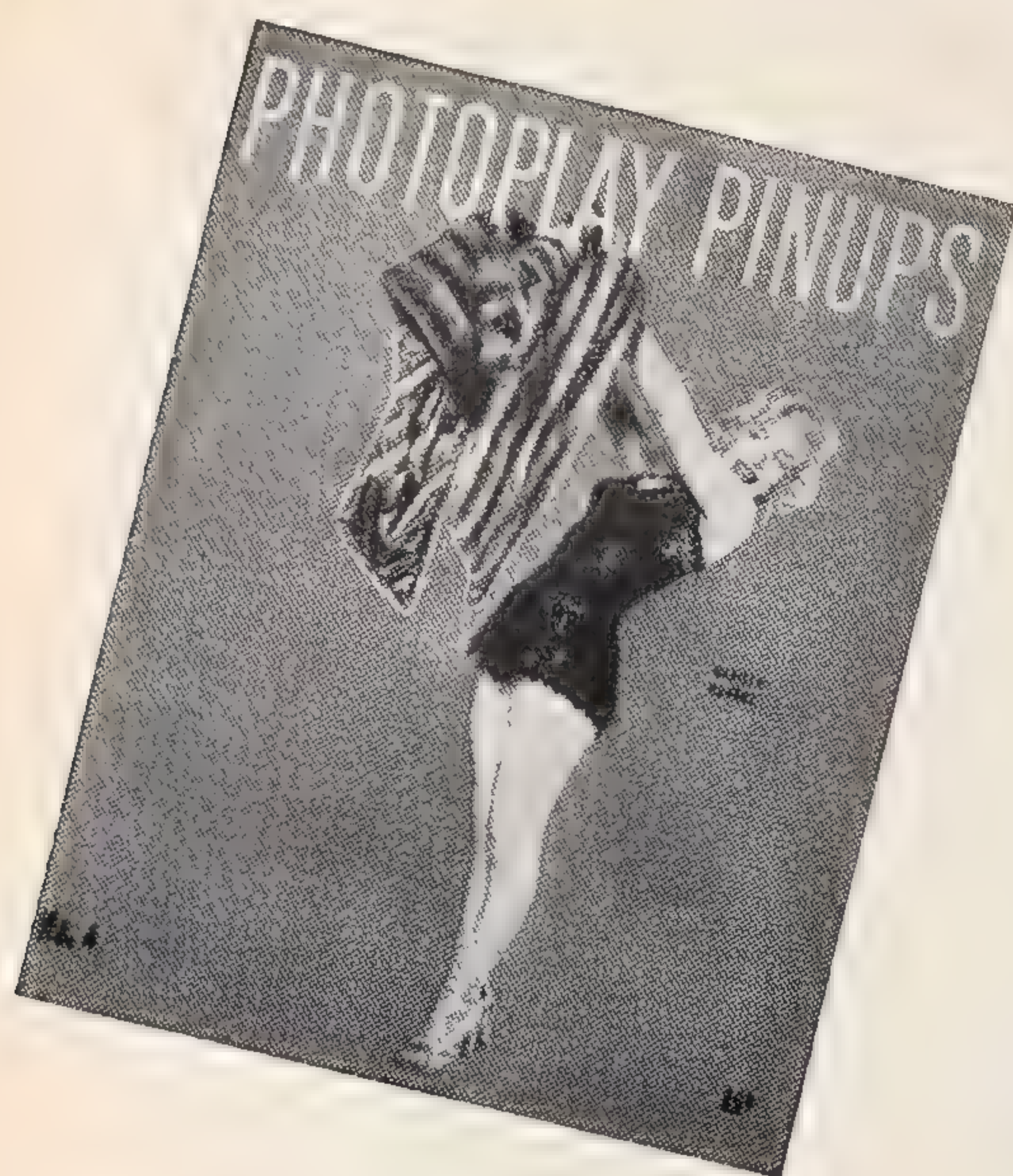
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Everything's Jake for Johnny

(Continued from page 51)

less innocent. John has had his cap set for a girl, and he's made no secret about it.

"I'm waiting for a girl," he told friends. "We're talking up a girl."

Not that Johnny is trying to influence his son, you understand, but at least once a day, he has had a heart-to-heart talk with Russ and asked him if he'd like a little sister.

The last time John asked Russ this question the boy replied:

"Yes, I'd like to have a little sister. I'd like Mommy to have one, too."

John's indoctrination has had a strange effect on Russ. He thinks that each time John asks if he'd like a sister, he's added another baby girl to his menagerie. Russ is very generous about the whole thing. He now goes around the neighborhood offering fresh little sisters to all his friends.

The problem of weaning Russell from his baby room has been handled by John with all the consummate masterminding of a military campaign.

"I think I've finally convinced him that it would be wise for him to decide on another room," Johnny says, "because he's getting to be a big boy now, and should have a big bed. I've got him to the point where he's agreed that only little babies should have little beds."

As for the baby, the Dereks have it all pretty nearly figured out.

"We're going to try to bring the baby into the world," John says, "without a lot of frills. None of the unnecessary things, just the vital things. In the beginning, we're not even going to have a bassinet. No kidding. They're impractical and they're just dust collectors, anyway. We're just going to put the baby in the crib Russ slept in for three years."

Johnny explained that there was also a psychological aspect to this which concerned Russell. He and Pati are taking every precaution to keep Russ from feeling abandoned or neglected and consequently building up a resentment against the baby.

"If you pile up a lot of frills and satins and laces for the baby," Johnny thinks, "and Russ goes on with the same wardrobe and no fuss or bother, and he has to sleep in another bed while we fix the baby up in a new bed, you know he's going to get his feathers ruffled and think we've let him down pretty badly."

What John and Pati figure on is giving the new baby to Russ as his very own.

"I think he'll take everything all right under those circumstances," John says.

Russ was born a month ahead of schedule, and his parents got caught with their nursery down, so to speak. They had deferred their baby shopping according to timetable, and the result was a frantic, last-minute shopping safari.

"There'll be none of that this time," John asserts. "We're buying the whole shebang, layette, the works. This time we've got it all beforehand. We're prepared."

But Pati hasn't been laden with knitting in the traditional fashion.

"There's no point to it," Johnny maintains. "You spend nine months knitting something. Then the baby wears it once, gets it dirty, you send it to the laundry, and you can't use it anymore."

John and Pati get along very well without making an issue of it. They seem to have an easy, happy and unlabored relationship. They are effortlessly nice to each other. There is a closeness there that cannot be denied.

The coming of the baby has cemented the bond between Johnny and Pati, and clearly gives the lie to the reports that

crop up now and then that they're not hitting it off too well. Johnny doesn't play coy about it, either. He knows the gossips have been at work, and he is willing to discuss it forthrightly.

"Sure we've had our arguments," he owns up as Pati nods. "We're two strong personalities. But we don't melt away over a difference of opinion. We might scrap one minute, but the next minute we don't even know what it was about. Nobody gets hurt—unless they stand outside the door and get their ears bruised."

While John insists that he doesn't pamper Pati in any way, it's more likely that he simply isn't aware of doing anything beyond the call of habit and decent instinct when he is considerate.

John and Pati and Russell constantly attend the Reseda and Van Nuys Drive-In Theatres in San Fernando Valley. They're there every time there's a change of program. And John has one idiosyncrasy when he attends drive-ins. He arrives early so he can park his Cadillac in a stall right next to the snack bar.

This isn't because John likes to watch the movie from that vantage point.

"It's just so Pati won't have to walk so far," he confesses sheepishly.

Someone asked John why he didn't take the station wagon to drive-ins instead of the Cadillac. His reply:

"The Caddy is more comfortable for Pati."

The fact remains, however, that for years it has been fashionable in Hollywood to feel sorry for John Derek. "Poor John" tales have been the vogue, and the crying towel has been out for him almost from the moment he first stepped before the cameras as an actor.

When John got his release from Columbia after completing "Mission Over Korea" there, jaded Hollywood gossips immediately began to feel sorry for him. But not John!

"Look at me," he says. "I've got a wonderful and beautiful wife, a wonderful and handsome son, and another baby on the way. I've got a swimming pool, a Cadillac, a station wagon, two fine German shepherd dogs that eat me out of house and home, an Arab stud colt named Faisal, a full-blooded horse named Wild Eye. And I'm finally my own boss!"

About his release, John is quick to set the matter straight. "It's not that I had anything against the studio. It's just that I've always felt better on my own. I asked for my release before—well, since four months after I finished 'Knock on Any Door'—but I was always turned down. This time they said okay, and I've never been happier."

"I may not know where the next picture is coming from, but the offers are coming from all directions. I'm doing 'Red Horizon' with Joan Evans, and I've had offers for independent pictures in Europe, Mexico and South America."

"I know just what I want, too. I want to show people that the John Derek face and name they know are not the only things I have. I want a chance to show a little emotion in my face; I want a story where you're called upon for some acting."

Many of the "Poor John" stories began with the illness of his son Russell.

"I deeply appreciate the fact people were concerned," John says. "I know a lot of people prayed for Russell when he was ill, and Pati and I were touched. But Russell is three now, and he's fine. You could drop him off the Empire State Building and he'd be all right."

There is another possible reason for the rash of sympathy for John Derek. He

arouses the mother instinct in women—when he is honest, they feel that he is hurt; when he confesses ambition, they weep that he is discontented, when he admits restlessness, they sob that he is despondent. Even his friends offend him with unwanted and unprovoked sympathy.

John was lolling around the house with Pati and Russ after winding up his role in "Mission Over Korea." A friend called him on the phone.

"What you been doing?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing much," John drawled. "Just working around the house."

By no stretch of an overworked imagination was John complaining about inactivity. He was merely taking it easy, by choice.

But his friend felt impelled to cheer him up.

"Don't take it too hard, John," he urged. "Things will be better."

This sort of thing happens all the time.

"Very often," John says, "people call me up and say too bad so-and-so got that part. They're dying to sympathize with me—when the truth is, I was never even up for the part!"

The minute John admits to anybody there's something he'd like to do that he's not doing at the moment they decide something is making him unhappy. Many of John's friends are top movie stunt men who work with horses, and he frequently spends time with them at Corrigan's Ranch, where they shoot a lot of Westerns and stage Wild West shows. One afternoon John confided wistfully to a cowboy friend, "Some day I'm going to fight a calf."

The cowpoke eyed John as if he'd gone bereft of his senses. "Why, you durn fool!" he snapped. "You've got what most guys would give two legs for."

John had said nothing about giving up movies—but just because he'd expressed an ambition to do battle with a calf, the cowboy assumed that he must be fed up with his lot as a screen star.

Johnny does plead guilty to many ambitions. He takes his profession seriously and wants to advance in it. He's realistic enough, and honest enough, to covet the rewards that come with advancement.

Both Johnny and Pati have been like a couple of enthusiastic kids about the new baby's coming. And after hours of discussion they decided it would have the same name, boy or girl.

"If it's a boy, we'll call him Sean," John decided. "If it's a girl, Shawn. They're spelled differently, but they sound exactly the same phonetically. And if the baby doesn't like it later, it's always easy to adopt a different nickname."

As to a new baby altering plans to take advantage of those picture offers abroad, John doesn't think so.

"Why should it?" he asks. "She'll be able to travel when she's four months old."

Boy or girl, the new Derek baby has an interesting life in store—possibly the most itinerant of Hollywood infants—diapered in Madrid, burped in Paris, tucked into bed in London.

But nothing pretentious. No frills, satins or laces. Just a devoted big brother and a couple of stimulating, adventurous and loving parents.

THE END

His Lady Is Lucky

(Continued from page 62)

rooming house, furious, when he heard about that. "If anybody tells an actor in my picture he's no good—it will be me. I've seen the rushes, and I'm sure you have a great future," he told Dewey. The way some people figure, "Hollywood's like a street fight—if you can sling mud the hardest, you'll win. But you have it, kid, and you'll get there."

What the director didn't know was that no "street fight" could have discouraged Dewey Martin. That was pretty tame stuff by this time. As for Hollywood, the former farmboy who'd hitched his pony to a cart and hauled trash every Saturday for the treasured dime to go to the movies, found it a wonder that he was even there.

Dewey's dad died during the depression "and things got so tough—my brother and I hired out to relatives to help them farm, until my mother could work and get us back together again." He worked for his uncle in Oklahoma during the big drought. "There wasn't any water. You drank water pumped from mud holes. It hit your stomach like lead."

When his mother could reunite the family, they moved to Long Beach, California. Dewey worked from 4:00 P.M. until midnight doing scrub work around a restaurant and from 5:30 until 7:00 A.M. at a service station, while attending school. When war broke out, he was determined, education or no, to be a Navy combat pilot. This too, he achieved the hard way. He burnt the midnight oil studying, and he was one of 200 enlisted men in the whole fleet who passed the special required exam that admitted them to flight school. Of his inherent drive, he says, "I'm not too proud of it. I envy people without it. They live longer."

But without it, Dewey Martin would never have made it in Hollywood.

It was during the war, when a USO unit of "Hamlet" came to Honolulu, that I "first

got the idea of becoming an actor." After the war, he worked up his own trucking operation, but his heart wasn't in it. "It kept eating on my mind—that I wanted to act. If I didn't try it, I'd be wondering the rest of my life if I'd made a mistake."

Trucker Martin got himself a theatrical magazine which listed all the summer stock companies, and one afternoon he sat down and wrote a letter to every one of them. "I got an answer from one in Maine, accepting me on the GI bill, as an apprentice. I rode a Greyhound bus for four days and four nights. I didn't even know upstage from downstage." Later, he moved to New York and continued his studies with a drama coach. But when some people driving to Beverly Hills offered him free transportation if he would help drive, he went along. He got a job ushering in a Hollywood theatre and finally, through a friend, got a reading at Paramount studio.

"I'd decided to make the big try. I had one good suit, a blue serge. Realizing I'd need an agent to represent me, I put on my blue serge one afternoon and walked in and out of every agent's office."

Dewey told them about his reading at Paramount, and one agent picked up the phone and called the talent department there. Then he hung up the receiver and said, "I think you're wasting your time." Dewey remembers how much that hurt.

Finally through another agent he got the reading that resulted in his part in "Knock on Any Door." And Director Nick Ray encouraged him to stick around. Dewey thought jubilantly, "Now I'm set—I have some film." Everybody he met had inquired whether he had "any film." As Dewey says now, "I was so set I didn't work for a year."

He worked at a service station, as an usher at CBS, and finally wrapping packages for a department store. He was still wrapping them when he got a call out of the blue one day to read and be inter-



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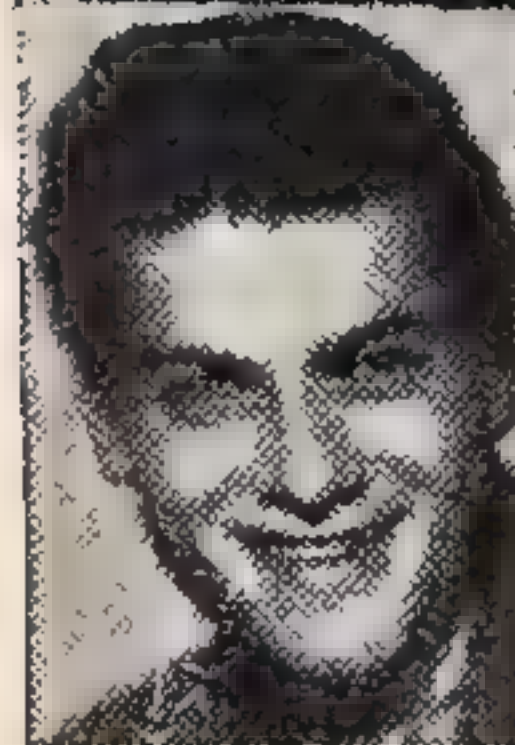
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viewed for a part in an important film. "Again I thought this is it. And again it wasn't," Dewey grins now.

Months went by; then he tested for "Teresa." Director Fred Zinnemann was enthusiastic but had to tell him reluctantly, "You aren't right for the part." However, Dewey's test was carefully included among others being run for studio executives one night. For two years producer Howard Hawks had been searching for the right actor for a property he owned, "The Big Sky." When they ran the rushes on Dewey's scene, he turned to an assistant excitedly, "There he is—there's Boone!"

"God bless that man," Dewey says now. To be Howard Hawks' discovery, to have this coveted role, to be co-starred with Kirk Douglas—this *must* be it. . . .

When he finished "Big Sky," Dewey Martin went to Sun Valley to do a skiing layout for a magazine, and he was doubly sure. Mardie Havelhurst, twenty-two, a lovely co-ed from Oregon State, was working there doing publicity, and she posed with him for the layout. She was fresh and unaffected, with expressive green eyes, a lilting laugh, and the most intriguing red hair he'd ever seen. "I flipped when I saw her cute poodle cut," says her husband, with a teasing glance in Mardie's direction.

Back in her home town, Portland, Oregon, Mardie had always been very popular. An outdoor girl, she was her father's favorite hunting and fishing companion. During the winter she attended Oregon State, majoring in music. Life was happy and full. Then one day while crossing the campus, chattering along with school friends, life seemingly stopped for her. It had been raining, and a prankish collegian, "a real ha-ha boy," suddenly jumped on Mardie's back to piggy-back across a mud puddle in front of them. "I went down. I don't remember what happened, until I came to in the hospital."

She had a crushed disc in her back. During anxious weeks that followed, specialists "didn't think I would ever walk again." They advised an operation immediately. "If you operate—what then?" Mardie asked, wanting and getting a straight answer. They couldn't guarantee she would walk, but. . . "And if you don't?" she asked. Then it would be up to God and time. "No operation," decided Mardie firmly.

"I was on a board, laid up for months," Mardie says now. "But she had the will to overcome it," Dewey adds proudly. Finally she walked again, then as she gained strength, became almost her active self again. She took a job at Sun Valley, and met Dewey Martin.

They posed for pictures by the ski lift. They swam. They danced in the "Ram Room." They went for a moonlight sleigh ride. And they fell in love. "Just all of a sudden, it happened," as Dewey puts it.

"As corny as this may sound—it did just happen," Mardie adds slowly. "It was as if we'd known each other years and years."

"I'd been such a lone wolf. I had no desire to get married or to be a family man. If I hadn't met Lucky, I still wouldn't be married," Dewey says.

They were married in the wedding chapel of the Flamingo Hotel in Las Vegas the day after the preview of "The Big

Sky," with Dewey's future glowingly forecast. It was at the preview that Mardie realized she'd fallen in love with a motion picture star. "I'd never seen him on the screen. I just couldn't realize the fellow up there was Dewey. It seemed so strange."

During their first year together however, with Dewey's mounting tension regarding his career, and with Mardie's difficulty in adjusting to her new surroundings, their marriage began to show strain. Dewey began to wonder whether he would ever work again. As for Mardie, the whole motion-picture business was confusing. "Lucky likes a normal home life. She didn't like living in a goldfish bowl."

"We'd lived such different lives," Mardie says now. "I'd always had my mother, my family and friends. Here I didn't know anybody, and I had nothing in common with the few people I did meet."

"Our family backgrounds were different too," Dewey adds. "Mardie comes from a Norwegian family, and she was used to a close, warm family life, with all the holiday touches and the friendly get-togethers. She's had to teach me to enjoy this. I'd always been afraid to like people."

"We've both made adjustments," Mardie says. "Dewey has so much drive; he gets so intense about things. I'm more lethargic. I'd just rather take things lah-de-dah. I'm sure this used to drive him crazy."

But their confined living was the greatest source of unhappiness for her. "I felt so caged up in an apartment, and it was getting the better of me—"

This changed when they found the redwood-and-glass modern cottage at Malibu, with a horizon all their own, and the blue Pacific with its changing moods and music at their front door. And as option time neared again, Dewey worked off his restlessness answering fan mail, working with the lobster traps, and exploring the beach with their boxer, Calypso.

Then suddenly any anxiety about his career or options was relatively unimportant. For Mardie found she was going to have a baby. Along with their natural joy, Dewey was concerned for her. For the hazards, the discomfort, that motherhood might mean for her. He felt easier when Mardie went to Portland to consult the family physician who was familiar with all the facts of her nearly fatal accident. With Mardie's aversion to goldfish bowls, Dewey was determined to keep this event, so sacred to them, out of the columns, if possible. And theirs was the best-kept secret in Hollywood.

With Fate's dramatic timing, Dewey got his release, and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer signed him to a long-term contract. They were starring him immediately in "The Tennessee Champ," to be followed by "Panther Squadron Eight."

"This is it, Lucky," Dewey said, facing the cameras again.

But he'd never known more surely than that moment, that the kid from Katemcy who'd searched for security all his life, found it when he met his Lucky. And that gold halo he'd fancifully envisioned for movie stars belonged on Mardie's own shining red hair. Success, as such, would be measured by their happiness together.

This, finally, was it. THE END

Read what Hedda Hopper has to say on
WHY THOSE TORRID HOLLYWOOD ROMANCES BURN THEMSELVES OUT
In January Photoplay on sale December 9

Cease Fire!

(Continued from page 33)

The New York altercation had started weeks earlier—and in England, actually, not in New York. Frank had flown over to join Ava, who was then still working on "Knights of the Round Table." The picture was almost finished, except for a few last-minute shots which were still to come.

Frank, who had made his rush flight before starting personal appearances in the States had to be back in time to open in Atlantic City. He had no choice in the matter. And he wanted Ava, who was idle for a few days before her final scenes were to be made, to return with him, spend those few days here, and then go back to England again to wind up her picture.

But that, she said, she couldn't do. Instead, she went to Spain to rest. And Frank, who felt that it wouldn't have been any more tiring for Ava to fly to New York than to Spain, returned—alone and hurt.

Each thought the other was inconsiderate, unreasonable.

And when Ava did return to the States shortly afterwards, still piqued, she didn't cable Frank that she was coming. Result: He wouldn't phone her to welcome her back. And she, of course, wouldn't get in touch with him.

They stayed in separate hotels, each waiting for the other to give in—and neither making any effort to make the first peace gesture.

This all coincided with Frank's opening at the Riviera, the night club that hangs high over the Hudson on the Jersey shore, looking across at the dazzle of Manhattan. His reception there was tremendous. Following immediately on his sensational acting success in "From Here to Eternity," it was proof conclusive that the little guy everybody had been worrying about was anything but through.

The place was jam-packed with celebrities on opening night. Everybody who was anybody was there—everybody, that is, except the one celebrity who mattered most to Frank: Ava Gardner. She was off seeing the opening of a Broadway show.

Frank, who had keyed his program to her, who had sung songs with lyrics like, "Why try to change me now . . . I was always your clown . . ." was crestfallen.

Newspapers made much of the public snub. Columnists leaped with zeal on this latest episode in the turbulent Gardner-Sinatra marriage. And close friends—and some not so close—tried to bring about a reconciliation.

One well-known commentator went so far as to try to stage a patch-up over a national hook-up on his TV show. He lined Frank up, telling him he wanted to ask him some questions on the air about his role in "From Here to Eternity," and then he mentioned in passing that he thought "it would be nice if Ava could be there too." Then he went to Ava herself. The recalcitrant wife was more recalcitrant than ever. She refused, in no uncertain terms. "This is a personal matter," she said. "It's my marriage—and my life—and it has nothing at all to do with your show."

The actual reconciliation came about through a series of steps, the first of which was a small dinner party given by Frank's mother in her New Jersey home. She and Ava are close friends, and she knew that if she invited her sultry daughter-in-law to a home-cooked Italian meal, Ava would not refuse. Nor, of course, would Frank.

Ava, the story goes, sat in the Sinatra dining room nervously, waiting for Frank to arrive. He did, but only for a short while, rushing in between his Riviera shows. If they left together that evening, inside sources neglected to mention it.

In the meantime, their closest friends

were appealing to them, reminding them how deeply they both love each other, pointing out that no love as great as theirs deserved to be sacrificed for childish pride. And in a few days, all was well.

Ava appeared at the Riviera for the first time, and Frank jubilantly sang twenty-four love songs with scarcely a pause for breath. Immediately thereafter, they moved into that large hotel apartment.

It was then that Ava told friends that the only thing in the world she wanted was to be with Frank and that, as far as she was concerned, her career—if she was to have one at all—was definitely going to play second-fiddle to his.

She talked happily of Frank's visit to Africa when she was there shooting "Mogambo" with Clark Gable, and with affectionate wifely pride told of the shower Frank had built for them there.

"Before he arrived," she smiled, "we were using those canvas folding tubs, and taking a bath was something of a production. But he was wonderful. He tricked up a rubber hose, made a top for it out of an old tin can he found around, and punched holes in it so it would spray. Then he attached the whole thing to a thingamajig so it would reach the outlet for the water. He even built a platform to stand on."

And she spoke a little sadly of the London apartment that had been meant to be a home. "You see," she said, "we wanted a place to live—a real place, with a kitchen. Frank went over when I was still in Africa, and he hunted and hunted. You know, places in London are still hard to find. But this one was big—and did the trick."

Or almost did the trick, she might have added. She and Frank were happy there, when they both happened to be there at the same time. For the most part, Ava said, "We just stayed home. We didn't do much gadding about, just kind of sat around and let ourselves be ourselves."

But their separate commitments kept them apart too much of the time. And the beginning of that big blow-off came in that very "home."

Now, however, it looks as though things might have simmered down to stay. Frank's career is booming as it never has before. He is bombarded with personal appearance and TV offers, and he can pick and choose between several plum movie roles. As things look now, he will probably go right into Elia Kazan's independent production of New York waterfront life, unless he's rushed first into Twentieth's "Pink Tights" opposite Marilyn Monroe. Or Columbia may win him over with their offer for him to do "Pal Joey." And after that, he's slated to co-star with Ava—a longtime dream for them both—in M-G-M's "St. Louis Woman."

Ava, in the meantime, is just sitting tight. When she left Europe, she was considering going back very soon to make any one of several foreign films that had been offered her. But the new status has made her turn thumbs down on all such propositions.

The only thing that will take her abroad and away from Frank now, she says, is an absolute irrevocable order from M-G-M, to whom she is under contract. And then, she adds in a quiet voice, if she were to become pregnant (which is what she wants above all things), she would go on suspension to stay at Frankie's side.

But that, for the moment, is in the realm of speculation. What is not is that Ava and Frank are happier than anyone has seen them for a long time. And nobody is rooting harder for that happiness to stick than Ava and Frank themselves. THE END

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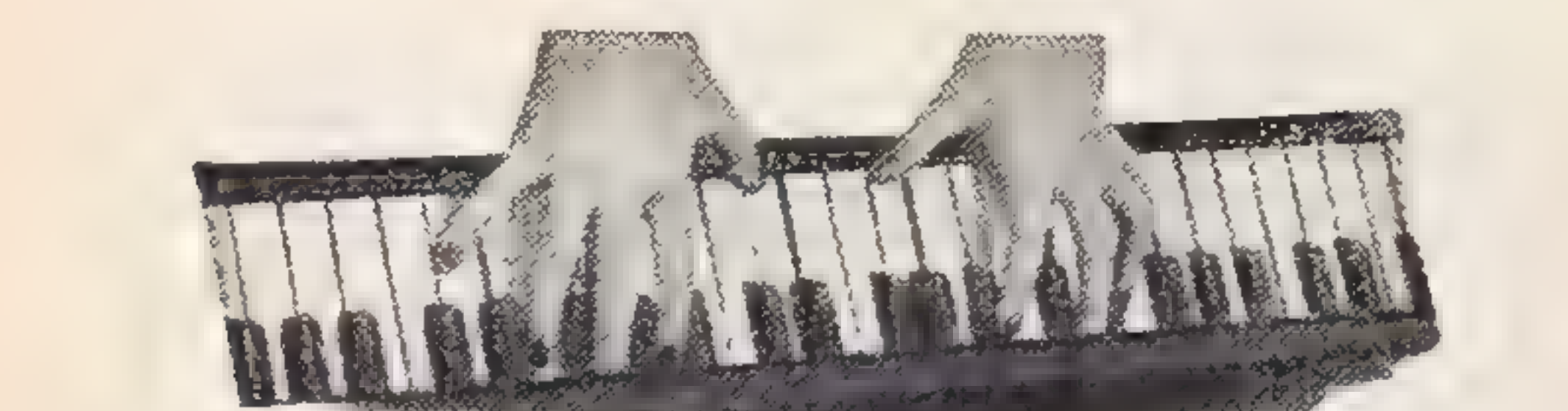
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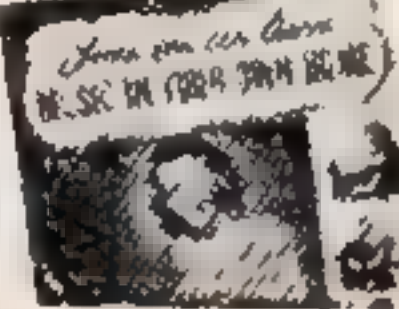
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You Chose These Stars

(Continued from page 44)

But there were many steps in between. "You could live on twenty-five dollars a week then—if you had friends. And I was lucky that I did. I worked as secretary for Gene Loring at the American School of the Dance, for my dancing lessons. I charged my singing lessons—the coach believed in me. So did my drama coach, fortunately. And Odette and her husband saw that I didn't go hungry."

Dick's resourcefulness and versatility began paying off before too long. Gene Kelly called the dance studio one day, said they were auditioning dancers at M-G-M for "Take Me Out to the Ball Game." As Loring's secretary, Dick took the call, and said he would announce the auditions at school. "Why don't you go yourself?" Loring asked. He did, and he was chosen. "As it turned out, they didn't use the number, but as a result of this, I got my guild card."

He blessed his stretch as a lifeguard back home in Jacksonville when a call came for an Esther Williams picture. "They wanted dancers who could swim," he says. "I had a solo number with Esther. I danced out on the diving board and did a twenty-four foot leap into the water. I got sinus trouble—and the scene was cut out."

"Then Paramount wanted an actor who could row a boat to double in 'A Place in the Sun.' They got 9,000 feet of film of me rowing a boat—I got a stiff shoulder."

For Dick, the last three years at Twentieth Century-Fox have brought invaluable experience. His biggest thrill? "I think working with Susan Hayward in 'With a Song in My Heart.'" His toughest moment? The scene in "Niagara" in which, as Marilyn Monroe's lover, he plans a murder.

Today Dick Allan is concentrating on his voice. His coach, Minneletha White, who has coached so many of Hollywood's famous, describes it as "a tenor with meat," equally effective at crooning or really belting them out. She says, "He's the greatest combination of talent in the business."

Unmarried, Dick prefers well-groomed girls with the "scrubbed" look. "When I worked as a waiter in the sorority house, I saw girls coming down to breakfast with their hair in curlers and no make-up. And that's all right. I don't look like a rose myself in the morning. But their faces were washed and shiny—and they looked good to me." But as for matrimony, "I just don't think you can work at a career as hard as I have to work at mine now and have a successful marriage too."

With that, Ireland's shy beauty, Audrey Dalton, wouldn't agree. Newly married, Audrey has stars in her eyes as to her future. Neither her growing career at Paramount, nor the fact that she was in America on a working permit, could discourage her from marrying blond, clean-cut Jim Brown not long after they met. "And marriage doesn't change your status in the country," Audrey explains, "except to get you a visitor's visa. Mine will be up in March."

However, with the faith of the Irish—and those so in love—she believes it will work out. She admits she was impressed by her husband first "I think, because he did most of the talking, and let me sit quietly. American men like to talk," she twinkles, with a hint that the Blarney Stone may be in the wrong place.

Working in "Casanova's Big Night" with Bob Hope, who is also somewhat talkative, was thus a double pleasure. "When I first came, he called me 'A little Lipton tea bag.' I thought he would be making wisecracks all during the picture, but he's been very sweet," she said. "My

difficulty is keeping a straight face working in a scene with him."

She's a real Irish beauty, Audrey Dalton. "Nineteen and a half," years old she tells you. Although her father is a distributor for Sam Goldwyn in London, Audrey had no aspirations toward movies and was studying for the theatre when Paramount discovered her and brought her to Hollywood. She is both touched and surprised to find herself so warmly welcomed by PHOTOPLAY readers. "I never thought anything like this would happen," she says.

Our men? "Well, men are rather like men the world over," she smiles. "American men have a wonderful sense of humor and it's easy to make small-talk with them. They like to talk a lot." And that's fine, because Audrey's a girl who loves to listen.

Easy to listen to—and to look at—is Hollywood's newest heart-breaker, Byron Palmer, with his black curly hair, laughing blue eyes, dashing charm, and, temporarily, a dashing moustache. "That's for 'The Man in the Attic,' in which I play a Scotland Yard inspector," he explains.

It's been a hard climb for Byron, via radio, musical comedy, summer stock, and Broadway, to today's Twentieth Century-Fox success. Take his word for it. "It's even tougher when Hollywood's your home town. You can live in the shadows of the studios forever and they can't see you."

That Byron's dad is Judge Harlan Palmer, influential citizen, and publisher of the Hollywood Citizen News, opened no doors for him. On the contrary "From the beginning," says Byron, "my dad and I made a pact that I would ask no help from him. And I wanted it that way too."

When he was mentioned in Ed Sullivan's syndicated column for his performance in the Broadway hit, "Where's Charley?" his dad had his name deleted, lest anybody think he was publicizing his own son. That made it mean all the more to Byron, when as they were leaving the theatre, following the preview of "Tonight We Sing," his dad said, "You were good, boy, very good." He smiles when he says, "My mother voted for me in PHOTOPLAY's contest, I'm sure."

This handsome eligible is attracted to girls with "Sincerity, a sense of humor, and a zest for living. That's so important." And the little lady nearest his heart, is his daughter, Linda Lou, seven, of whom he says, "She's the light of my life, with zest to spare." Almost every Sunday you'll find them aboard a roller coaster and "all the other rides I can fit into."

Divorced, Byron's batching in a tiny "continental type cottage" high up in Laurel Canyon "right on top of the lights." This, for Byron Palmer is a welcome and a well-earned view. "Looking out over this tremendous sprawling city," he says, "you realize how insignificant you are."

That she's "any part of it at all" frankly amazes nineteen-year-old Pat Crowley, despite the raves for her performance in Paramount's "Forever Female." "I didn't think I'd try pictures for a long time," she says. "I was working in television and summer stock, getting more experience. Movies are the dream of every girl, of course—your aim—but I didn't think I was ready. I didn't want to come out and be a big flop."

The daughter of a former Oliphant, Pennsylvania, coal-mining foreman, Pat could be any college girl, with her freshness, her zest, her interested hazel eyes, and her young, simple hair-do.

She made her first appearance on Broadway at thirteen—"A walk-on in the first act. I had to be home by nine—" when her famous musical-comedy star sister, Ann, was doing the second lead in "Carousel." But Pat really fell in love with

acting later on, in summer stock. "There was such a warm feeling of fellowship," she puts it, "with everybody kind and helping everybody else."

Her first Broadway lead was in "Southern Exposure," in the part of "a very sexy belle, over-exposed. In one scene I just wore a slip. My mother was so embarrassed."

Pat had always anticipated the excitement of an opening night "with tons of flowers and crowds rushing backstage to congratulate you, but just my family, the three of them, filed slowly back to my dressing room. They wanted to ship me off to Siberia that night before the reviews came out, but mine were real nice." The play was a flop, but Pat won the Theatre World Award, although, as she says, "My father will never understand how. He still thinks I was pretty horrible."

She was a successful television actress with some 500 shows behind her, when Paramount's New York office called about the reading for "Forever Female." "It was just a routine call. I didn't care too much either way—and I didn't think I had a chance anyway. Luckily nobody told me much about the picture. If I'd known that Bill Holden was going to be in it, I would have just died, exclamation point."

She modestly dismisses the fact that she got the part with, "I was just the type I guess. I'm a lucky girl and I know it." But despite the raves for her performance, Pat was a great disappointment to herself at the preview. "I loved the picture. I thought Ginger Rogers was wonderful, but I was just kind of nothing."

Describing herself as a "fiend for clothes," she prefers black and white, but bows often to pink because says she, "Pink is the color men love. Pink and high heels, it seems. I wear high heels too and they kill me, but I'll suffer. Men? I think they're all dolls, exclamation point."

And that sums up the feminine reaction to M-G-M's handsome Carlos Thompson, judging by what you hear at home, and by the international sighs which followed him around Europe during the production of "The Flame and the Flesh," in which he co-stars with Lana Turner and Pier Angeli. Producer Joe Pasternak, confident that Carlos will take his place among the great leading men, reports the gals' eyes followed him from London to Rome. "They were always asking, 'Who is he?'"

He's Juan Carlos Mundanschaffter, son of a South American newspaper man. He was torn between writing and acting, when Yvonne De Carlo (whose name as well as Piper Laurie's has been linked romantically with his) discovered him at a film festival and persuaded him he belonged in Hollywood.

Although it's her home town, it took some persuading too, to convince nineteen-year-old Charlotte Austin that she belonged in motion pictures. But Charlotte convinced all of Hollywood when she substituted for Marilyn Monroe in a test scene for "How to Marry a Millionaire," filmed to demonstrate CinemaScope. After the showing, producers, directors and exhibitors were all asking each other, "Who is that girl?"

And although "that girl" grew up under their creative noses, with no movie aspirations, she admits she helped finance the Hollywood run of her first picture, "Rainbow Round My Shoulder," when it played the Pantages Theatre. "Imagine paying to see it four times," she laughs. "But it was like watching somebody else."

Her father is very happy and proud. "He's never pushed me, but I think he always knew I would wind up in the business some day," she says, and with all the big plans Twentieth has for Charlotte, Hollywood is her blue heaven today.

It's heaven now too for nineteen-year-old, dark Race Gentry—and strictly from out of the blue. Because agent Henry Willson and Director Raoul Walsh thought he looked like Rock Hudson, John Papira, son of an Italian-born jewelry manufacturer, finds himself in motion pictures today. The fabulous fan mail which followed his initial screen role, and the small picture of Race which appeared subsequently in PHOTOPLAY, resulted in a long-term-contract at Universal-International. Letters palpitated in from Spain, England, Holland, Italy—and all over America. As one girl wrote, "We think you're calm, cool—and wow!" Race still can't understand it. "I didn't think I'd get any mail at all." But the letters kept coming, and they're still coming.

As friendly and down-to-earth as he is good-looking, Race is single and star-bound. "I haven't thought about getting married—guys really don't, I guess," he grins. He's just finished a small part in "Fort Laramie," with John Payne, and his studio evidently has big plans for a Western build-up a la those given Tony Curtis and Rock Hudson, because they instructed him recently, "Let your hair grow."

Pretty Kathleen Crowley blesses her romantic role in a Western, "The Silver Whip," with Dale Robertson, Bob Wagner, and Rory Calhoun, for introducing her to the fans. "I didn't think I'd have a chance in this contest. I have such a lump in my throat. I can't tell you. It means so much—" And she's sure it means a lot to those gathered around the pot-belly stove in the general store in Green Bank, New Jersey, too. "They have such faith in me, the people back home," Kathleen says mistily. Certainly the good news couldn't have come at a more opportune time, for she was one of 1,000 people recently dropped by Twentieth Century-Fox because so few pictures were being made.

"It was quite a blow, but I've had worse blows than that. I really had it in New York. Whenever it's tough here, all I have to do is just remember the days I lived on bouillon cubes and grapefruit there." Since she's been free-lancing, Kathleen's scored in "Sabre Jet," done five television films, is set for the romantic lead in Preston Foster's TV series, "Water Front," and now knows she has PHOTOPLAY's readers pitching for her too. "When you want to badly enough, you'll get there," she says.

And this, Rick Jason, who was so impressive as Cyd Charisse's lover in M-G-M's "Sombbrero," could echo. Born in the "silver spoon set," Rick turned down an easy berth on Wall Street to work his way as an actor. While attending the American Academy of Dramatic Art and "making the rounds," he washed dishes, worked as a hotel clerk, and as a stock boy at Macy's department store. He won raves for his performance in "Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep" starring Fredric March on Broadway, and after months of inactivity in Hollywood, won the fans in "Sombbrero." Whatever the challenge of the future, Rick has no regrets about foregoing the sanctuary of the silver spoon. "It was the best thing that ever happened to me. To learn about people—and how to get along in the world—and the value of a buck."

Learning about American people, the warmth of the fans' reception, has touched Hollywood's newest Cinderella star, Brussels-born Audrey Hepburn, so royally welcomed after "Roman Holiday." Tall, willowy, exotic-eyed, with an unusual gamin type of beauty, Audrey's a little overwhelmed by it all. Just arrived back in Hollywood for "Sabrina Fair," Audrey had been out looking for an apartment all day, when she stopped by a public phone booth and called her agent at M.C.A. on some

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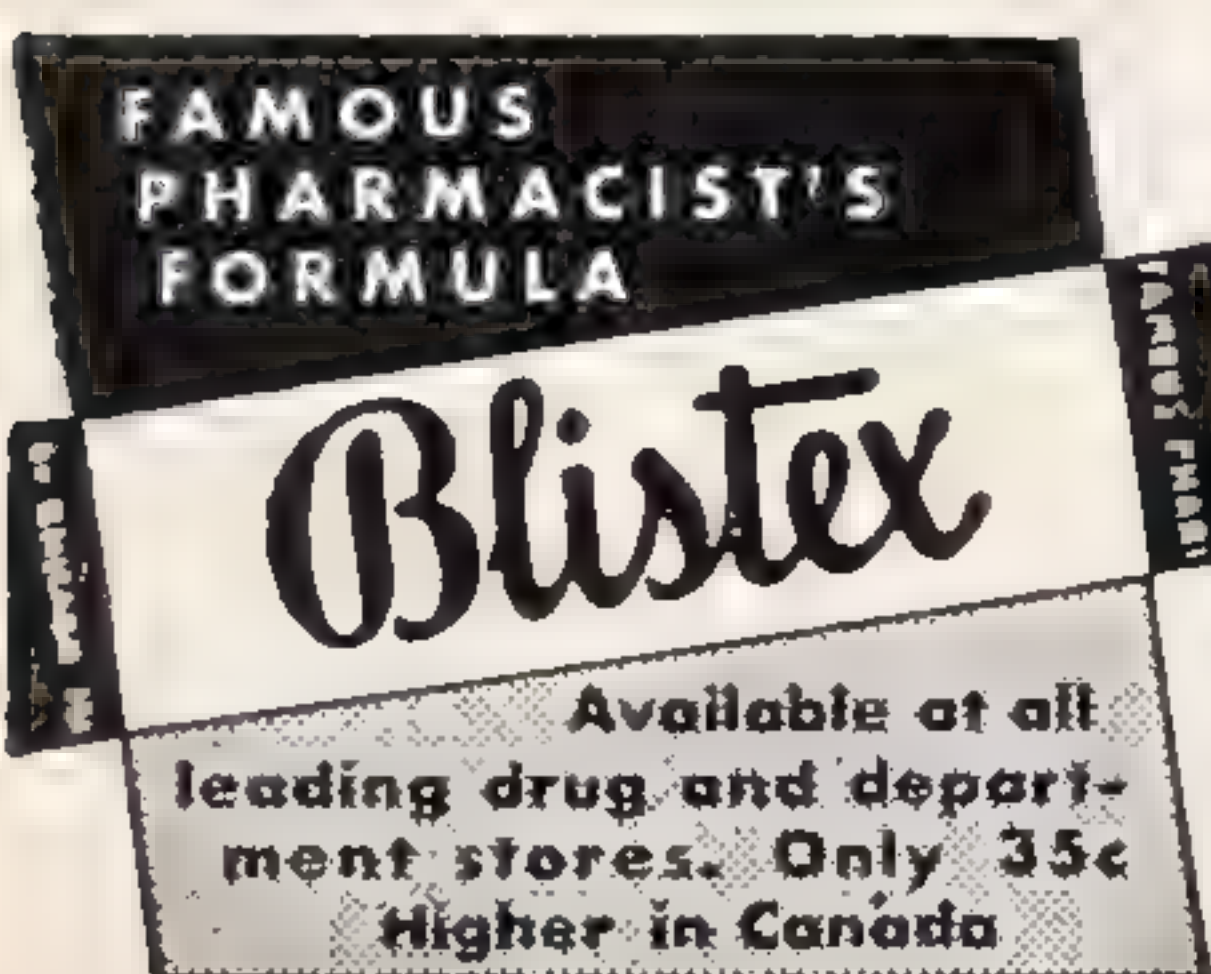
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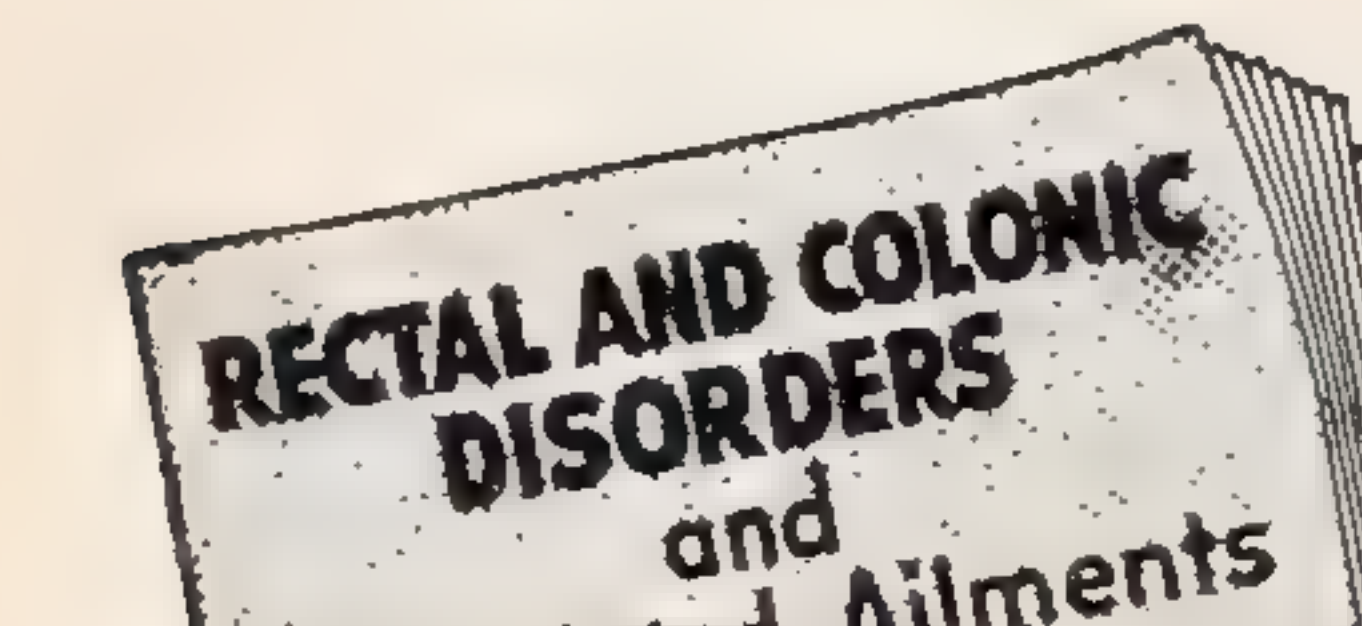
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routine business. He told her then that she'd been chosen by the readers of PHOTOPLAY. All he heard was a happy husky throaty squeal at the other end of the line.

"I'm simply delighted," she said when she regained her speech. The acclamation, the fans, the photographers flashing at her, the microphones thrust out to her—"all this is a tremendous responsibility," she says. "I'll have to work very hard as an actress to live up to it."

That happy surprise is duplicated by little Irish Maggie McNamara, who heard the good news when she returned from Rome and the location of "We Believe in Love," her first starrer under her new Twentieth Century-Fox contract. She was a little amazed that she was chosen on the merits of just one picture, "The Moon Is Blue,"—or perhaps on its demerits, depending on the point of view.

"To think—my first picture banned . . . this is very flattering!" Maggie says gleefully. "Although I don't know why. I was under the impression that I was being very demure and sweet through the whole thing. After all, nothing happened. She only talked. And talked. And talked—"

As cute as she has been controversial, Maggie McNamara is five-foot-two and size seven, with dark hair caught up in a way she describes as "I just boop it up on my head," and Irish blue eyes with the longest eyelashes ever. Married to David Swift, famous in his own right as the writer of television's successful "Mr. Peepers" show, they live in an apartment near Twentieth Century-Fox studio. Her contract allows her to do a play after two years, and she probably will. "I love California—and the climate is better for me," she says, "but I like the excitement and challenge of New York too. An actress needs the testing of the stage."

And New York can test you thoroughly as many of today's winners, including Bobby Van, Ben Cooper, and Joan Vohs, can well affirm. Bobby Van, son of a New York choreographer, fronted his own band, danced, sang, acted. When he made a hit on Broadway in "Red, White, and Blue," he was signed by M-G-M. He was immediately teamed with Jane Powell and Debbie Reynolds, and his production numbers are being widely acclaimed in "Kiss Me Kate." Lauded as the "second Ray Bolger," Bobby's quick to say, "There's only one Bolger. Who needs another?"

At twenty, Long Island's Ben Cooper is a veteran of Broadway with three years' duty in "Life with Father," some 3,000 radio shows and 750 live TV shows to his credit. Today, he's zooming to stardom at Republic studio, where he's slated for an important role in Joan Crawford's "Johnny Guitar." At the moment, Ben's working with John Derek in "Red Horizon," for which he perfected a lightning draw. Also, when pressed, he can favor with a few slow chords on the guitar. "I'm the heavy—that's what these are for," he explains, of the sprouting sideburns. "I like playing a young heavy. I don't want to play 'the boy next door.'" Thrilled about being a winner, he says, "I'd like to meet every person who voted for me."

So would lovely blonde Joan Vohs, also from Long Island. "I've watched the contest ever since I've been out here. I thought maybe some day I might get in. And I was so hoping I would win," says Joan. Acclaimed Hollywood's first "Three-D" girl, when she starred in "Fort Ti," she has all the dimensions for stardom.

At sixteen she was the youngest Rockette in the Roxy line, she did a specialty dance in "Oklahoma," she was in "Follow the Girls," and her performance in "Parlor Story," with Walter Abel, got her a Warner Brothers contract. They wired her

to rush to the coast for an important part in a picture. Cancelling a farewell party, Joan loaded her mother and sister and cocker spaniel into the car and headed West. But the part didn't materialize.

"I got here just when the studio shut down and they began dropping people. Big names too. I was pretty heartbroken. Dad was planning on joining us out here when I got going. I'm still trying to get us all together again. I wouldn't quit after I got dropped. I got kind of determined."

Determined too, was Salt Lake City's young dynamic Keith Larsen, today the fair-haired boy at Allied Artists, the star of "Son of Belle Starr," "War Paint," and now co-starring with Sterling Hayden in "Arrow in the Dust." All this in addition to starring in his own CBS television show, "The Hunter Series." But his was quite an obstacle course. After a wearying eighteen months recuperating from war wounds—"I got it in the Aleutians"—came more months equally wearying, just missing the part or the contract in Hollywood. Finally Keith bought a one-way-ticket to Europe, checked in on the Left Bank in Paris—"I had to learn French fast—I only had \$75—" got his start in films there. Eventually he connected with "the greatest guy in the world," Producer Walter Mirisch, and an Allied Artists contract. His best performance off-screen is persuading New York actress Suzanne Ta Fel (they met on his TV show) to forsake showbusiness and think only of him. "It's such a tough thing for girls. Don't you think fifty per cent of them are only working because they haven't found the right guy?" Keith grins.

Certainly, dark-haired hazel-eyed, sexy-voiced Joanne Gilbert wouldn't agree. During the last exciting year, Joanne has found her "right guy," Danny Arnold, clever Martin and Lewis writer, as well as her own success at Paramount studio. Following her role in "Red Garters," she's moving on up to the stardom for which her Mocambo smash was a prologue.

This last year also made some changes in the life of Chuck Connors. Baseball's personality boy, he's as quick with a quip as he is with a catch, and he's suddenly stepping into the major league as an actor. "I've been so lucky and I'm so grateful," he says now. First discovered by M-G-M's talent king, Billy Grady—"he was an Angel fan—he got a kick out of my antics on the field—" Chuck was given a part in "Pat and Mike" with Spencer Tracy at M-G-M. Before he tested later for "South Sea Woman," Burt Lancaster, he says, "took me aside for an hour and rehearsed with me. Burt's a baseball fan—and he's from New York, as I am." Chuck, now featured in "Dragonfly Squadron" at Allied Artists, says, "I always liked this business, even as a baseball player."

Young Natalie Wood is a Hollywood veteran of some ten years' standing, beginning with her portrayal of Orson Welles' little German refugee in "Tomorrow Is Forever" at U-I. "I had to speak English with a German accent, and I couldn't even read. My sister read the lines to me and I memorized them," she recalls now. In the years that followed, the child star was applauded in "Miracle on 34th Street," "The Blue Veil," "The Star," "Just For You"—and many more. Now Natalie's starring in "Pride of the Family," a television series with Fay Wray on ABC. "I'm a typical teenager, and I'm supposed to be *eighteen*. It's the first time I've ever played an *older girl*. I'm so happy!" says Natalie. And she's still starry-eyed about the proposals of marriage and letters she got from Korea GI's and others around the world, after a small picture of her appeared in PHOTOPLAY. "One boy named his fighter plane for me."

And they all think I'm older. One of the boys is sure I'm *twenty* years old!" As for being a winner, she says, "This is the *most*. All the kids at Van Nuys High must have voted for me."

"Well—I'll be!" former San Francisco opera star, Joan Weldon, said happily, when told she'd won. Her terminology was not that customarily associated with arias. But then neither is Joan's career at Warner Brothers studio, where she just finished co-starring with Guy Madison in "Rear Guard." "It's a Western—but a different kind of Western. A good break for me, and Guy and James Whitmore and Harvey Lembeck, were so wonderful to work with. So much fun." Joan's grandmother—"She's 73, the only family I have—" lives in San Francisco and is so proud of her. There's only one thing she can't understand, and that's why Joan keeps moving so often. But it seems that neighbors, who pay good money to hear her sing on the screen in "So This Is Love," complain to the landlord of her apartment house with, "Can't something be done about that *girl*?" when she warms up her voice at home. "Do you know of an apartment? I'm being evicted again," she laughs.

Twenty-eight-year-old Bill Hayes came out of the Midwest—Harvey, Illinois—to the entertainment world, where he is active in movies, TV and the theatre. On Broadway, he's currently singing "No Other Love" in "Me and Juliet." After attending DePauw University and Northwestern, Bill took up the struggle to gain recognition as a singer, and for moral support he married Mary Lorraine Hobbs in 1947. Win fame as a singer Bill did, and he's set as a father, too, with three children—Carrie, Billy and Cathy. Since "Me and Juliet" is in for a long, long run in New York and on the road it's unlikely you'll be seeing Bill in movies for a couple of years.

Peter Baldwin, of "Stalag 17," a native of Rock Hudson's home town, Winnetka, Illinois, got the happy news down South, where he's quartered with Uncle Sam, in the Navy. Marisa Pavan, olive-skinned and doe-eyed, was in Europe where her twin, Pier Angeli, was making a picture when she heard she was chosen. She was thrilled,

as was her twin, who's very proud of her "baby sister," as she calls Marisa, born only a handful of seconds later than Pier.

And for California's own Bart Roberts and Betta St. John this was very welcome news, too. After working his way to pay for drama coaching, six-foot-three, dark, handsome Bart was signed by Columbia, then dropped when their talent lists were pared down. Now under contract to Universal-International, he will soon be seen in featured roles in "Yankee Pasha," and "Son of Cochise," which star, respectively, former PHOTOPLAY winners, Jeff Chandler and Rock Hudson.

As for Betta St. John, daughter of a Hawthorne, California electrician, she's been tested in Hollywood, on Broadway and in London. As a kid, she played in pictures—"Nothing great, just bits. I was always cast as an orphan, for some reason." Betta went to New York to study dancing, and got her big break in "Carousel." Later came "South Pacific," in New York, and a Hollywood director was so impressed by her performance that two and one-half years later, when he was preparing to make "Dream Wife" at M-G-M, he remembered Betta and tested her. "The Robe" and others have followed.

As she says now, "If I hadn't gone to Broadway, none of this would have happened." Including her marriage to handsome British singing star, Peter Grant, whom she met when they were cast together in the Lindon company of "South Pacific." "Movies are the next step up from Broadway," she says now. "But there's no time to learn in Hollywood. Once you're here for the big try, you've got to be ready for whatever happens."

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THE END



Sharp shooters! No, Jeanne Crain isn't aiming to keep the wolves away from her door. She and husband Paul Brinkman are testing the huntin' irons they'll use in Africa, where Jeanne will make "Duel in the Jungle"

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BRIEF REVIEWS

For fuller reviews, see PHOTOPLAY for months indicated. For this month's full reviews, see page 11.



A—Adults F—Family

Some 3-D films are also being shown in 2-D versions. Check your theatre to see which is being used.

ACTRESS, THE—M-G-M: Delightful, talky tale of a teenager (Jean Simmons) with stage yearnings. Spencer Tracy scores as Dad. (F) October

AFFAIRS OF DOBIE GILLIS, THE—M-G-M: Shallow farce about two giddy, likable college kids (Debbie Reynolds, Bobby Van). Some nice dancing. (F) September

ALL AMERICAN, THE—U-I: Tony Curtis looks plenty attractive in a listless story, as a reluctant grid star. Lori Nelson. (F) November

ARROWHEAD—Paramount, Technicolor: Harsh, vigorous Western pitting scout Charlton Heston against Apache Jack Palance. (F) September

BAND WAGON, THE—M-G-M, Technicolor: Grandest musical in years. Has-been film star Fred Astaire tries a comeback opposite Cyd Charisse in a show staged by wacky genius Jack Buchanan. Nanette Fabray, Oscar Levant. (F) September

BEGGAR'S OPERA, THE—Warners, Technicolor: Picturesque, ironic music-film, with Laurence Olivier as a dashing highwayman. (A) October

BIG LEAGUER—M-G-M: Good baseball yarn. Edward G. Robinson trains young hopefuls, including Jeff Richards. Vera-Ellen's miscast. (F) October

BLUEPRINT FOR MURDER, A—20th: Weak whodunit. Joseph Cotten suspects Jean Peters of a poison plot to gain a fortune. (F) October

CADDY, THE—Paramount: Oddly constructed but funny Martin-Lewis farce. Jerry coaches Dean to win at golf, gets snubbed as reward. (F) October

CAPTAIN'S PARADISE, THE—Lopert: Unusual farce. Skipper Alec Guinness is wed to both prim Celia Johnson, sexy Yvonne DeCarlo. Paradise ends as the gals rebel. (A) November

CINERAMA—Cinerama Productions, color: No story, plenty of excitement. Amazing technique with huge curved screen now showing in New York, Detroit, Los Angeles, Chicago, Philadelphia, Washington. (F) January

CRUEL SEA, THE—Rank, U-I: Splendid British version of the best-seller about a convoy escort and her crew. Jack Hawkins excels as the captain. The story includes three typical, touching World War II romances. (F) August

DANGEROUS CROSSING—20th: Tense puzzler. Aided by Michael Rennie, Jeanne Crain seeks her groom, who vanished on shipboard. (F) October

DESPERATE MOMENT—Rank, U-I: Hackneyed chase sharpened by real German backgrounds. Dirk Bogarde breaks jail to find a killer, gets help from Mai Zetterling. (F) November

DEVIL'S CANYON—RKO; Technicolor, 3-D: Routine prison movie with some thrills. Dale Robertson's a good con; Virginia Mayo wastes her love on brutish Steve McNally. (F) November

EAST OF SUMATRA—U-I, Technicolor: Gaudy action yarn. Jeff Chandler's a mining engineer; Anthony Quinn, an island chief. (F) November

5,000 FINGERS OF DR. T., THE—Columbia, Technicolor: Wildly imaginative but clumsily executed musical fantasy. Little Tommy Rettig dreams he's jailed in a weird castle. (F) July

FROM HERE TO ETERNITY—Columbia: Powerful study of GI's in Hawaii in 1941. Sinatra's tops, rivaled by Lancaster, Clift. Deborah Kerr, Donna Reed feature in sordid loves. (A) October

GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES—20th, Technicolor: Riotous, laugh-filled musical, with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe looking lush as show girls on the prowl in Europe. (A) September

GOLDEN BLADE, THE—U-I, Technicolor: Affordable Persian horse opera. Rock Hudson wields a magic sword to save Bagdad and Piper Laurie from George Macready's evil plots. (F) November

I, THE JURY—U.A., 3-D: Gory, incredible, amusing mystery. Private eye Biff Elliot manhandles mobsters, romances Peggie Castle. (A) October

INFERNO—20th; 3-D, Technicolor: Gripping desert thriller. Rhonda Fleming, Bill Lundigan plot Robert Ryan's death, in vain. (F) October

ISLAND IN THE SKY—Warners: Stirring tale of flyers' fellowship. John Wayne and his ATC crew are downed in frozen wilds. (F) October

JOE LOUIS STORY, THE—U. A.: Simple, unassuming. Coley Wallace plays Joe, except in big fight scenes (newsreel clips). (F) November

JULIUS CAESAR—M-G-M: Magnificent, true-to-Shakespeare film of the dictator's death and the assassins' fate. Brilliant acting by James Mason, John Gielgud, Marlon Brando. (F) September

LATIN LOVERS—M-G-M, Technicolor: Lush, frivolous triangle—rich Lana Turner, richer John Lund, gay *ranchero* Montalban. (A) October

LITTLE BOY LOST—Paramount: Lovable drama done with unusual grace. Bing Crosby's fine as an American newsman in France to seek his son—who may be Christian Fourcade. (F) November

MAN FROM THE ALAMO, THE—U-I, Technicolor: Actionful Western. Glenn Ford's called a coward; Julia Adams defends him. (F) September

MARTIN LUTHER—de Rochemont: Niall McGinnis movingly portrays the founder of Protestantism in a splendid religious film. (F) November

MASTER OF BALLANTRAE, THE—Warners, Technicolor: Passable Errol Flynn swashbuckler of English-Scottish war, piracy. (F) September

MELBA—U.A., Technicolor: Lavish with music, light on plot. Patrice Munsel sings thrillingly, sacrifices her love for her career. (A) September

MISSION OVER KOREA—Columbia: Superficial but touching war film. Derek and Hodiak pilot small planes as fighting starts. (F) October

99 RIVER STREET—U. A.: Tough, implausible suspense story. John Payne's a cabbie framed for the murder of wife Peggie Castle. (A) November

PLUNDER OF THE SUN—Warners: Distinctive mystery in a vivid locale. Glenn Ford, Pat Medina hunt ancient Mexican treasure. (F) October

RETURN TO PARADISE—U.A., Technicolor: Wistful South Sea tale of a drifter (Gary Cooper), a native girl (Roberta Haynes) and a bigot (Barry Jones). Lovely location shots. (A) September

ROMAN HOLIDAY—Paramount: Entrancing romance of newsman Greg Peck, princess Audrey Hepburn. Eddie Albert adds laughs. (A) October

SAILOR OF THE KING—20th: Jeff Hunter scores in a stirring war story as a seaman attacking a Nazi ship. Michael Rennie and Wendy Hiller team in a romantic prologue. (A) September

SECOND CHANCE—RKO; 3-D, Technicolor: Fast-paced, eye-pleasing. Gunman Palance trails Linda Darnell; Mitchum defends her. (F) October

SO THIS IS LOVE—Warners, Technicolor: Kathryn Grayson retraces Grace Moore's career. Mild but satisfyingly song-filled. (F) October

SWORD AND THE ROSE, THE—Disney, RKO; Technicolor: Flavoursome, amusing romance of a Tudor princess (Glynis Johns) forced into a royal marriage, then saved by her dashing true love (Richard Todd). (F) September

TAKE THE HIGH GROUND—M-G-M, Ansco-Color: Familiar comedy-drama of draftees' training, freshened by good acting: Widmark as a sarge; Russ Tamblyn, others as new GI's. (F) November

THREE GIRLS FROM ROME—I.F.E.: Amiable, rambling close-up of Italian working girls and their loves. Lucia Bose is a real beauty. English dialogue, dubbed in smoothly. (A) November

THUNDER BAY—U-I, Technicolor: Standard action story. James Stewart and Dan Duryea seek offshore oil in Louisiana, court Cajun girls Joanne Dru, Marcia Henderson. (F) September

WAR OF THE WORLDS, THE—Paramount, Technicolor: A Martian invasion with stunning special effects, negligible human angle. (F) June

WAR PAINT—U.A., Pathe Color: Good, grim Western with awesome scenery. Trooper Bob Stack fights Indians, thirst, mutiny. (F) October



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